THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A
Found
Weekly
Benj. Franklin

MAR. 23, 1912

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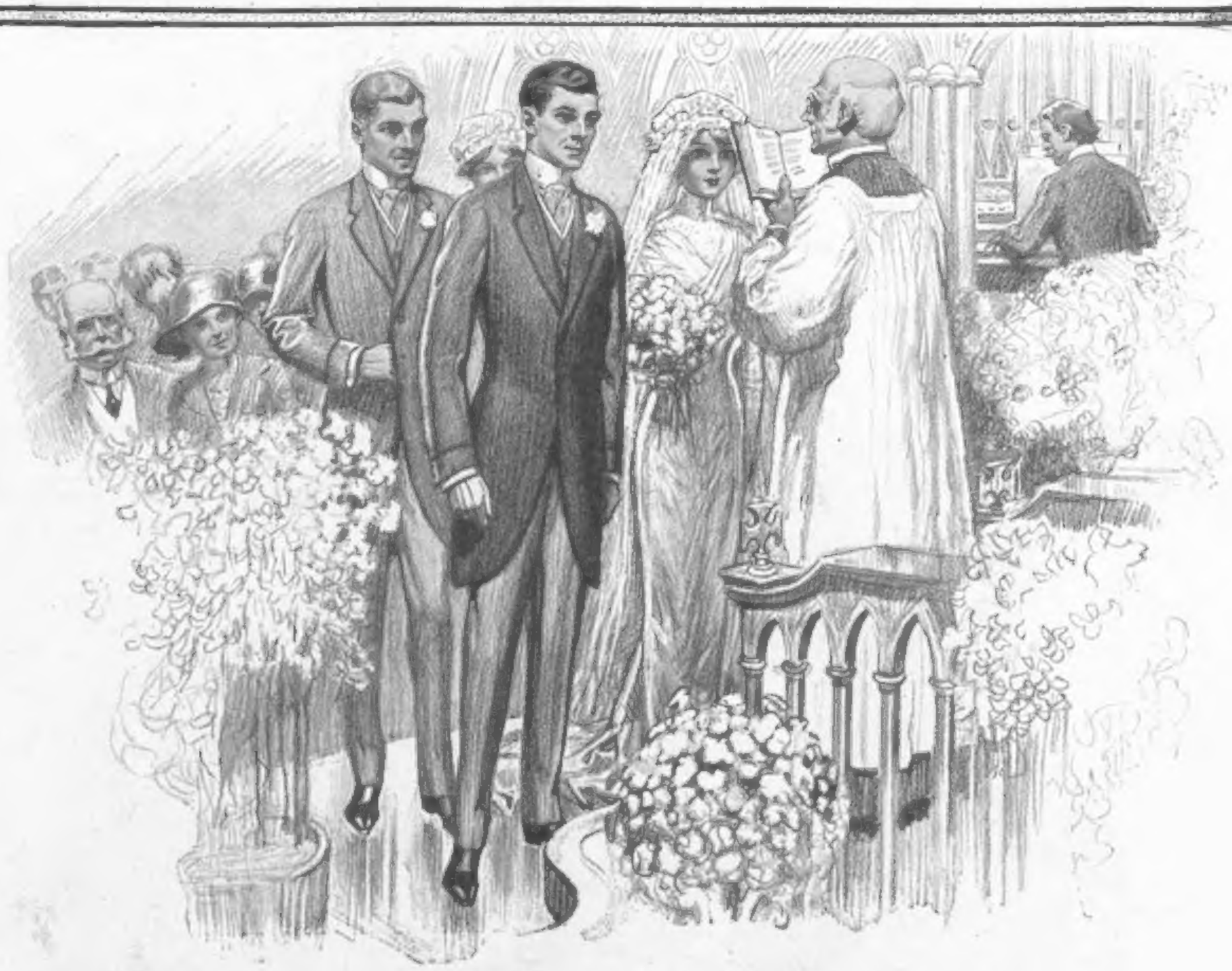


Kahn~Tailored~Clothes

Measure Up To The Big Moments In Your Life.

THEY give you that well-poised, at-ease, "forget-yourself" air, which is the *essence* of present-day style. They give you those curve-chumming, hip-hugging body-lines that differentiate *tailoring* from *clothing*. They bring out to the utmost degree *your* gifts and graces of physique and personality.

New Wool Right From the Sheep's Back

NOT just *pure wool*, but *new wool* is used for "Kahn-Tailored-Clothes." New wool right from the sheep's back means that the cloth is supple and full of "life," and that therefore it is more "*tailorable*" than old wool, no matter how pure. Over 500 pure-wool, new-wool Spring Patterns are ready for *your* survey at our Representative's.

At Once— Order Your Easter Clothes

GO *to-day* to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Easter Clothes—$20 to $45. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. *Free* for a postcard—"The Drift of Fashion," the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

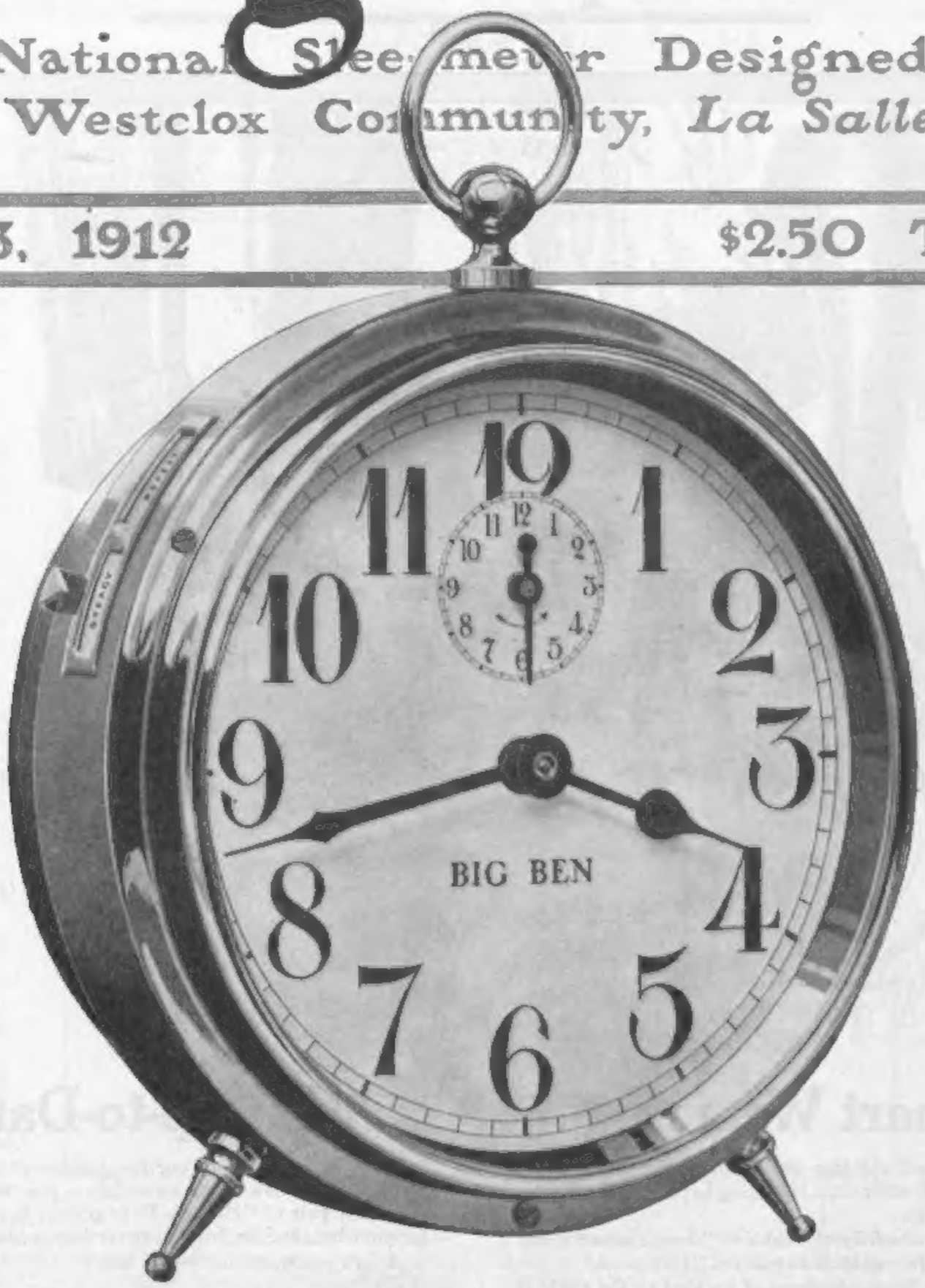
Kahn Tailoring Company

of Indianapolis, Ind.

Big Ben

A National Sleepometer Designed by the Westclox Community, *La Salle, Ill.*

MARCH 23, 1912 **$2.50 THE COPY**



To sleep late's pleasant now and then,
Make it Sunday morn, says Big Ben

BIG BEN is on the job every minute of the day; he rings on time—he runs on time—he stays on time.

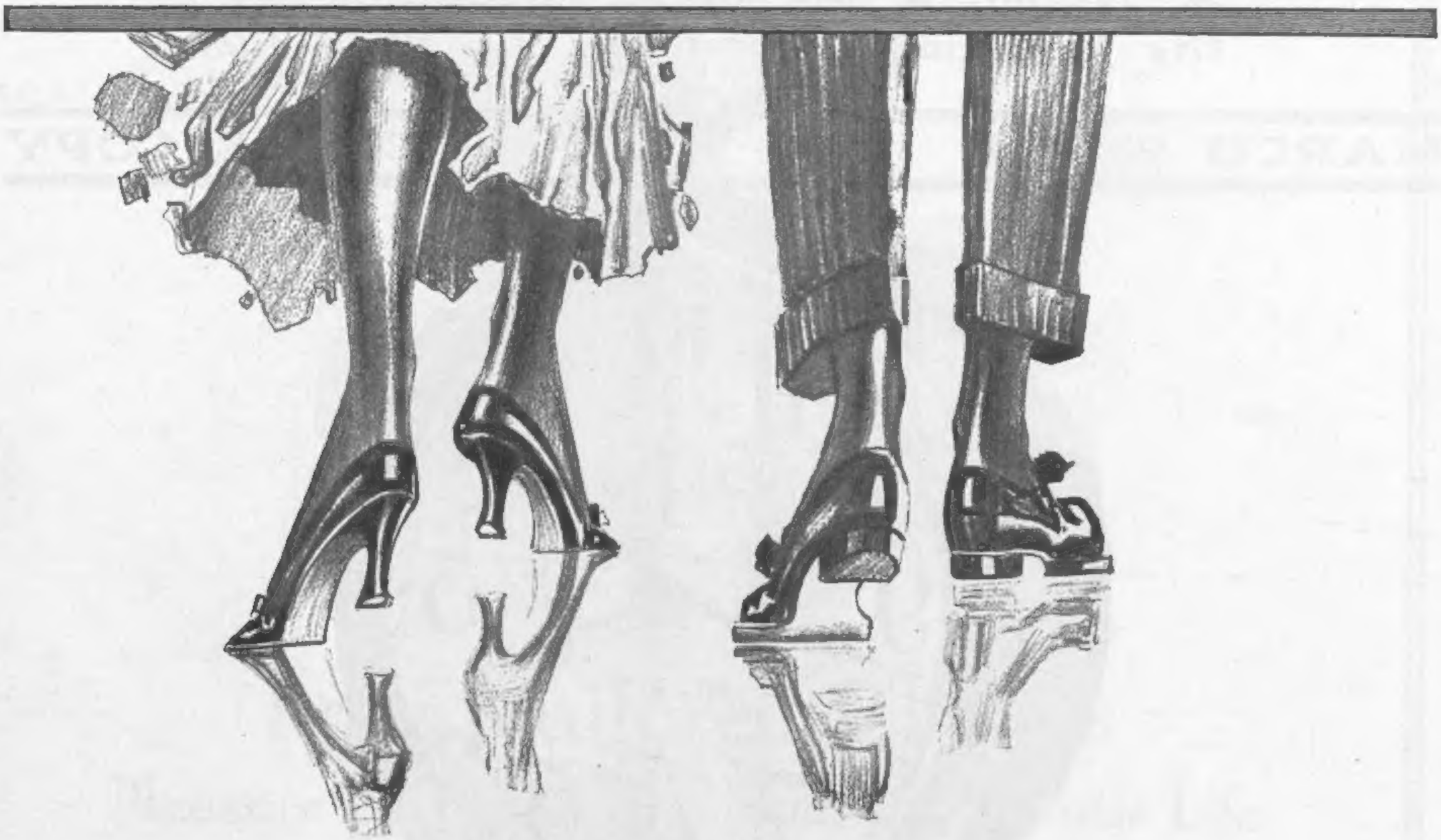
He has a great big dial you can easily read in the dim morning light—a cheerful, deep toned voice that wakes you on your sleepiest mornings—large strong winding keys that are a pleasure to wind—selective alarm calls that ring steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.

16,000 watchmakers have already adopted him.—Counterfeits are everywhere trying to cash in on him, he has all the ear marks of a full-fledged success.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

Two Million Stylish Ankles "Holeproof-Clad"



For Smart Women

A million men, women and children are wearing Holeproof Hose. There are two million neatly dressed ankles belonging to people who "know what's what," clad in these hose.

A million people have seen the folly of "old-time" hose that wear out in a week. You'll see it, too, just as soon as you try "Holeproof."

We could not build up the largest business of its kind in the world if we did not give the most for the money.

Six pairs of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. But that doesn't mean they are coarse or unsightly. The facts are quite the reverse.

They are made with the finest materials, so they wear a long time. That quality cannot be kept out of sight. People can see it. More comfortable hose can't be bought.

We want you to try a box, and we urge that you look for what we have promised. You'll find every advantage. We cannot afford to mislead you.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay for our yarn an average of 70 cents a pound. It is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest, softest cotton that grows.

We could buy common yarn for 30 cents, but it would be 2-ply—coarse, heavy and hot.

With our flexible yarn—strong, but light—it is easy to make stylish hose that wear the required time.

Every pair of "Holeproof" is backed by our thirty-nine years of experience. These are the original guaranteed hose.

For Up-to-Date Men

So careful are we of our reputation—of every claim we make—that we spend fifty-five thousand dollars a year for inspection—merely to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfect in every way. But this works for your benefit also, for you never buy a poor pair.

Don't you want to try such hose?

Carl Freschl

Look for the signature above on the toe of each pair, if you want to be sure you are getting the genuine "Holeproof." There are scores of imitations, so one must be careful.

Six pairs of "Holeproof" cost $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. Silk "Holeproof," three pairs guaranteed three months—$2.00 for men's—$3.00 for women's.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

A Few Dealer Opportunities: *We can place Holeproof Hose and the Holeproof Sales-Help Plans with a few more live concerns. Write us.*

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Carl Freschl

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A REBUILT LIFE

By George Lee Burton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE man's walk first attracted my attention as he passed up the aisle toward the front of the car with a certain precise tread which claimed recognition. Where had I seen it before? When he came back the individuality of his step again impressed me—and that haunting sense of having once known him. A quick inventory showed a thin, clean-shaven face, dark, nervous eyes, brown hair touched with gray, and a figure of medium height—active, though with shoulders slightly stooped.

Memory seemed playing me a trick: for, though his face assured me I had never before seen him, his walk, with its individuality, its set, half-marching precision that indicated the military which his bearing denied, contradicted that assurance and increased the baffling conviction that we had met somewhere—only I could not remember where or when. He caught me looking with interest at him and his watchful glance became fixed upon me in inquiry. It was the glance of a man constantly on guard against surprise, I thought, as I picked up my magazine.

We were on the same Pullman, as it happened, for two days and a night; and from time to time I again noticed his strangely familiar tread, though he did not always walk in that fashion. He seemed to have two habits of walking; at times there was nothing unusual about his step. When we were together in the smoker I offered a few conversational commonplaces to see whether the sound of his voice would help me to remember, for one often recalls an unchanged voice more readily than a changed face; but his brief answers came in unfamiliar tones. Incidentally his dress and manner both suggested that he was not accustomed to traveling very much on Pullmans.

"I Almost Shouted: 'In the Penitentiary!'"

In the late afternoon of the first day I saw him again passing up toward the front of the car, with that same unconscious, half-measured tread—a tread evidently fixed by long habit. Where had I seen it before?—when the car gave a lurch in going round a bend. Instantly his right hand flew up to the level of his shoulder and reached out into empty space directly in front; then he quickly let it drop and caught with his left at the back of a seat. Immediately it flashed upon me where I had seen that walk; at the same moment he turned quickly and caught the recognition in my eyes. His face flushed as he passed on forward.

The Strange Ways of a Fellow Traveler

INSTANTLY there had come to me a gray November day some years before, when I had visited a penitentiary in a distant state. Again I heard the clank of steel-barred doors as we passed along the prisoners' halls to a cell-house, with its stacks of narrow cavelike cells.

Again I went through high-walled courtyards into shops filled with workmen in black-striped clothing—zebra-coated for a purpose; then to the entrance of the dining hall, whither at the noon hour had come filing from different directions long serpentine lines of those black-striped figures, with the set tramp, tramp of their lockstep, each man's right hand on the right shoulder of the one in front, each pair of eyes surveying the attendant and me curiously, shamedly or defiantly, as the case might be, their faces for the most part evil-lined and hard.

Have you ever felt the constraint, the feeling of shrinking apology, which follows when you have come upon a man's spirit unawares, and you see that he knows you have looked too far in past his screens? The rest of the evening and the next morning we each took on, as well as we could, an ignoring, stranger's attitude.

I had for a time forgotten the man, when, on going into the dining car for luncheon the second day, I found the only vacant seat was at a small table facing him. He saw me as I entered and that the situation was purely accidental. To have retreated would have been pronounced avoidance; so we lunched together.

A remark or two about the flat country through which we were passing, and some casual comment on the service and the weather, made our slight conversation; but he seemed to appreciate my friendly silences. It was not until an hour later, when I was alone on the rear platform of the observation car, that he unexpectedly joined me.

"Excuse my butting in on your observation," he said tentatively, coming out but remaining standing.

"Certainly; this isn't a private view. Have a seat," I replied, motioning to one.

He sat down and was quiet a few minutes as we watched the steel tracks slip away between fields and farms and a little rambling village. Then, turning, he looked at me speculatively from those watchful eyes.

"Did you ever keep quiet so long you felt you just must talk to somebody?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Even about your own affairs?"

"I suppose every one feels that way sometimes," I answered slowly, watching the glittering track unwind behind our car.

An Unpremeditated Crime

"WELL, you don't know me and never will; but you look like you understand men; and I've been bottled up so long—with nobody to talk to—I'd like to tell you about myself and ask a question."

"Thank you. I'd be glad to hear," I replied; "but I don't know that I can help you."

"Maybe not; but the talking it out will—you understand?" he said earnestly, wistfully.

I tried to let him see the sympathy in my eyes as I nodded assent.

"I saw you watching me yesterday. You caught me offguard; you know where I got that walk. I don't walk that way always now; but sometimes, when I am tired or worried or thinking about bigger things, I forget and drop back into it—you understand?"

For answer I gave the slight double nod men often use to save words when they are much together.

"I'm going to tell you all about myself and ask you if I have a right to do now what I want to do. I am not sure—I'd like to talk it over with another man.

"I was in the pen nearly ten years—voluntary manslaughter. Yes, voluntary manslaughter, though maybe I don't look it now. I was married when it happened, with two baby girls, and clerked in the gents' furnishings of a big department store. The man was my wife's uncle and he boarded with us without half paying board. He wasn't a nice sort if he was her kin; but he didn't deserve what I gave him—I know that. One thing after another started between us until I got to hating him.

"He was just naturally mean and trifling and overbearing; and in those days I was just naturally hotheaded and conceited and self-willed—with a mean streak in me, too, I guess. I kept thinking about how mean he was until I couldn't see anything in him but meanness, and how disagreeable he was until I couldn't feel anything toward him but hate. It's bad for a man to think and feel that way; he loses all sense of balance. And it's bad for the man he's thinking about too—specially if he carries a gun.

"Yes, I had got into the habit of carrying a gun at night, as a sort of reaction from the tame ladies' atmosphere of the department store, I reckon; or maybe it was because some of the fellows I ran with before I was married carried guns. I was young then, only twenty-five—had married early, you see. Of course there was a quarrel; we got so we were always quarreling and I said everything I could to make him leave; but he got bullheaded about it and stayed on anyway. And as he didn't have any one else to look after him my wife kinder stood with hands off—only begging us all the time to behave.

"Her begging didn't do much good; and one night when I had been around a little with some of the old set I met him out too. We had a hot talk and blow-up, and my gun did the rest. I can see him now. I'd hate to be shot down in a saloon!

"Well, my wife never smiled at me or kissed me after that. She had lots of snap and spunk about her, and she had often begged me not to carry that gun; but she didn't say much except when I acknowledged to her what I had done.

"'Now you've done it you must suffer for it as you deserve,' she said; 'but you don't seem to care that the children and I who don't deserve it have to suffer for it too.'

"I tell you that got next to me! I thought of all the mean little things I had said to her and how disagreeable I had been at home for months before. I had got used to saying little mean things; and I wondered if she wasn't more than half glad to get rid of it all!

"But she was as fair and square a body as you ever saw. She sold what things she could spare and gave the money and the little we had saved up to my lawyer. When she found out it was mostly my fault she would not even try to get me acquitted: told the lawyer she didn't want me freed—only asked him to see that I get a fair show; that I did not get a worse sentence than I deserved; that I might have, if possible, the lightest sentence given for my crime—'his crime'; yes, she used those words.

"She didn't come near me during the waiting for trial, and wouldn't come or bring the babies to the courtroom when my time came. My lawyer insisted, but she refused flat; said she wasn't going to take her baby girls to that place to be stared at as a criminal's children—that she would leave the state first.

"I haven't seen her since that day she made arrangements with the lawyer—or the children since I first went to jail. She was a proud little thing and the disgrace nearly killed her. You needn't think it's only the rich who feel disgrace. Right after I went to the pen she got an absolute divorce on the ground of my being convicted of a felony. Then she sold out the rest of our things, took the babies and went to live at her father's, 'way off in another state. That all happened to me nearly fourteen years ago.

"I stayed in the pen almost ten years—a little came off for good behavior. Not much happened in there—nothing worth talking about. I never heard a word direct from her; but my lawyer wrote me every year or two, at first, when he heard anything. Her people were not well fixed; he wrote he had heard she was working and trying to raise the children right. I knew she'd do the best she could for them.

"I don't know what kept me up in there—kept me from getting any worse. Perhaps at first it was my conceit. In the gents' furnishings I had been particular about the way men dressed and held themselves; my own conceit may have made me more particular. The girls used to say I was good-looking and I believed it.

"I hadn't been exactly a fancy dresser—I couldn't afford that; but I had been a neat dresser, with a leaning toward fancy scarfs and handkerchiefs and socks. I had prided myself, too, upon my honesty with the store's time and money—I hadn't had much chance to be other than honest with either.

"Though I didn't exactly excuse my crime—God knows I couldn't!—I think maybe these things helped to make me feel above the men in the cells and shops about me—made me feel I was in a higher class. And something—this feeling, or my natural fighting disposition, or shame at the way my wife had taken it, or all put together—made me determine soon after I went there that when I got out I would stay out—would amount to something anyway; would show people I could still be a man."

Things Learned Behind the Bars

"IT MAY sound funny to you, but I believe nursing that determination through those years in that place where I had no chance—or thought I hadn't—made more of a man of me than the years before, when I had parted my hair so carefully and strutted about the store with my handkerchiefs and scarfs on exhibition.

"Don't imagine I forgot to think about what I was in there for. You don't know me, I know, and maybe you don't know much about the pen; but you get tired talking to your cellmate, even during the times you can talk to him, when you are with him month after month and neither gets out to learn anything new—and when you look down upon him as a sneaking, lying sort of rascal.

"Forget? Not on your life! I never was much of a reader, yet I took to reading in there; it helped some. But they turned the lights out early—we men had nothing to say about that; and you don't know how long those dark hours were, how much time there was to think. That was the worst of it, the time at night when I didn't sleep or when I slept and dreamed. I got so I used to see that fellow lying all limp and quiet so sudden after I fired. I don't know who you are or what you've been, but you don't know the worst of trouble unless you've lived in a walled-up part of hell with the thought of the dead man that put you there.

"That thought was all mixed up, too, with the feeling that everybody despised me; that nobody—nobody!—cared whether I lived or not; that my own wife and children were ashamed of me and hated me for bringing them to what I had. I loved my wife and was proud of her; she was good and pretty and sweet, though she wasn't the kind to be run over by anybody. I guess it was that spunk that made her get the divorce so quick. I couldn't exactly

"But I Was Glad to Get the Work"

blame her; but the thought of her cutting loose right away, and of her hating me and teaching the children to hate me, went almost as hard as the thought of the killing. Say, are you a married man?" he asked abruptly.

"No," I replied slowly; "but I think I understand."

He looked at me earnestly a minute and seemed reassured as I met his gaze sincerely. He was silent a few moments and then said slowly:

"I don't know whether the life in the pen or the thinking in there did more to make these streaks of gray hair, the wrinkles in my face and these shoulders. Oh, you needn't think I don't consider my looks, especially on this trip; though I'm not a good-looker any longer."

I waved a hand deprecatingly and was about to speak in reply, but he did not care to hear and proceeded with his story.

"Well, sir, when I got out I was shipped back to my own town, or rather the town from which I had been sent up. I was born five hundred miles from there; but my people had died when I was young and I had drifted in there when I was only sixteen years old—I guess that makes it my town after all. Now, at thirty-five, I was back there from the pen and I stayed there.

"Maybe that was a mistake. I guess it was harder for me; but I had that much fight left in me. I wanted to show people that there was still some man in me, even if I had spent ten years in the pen that I deserved to spend there. Besides, I wouldn't like to start off fresh in a new place and build up a little, and just as I got to going have somebody from my old home town come along and tell everybody that respected me that I was a murderer and an ex-convict and a lowdown sort of nobody.

"I believe after all I'd rather start in as I did, back where they thought that about me to begin with, and build up fresh from that. I wanted to live down the killing and those ten years—and I believe I've sorter done it. It may sound foolish, but—though I don't excuse all that, remember—I have got to sorter respect myself again, and I tell you it feels good!

"They didn't have prison reform in that state then, with an employment officer and a job all ready to help a poor devil start out again when he got back to freedom. They gave me a suit of clothes and five dollars and shipped me back to the town I came from, then turned me loose as an ex-convict to hump for myself like the other "exes," branded by those years of living in there.

"It certainly seemed strange to see the place again. There had been many changes in those years. I put up at one of these twenty-five-cents-a-night men's hotels, and took fifteen-cent meals—skipping one every day to make my five dollars last longer; and I commenced looking for a job.

"There didn't seem any need of more help anywhere. I tried many of my old acquaintances to see if I could get a place—I did not seem to have any friends left! I found ten years in the pen seemed to wipe out the claim of being even an acquaintance with most of them. They all looked at me curiously, as if I was a different brand of man—a cannibal, or Eskimo, or something.

"I'd rather they wouldn't have showed so plain they thought me dangerous or worse; yet I'd have swallowed that if they had only given me work. They didn't though; some of them weren't as cold with me as others, but none of them had anything for me.

"Of course I tackled all sorts of strangers, too, for work; but usually they didn't have any—and when they had they wanted references. I couldn't blame them; I guess I had a sort of pasty face and hangdog look.

"They had such a habit of asking: 'Where did you work last?'

"'I've been away a long time—have not worked here for several years,' I would say.

"'Where did you work while you were away?' came next.

"'I worked at broom-making part of the time,' I got to answering.

"Then, like as not, the boss would look at me suspiciously and say: 'No, I don't believe I need you just now; if I do I will let you know. Where do you live?'

"When I gave the number of the bum lodging house he would look as if that settled it; he had known all along I wasn't any good. And I felt so shamed and low down all the time I looked like he was right.

"Five dollars don't last very long, even with two meals a day. I got work one day on a wrecker's force, tearing down an old building; but the foreman drove his men hard and I wasn't used to real work anyway. I couldn't stand up to it, and—I'm ashamed to tell it even now—I fainted about four o'clock that afternoon.

"Another day I got a place with the gang working repairs on the street-railroad tracks; but the man in charge said I was too slow and not strong enough—had better get some different kind of work. As if I hadn't tried everything I could! He didn't pay me for a full day either—said I wasn't worth it; and the worst was that I knew he was right. I was about at the end of my rope when my money gave out, and I was looking so weak and shamefaced that I didn't stand any sort of a chance. I got to feeling desperate."

A Happy Home at Welcome Hall

"I REMEMBER that about this time I went in to answer an ad—'Man wanted as porter in well-established wholesale drug house.' The head of the place was a mild-mannered old man, who sat in the back office, but who always looked over the new men before they were employed. He began as usual:

"'Where did you work last?'

"'With the street-railroad gang,' I answered.

"'U-um! How long?'

"'One day,' I told him.

"'Ah!' he said, as if he had discovered something—'and before that?'

"'With a house-wrecking gang on Flint Street.'

"'Yes—how long there?'

"'Part of a day,' I said. 'I couldn't stand up to the work.'

"I thought he looked a little sympathetic then, but was not sure until he sniffed and asked the next question in a hard, thin voice:

"'And where before that?'

"I hesitated a moment; he looked at me more closely and said in that same tone:

"'Where?'

"I had been looked at and questioned so much that way and had got so raw about it that now I almost shouted: 'In the penitentiary!'

"'Why, bless my soul!' the mild little man gasped. 'No; I don't need you. Good day! Good day!'

"He looked so shocked and I felt so desperate that I could not help adding, while I looked at him hard:

"'I was put in for manslaughter too—voluntary manslaughter!'

"There wasn't any clerk in the room at the time.

"'Oh, oh, indeed!' he gulped out, rising and backing away, big-eyed and trembly. He got almost to the back window before I turned and left.

"Maybe I didn't feel bitter and like 'what's the use—what's the use of anything!' I don't know what would have happened—I guess I'd have starved to death or worse—if it hadn't been for the hoboes' hotel—Welcome Hall—'Headquarters for the Unemployed,' as it's advertised.

"You don't know about the place? Well, sir, it's a dandy!—at least, that's the way I think about it—and a good many others do too. The worst of the hoboes won't go there if they can help it—they'd rather bum a dime and get a bed for the night in one of those ten-cent places.

"This Welcome Hall is a sort of industrial kindling-splitting joint. You blow in there and saw and split kindling for a bed and meals—you give them six hours' work.

"You see, in that way you can live off of six hours' work a day and have some time left to look for a job. It's a good thing, and it's been a moneymaker too; it's the only charity I know of that's not a charity but a moneymaking concern. Of course people had to give it a place and start it; but it more than pays expenses, and at the same time helps to build up a man instead of making him a pauper or a deadbeat bum.

"I certainly was glad to find some place where I could at least earn my lodging and meals. I rested up some there and was glad I could just stay somewhere. Though I looked about for work a little, nearly every day, I lived along there for three weeks on my six hours a day of work—still out of a job. At last I guess my fighting blood got up again, I determined I would get a job of some kind, even if it was cleaning vaults. I decided no honest work was beneath me when it all seemed so far above me as to be out of reach.

"'If I keep my eyes open and am not too choosy I must find something to do,' I said to myself, and set out to look for it in earnest. It was Saturday morning, I remember, for I thought of the next day being Sunday, when I could not even hunt for work. I had walked a good way and asked for work at a lot of places without getting anything to do, when I saw an old negro man sweeping leaves off the sidewalk and washing off the front steps of a plain two-story house with a bucket of water and cloth.

"'I may not be much account but I sure can do that,' I thought, and asked him how much he got for it.

"'For dese here, boss, I gits ten cents; but when I wuks all de way roun' to de back do' I gits some dinner th'owed in,' he said with a grin.

"That wasn't so bad; and 'boss'!—how good that sounded! I went on down the street feeling almost like a man again and not a down-and-out ex-convict."

A Lot of Work for a Dime

"ABOUT a square away I began to ask at every house if they didn't want the leaves swept off and the front steps washed. Maybe I looked too much like a tramp or too much above one with that 'boss' still ringing in my ears—the first time I had been spoken to that way for more than ten years! Anyway I got turned down at first.

"At the tenth place, however, a two-story-and-attic red brick, they gave me a job. The woman asked me in a sharp voice, as if she were defending herself from being overcharged:

"'How much?'

"'Ten cents,' I answered, as meekly as I could.

"She seemed to think that was reasonable; and after waiting a minute, as if she wanted the work done and couldn't find any excuse for not letting me do it, she handed me a bucket and mop and broom and set me at it.

"I finished the job in about an hour; and I tell you I enjoyed that work! Beneath me? Why, it couldn't get beneath me—I was that low down in mind and living and even hope. I was just about all in, you understand; and I wasn't a plumb out-and-out fool.

"I have got that dime yet; see here," he said, holding out a brightly polished dime surrounded by a narrow gold band, which he wore as a charm on his watch-chain; "whenever I begin to feel ashamed of my work I look at that and get thankful, and remember how proud and happy I felt when that sharp-looking woman handed it to me. I had done a little extra work in cleaning up the yard, and she said as she gave it to me:

"'That looks a whole lot better! You certainly earned that dime.'

"I wouldn't have spent that money if I had had to go without food for two days! It seemed to put springs in my feet and I went down the street hustling for another job of the same kind. I found it before dinner; it was another ten-cent job with twenty cents' worth of work; but I sure was glad to get it.

"I felt that, so long as Welcome Hall was making money, I was earning my way by those six hours of work a day, and I stayed on there for some time longer.

"Monday afternoon I started out again looking for yard-and-step cleaning, but didn't have any luck. I walked enough and asked enough for work, and finally was convinced that Monday wasn't any yard-and-step-cleaning day.

"At last I felt desperate—my luck seemed all gone; and I asked at one house if there wasn't any kind—just any kind—of work they wanted done. It was a man I had to deal with there, an old man with a wooden leg. He thought a minute—it was getting late and cold—then said with a grin:

"'Why, yes; I'll give you a nickel if you will bring in the coal and get up the kindling for morning.'

"'I'm your man,' I answered. 'Where are the buckets?'

"He limped round and showed me, seeming to take it like a joke. I carried up seven buckets of coal and split about a bushel of tough kindling while he stood watching me; but I was glad to get the work. That nickel was all I made that day; and as I left he said:

"'You can come again and do this tomorrow if you want to.'

"I did—that tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

"Tuesday I did more walking and asking, but I found Tuesday wasn't a good cleaning day either; and there seemed to be plenty of small boys and cooks to get the coal and kindling. Of course I did not try at the big houses on fashionable streets, where they kept a man-servant for such work.

"After about an hour of being turned down I was feeling pretty droopy in my mind, when I saw a darky at a corner drug store smearing something white over the show windows, then wiping it off and polishing the glass.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I had found more work I could do and I spent fifteen minutes watching and asking him questions, learning the easiest and best way to wash windows. Then I started up a new street, looking for a window-washing job.

"The first two or three persons I asked, when I stopped at the front doors of the houses, seemed to take it as an insult—a slam at them as housekeepers.

"'Do my windows look as dirty as all that?' one woman asked sharply.

"'Why, no, ma'am, I can't say they do. I was looking for work, and ——'

"'Well, you had better look at the windows first the next place you go to!' she snapped out, shutting the door in my face.

"I took her advice and passed on a block and a half until I came to a rundown-looking boarding house, with a sign in the front window. There could be no mistake about the need for a washing there. I called for the landlady and explained to her that I was a would-be window-washer, and if she thought she would like any work of the kind done soon I would be glad to do it.

"She looked me over suspiciously and asked:

"'Can you wash windows?'

"'I would like to show you a sample free,' I answered.

"'Well, that sounds cheap enough. You may try on the kitchen. Go round the house.'

"I went round and washed that window. I had not gotten any of the stuff the darky used, the rags she gave me weren't clean and the cook made fun of my clumsy efforts; but at last I got the window looking right.

"I thought I had gotten a job to wash all the windows in the house; but the landlady came back into the kitchen, said she thought the sample would be enough, and laughed with the cook as if she thought the joke was on me.

"Mad? I reckon I was; but between the work and the treatment I had gotten an idea. I went back to that drug store and invested ten cents of my fifteen-cent working capital—you see I didn't count my first dime, my starting piece, my hope-booster—in some of that white window-washing stuff. It seemed a risky thing to do. I don't believe I would have dared if I hadn't had Welcome Hall to back me; but I did it.

"Then I started out in a new way. I would go up to the front door and, as near as I could in my old store manner, explain to the lady of the house that I had a preparation for washing windows; that I would like to show her how well I could polish them up with this.

"'Let me do a sample for you free,' I would say; 'and if you like it I will wash your windows—inside and out—for three cents apiece.'

"That worked pretty well. I made thirty cents before it got dark that Tuesday, besides the coal-and-kindling nickel from the wooden-legged old man. I tell you that money and the feeling I could make more like it made me feel chesty, tired as I was. My arms ached, my back ached and my neck ached; but somehow I felt mighty good.

"The next day I got more window-washing to do; it was surprising how many people thought their windows needed washing when they found they could get all the front windows washed for fifteen cents. The windows looked nice, too, when I got through with them. The white stuff, mixed with a little ammonia water, saved a lot of work and time, and I soon got so I could polish them off pretty fast.

"I wasn't too choosy about my work—usually asked if they wanted any pavement or step cleaning or window-washing; and the rest of that week I did some of each kind of work. Saturday I had more step-and-walk cleaning than any other day.

"By Saturday night I had two dollars and eighteen cents saved up and had, of course, worked my six hours a day at Welcome Hall besides. I hated to put in all that time at the hall, but I thought I had better get more ahead before I cut loose.

"Monday I was going along asking for window-and-walk cleaning, when I saw a load of coal dumped on the sidewalk in front of a small tailor shop. It occurred to me that putting in that coal was work I could do and I asked the tailor; but he told me it belonged to the family that lived upstairs.

"So I tried there. The woman said no; she would make her old man put it in when he came home—though I offered to do it for fifteen cents. However, after that I kept my eyes open for coal work, too, and put in two loads before night—one in a cheap rooming house, where I had to carry it in a sack to the back porch on the second floor; the other load I put in the cellar of a small house that had no alley back of it, where I had to use a barrel to roll it in.

"It seemed hard work to me, but there wasn't so much of it—and it took a good hold of some muscles that the other work hadn't made much use of."

"*She Laughed With the Cook as if She Thought the Joke was on Me*"

Up Another Round

"AFTER that I got to putting in more and more coal; and I found there were many families, which did not keep a man, willing to pay a little to have the furnace looked after in the mornings and ashes put out for the ashman. This meant early morning work; but I got four furnaces on the same block and could do all four in an hour.

"By the end of that week I was nearly eight dollars ahead, and decided I could make more money away from Welcome Hall than I could staying on there. I was getting plenty of work to do, such as it was, and I felt that I could, at least, make an effort to live on what I made.

"So I hunted up a furnished room for a dollar and a half a week, got me a twenty-one meal ticket for two dollars and a half, said goodby to Welcome Hall, and started out in the world as a moneymaking, independent citizen once more. Citizen? No, not quite; that's what hurt. I was still an ex-convict and could not vote like other men.

"I felt that pretty keen too—hadn't realized how much it meant until I found out I was cut off from

it; but election day did not last all the year. I tried to forget it, like I tried to forget the cell and stripes and watching eyes.

"Before the winter was over I had many regular customers—if you want to call them that—for my work, and found I had more work than I could well manage. I had taken on the work gradually and gotten toughened up to it; but I was so anxious to make money and save some that I worked early and late, until I could hardly stand up under it. Every man who wants to feel he's getting ahead at all ought to have some money saved up; it gives him a feeling of confidence and backing that helps a lot.

"I wasn't making a lot of money, but I was doing pretty well, for I got to picking my people who knew good work and were willing to pay a little more for work done extra carefully and well by an honest, reliable man. Yes, I claimed to be that; and I was that—if I was an ex-convict who couldn't vote.

"One day I got to wishing I had two pairs of hands and feet—that I was twins—so I could get through all the work waiting for me, when the thought came: 'Why not hire a twin?'

"I thought about it the rest of the day and it seemed a good thing to do, provided I could find the man for a twin.

"I kept my eyes open and talked to some men, but didn't seem to find the right one. In doing this job work I hadn't found many men going round regular at it. I guess most men who were willing to work preferred a steady place somewhere—maybe felt this was too low down and scrappy for them.

"Finally I decided I would try to get a bright negro boy to help me. I didn't find one right away and the first five I found wouldn't do—one was too slow, two were so lazy they quit after the first day, one stole an overcoat where we were working and got arrested, and one was impudent and would not do what I told him.

"I kept on though; and the sixth boy turned out a good worker—reliable and a great help. I hired him by the

week—three dollars and a half a week at first, and more after I got him trained. Sometimes I washed windows while he scrubbed off the pavement; sometimes we worked together in putting in coal and taking out ashes.

"When spring opened up I added grass-cutting to my line of job work, and the coal-and-furnace people seemed glad to know I would be round regular to cut the grass. I had bought a light wheelbarrow some time before, and had mops, buckets, scrubbing brushes and cloths of my own. Now I added to my outfit a lawn-mower, rake, grass-shears, and a knife to take out weeds from between the bricks. Amos—that was my young darky's name—and I had all both of us could do.

"You see this business of mine just naturally grew. When one family saw me coming regularly to attend to the windows and grass and steps of the family next door, or across the street, they got to calling me over to do their work too. My work was my recommendation and the people I worked for spoke well of me With Amos I sometimes made as high as four dollars a day.

"But in August of that summer Amos quit me—got a place to go to the country as house-and-yard boy. I certainly did miss him, for I had more work than one man could do.

"I tried to find another Amos, but couldn't pick up one. At last I thought of a bright, hardworking white boy, the son of a machinist, who lived not far from where I had my room. He was an ambitious fellow, and was glad to earn money to help buy clothes and books for the next school term.

"Andy—that was his name—was quick and willing, and I soon trained him to help me as much as Amos had. Still, I had to turn down work or be behind my orders most of the time; and I asked Andy one day if he didn't have a brother just like him.

"He did not, but said there was a boy in his class at school he thought would do; and he got him for me.

(Continued on Page 45)

Why We Need a Merchant Marine

A CASE WHERE CHARITY SHOULD NOT BEGIN ABROAD

By A. C. LAUT

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

IF A CONGRESSMAN introduced a bill to make a present of a billion dollars to foreign nations to increase their maritime supremacy there would be so prompt an inquiry into that gentleman's sanity that he wouldn't have time for even a fleeting glimpse of his bill's speed to the Speaker's wastepaper basket. Failing a verdict as to his sanity, there would be a Congressional investigation into the size of the salary drawn by the said gentleman from those foreign nations. Yet that is precisely what the United States is doing in the matter of a merchant marine—making a clean-cut, free-for-all, take-it-all, hog-it-all gift of a billion dollars to foreign nations.

Tell the lumberman that he will save from one hundred to two hundred dollars a carlot on lumber shipped by way of the Panama Canal, or the grain dealer that ocean shipments for wheat mean a saving of one to ten, or the housekeeper that the Panama route for fruit means a saving of fifty cents on every box, and—oh, yes!—they wake up to the fact that Panama means as much to the inlander as to the harbortown dweller. When a steamship company has shipped—not promised to ship or planned on paper to ship—has shipped a ton of freight by sea from San Francisco via Panama—breaking bulk as yet—across the Gulf and up the Atlantic Coast to Savannah; and there, breaking bulk again, has reshipped by sea back to New Orleans and up to St. Louis, practically covering a distance one and a half times greater than that covered by the railroad and handling the freight three times oftener than the railroad, and yet has saved, as against the rail rate, one dollar a ton—you do not need to persuade the inland shipper that Panama affects him. If you want details of such shipments write to the California Atlantic Line or the American Hawaii.

Lily Pads or Ocean Liners?

IF I WERE quite sure that headquarters would not order the lid shut down tight I should not be afraid to refer you for similar examples of saving to three of the big railroad systems, with allied steamship companies, which are now putting on big freighters via Panama.

A year ago—even six months ago—Panama elicited a covert sneer about "the lily-pad" business; but recently the lily-pad business has been eclipsed by rush orders for the building of steamships.

"Will you excuse me for saying that all this talk of preparation for Panama is absolute rot and hot air?" demanded a railroad man of a steamship builder. "The railroads built up and developed this country, and they deserve consideration from the public for it; and transportation rates—ocean or river—must be essentially based on rail rates."

"And will you excuse me for telling you," answered the steamship builder, "that the very railroad of which you are the humble servitor and which owns the controlling stock in one of the largest ocean combines has just ordered several of its best vessels—not built abroad—placed under the American flag so that they can participate in free tolls for Panama if free tolls are granted American ships? And will you let me add that the very railroad that twenty years ago spent millions in strangling Panama traffic is today spending almost the same amount building big liners for Panama? Another railroad has announced, with the approval of its directors, that it will ship its quota of Western grain via Panama. Rot or hot air or what-not, my friend, we are entering on a new era; and you wake up to it! There is not a shipping center in America that is not alive to a new current in the affairs of transportation. If Panama steerage traffic places thirty million immigrants from the south of Europe on the Pacific Coast where today there are only three million people, or twenty millions in the Gulf states where today there are only two millions, the railroads are not going to object or lose out. They are going to shoot more lines straight down toward Panama as fast as they can build them. Those are some of the things that are happening."

The steamship man is right. Within the first month of 1912, three big railroad systems announced ships for Panama. The two largest steamship companies in Germany ordered vessels built for Panama traffic. An emissary of the French government came to America to inquire as to tolls and coal at Panama, because the subsidized ships of his country intend to use it in preference to Suez if the cost be not greater. The most conservative section of the English press has openly come out with the statement that Panama means a division of Suez traffic if not a diversion of world traffic. Every board of trade and chamber of commerce in every shipping center between the Mississippi and the Atlantic has come out with some expression as to the best policy for Panama. Forty years ago, railroad development changed the face of America by moving manufacturing and shipping centers from the East to the Middle West. What is this new current in affairs going to do to the map? West and East, Middle West, North and South are interested in Panama; but what has this to do with fuss and feathers over a merchant marine? What has the merchant marine to do with the average man and woman? How has the merchant marine anything to do with a present of a billion a year to foreign nations?

Begin with the cost of Panama!

Including the first outlay—construction—the loss of running a Panama steamship line to counter-reach the extortion of a Cement Trust allied with a line of freighters, Panama totals close on to four hundred million dollars.

Who is going to use it?

Shall We Give Away a Billion?

TODAY the United States carries only nine per cent of its own ocean commerce! Foreign vessels carry ninety-one per cent. In 1810, when the Republic was young, the United States carried ninety per cent of its ocean commerce. Today it carries only nine per cent!

In 1810, when the United States had only seven million people, it had the second largest clipper fleet in the world. Today, of steamers, among the maritime nations of the world, it has almost the smallest fleet.

In 1810 the United States tonnage in foreign trade was nine hundred and eighty-one thousand. Today it is one hundred thousand less.

But, you say, the United States coastal vessels will benefit from Panama. That depends on Panama tolls; and not a tenth of the coastal lines will go through Panama! To date, only five regular coastal lines have announced an intention of using Panama. The other coastal lines have short runs—Boston to Maine, New York to Rhode Island, and so on.

Who, then, is going to benefit from the four hundred million dollars spent on Panama? The whole country, of course, in lowered freights; but, if no tolls are charged, isn't that four hundred millions a free gift to all the maritime nations? And if you charge tolls what becomes of the benefit to the whole country through lowered freights?

Because the United States has not a merchant marine to use Panama, there is the first part of your billion-dollar present to foreign nations!

Take the ocean carrying trade next—ninety-one per cent of American commerce carried by foreign ships.

When the Merchant Marine Commission held its hearings in 1904-5 it was carefully figured that the United States was paying to foreign shipowners, in freight, passenger fares, brokerage and wages, from one hundred and fifty million dollars to two hundred million dollars a year. Since that date rates have gone up and exports increased; and Lewis Nixon, who is one of the best-informed ship-builders in the world, declares that the total now paid foreign companies amounts to three hundred million dollars a year—a payment that has to be made in gold, for which there is no return from Europe. It was Mr. Nixon who designed so many fine war vessels and liners that the Cramps used to pay him ten thousand dollars a year for just one day's consultation a week. He it was who was summoned by the Czar to rebuild the Russian navy with American helpers after the war with Japan.

There is your second present to foreign nations—three hundred million dollars a year paid in gold!

Next take your rivers and harbors! For fifty years the United States has been deepening harbors, dredging channels, putting up lighthouses, establishing life-saving service. That has cost two hundred and sixty-one million dollars for the rivers and harbors alone, or for the total service another three hundred million dollars to 1904. To date, the total is given as five hundred million; but take the lower figure.

What Has Destroyed Our Merchant Marine

WHO gets the benefit of that three-hundred-million-dollar outlay? I know of one magnificently equipped pier that has lain deserted for twelve years because there were no American ships to use it. Who gets the benefit? Again the answer: ninety-one per cent of United States commerce carried by foreign ships—only nine per cent by American! The coastal ships, which are purely American, get the benefit of improved harbors; but the total number of coastal ships is only one-eighth of the total number of foreign ships using those same harbors. Put eight foreign ships in a row, and one little United States ship at the tail-end of the procession, and you have an exact representation of how the benefit of that three hundred million dollars on harbor improvements is distributed.

Your total present to foreign nations is now four hundred million dollars plus three hundred millions plus three hundred millions—or a free-for-all, take-it-all billion! No harm in giving it away! Very kind of Uncle Sam to give foreign nations practically the face value of the capital of the Steel Trust, three times the annual cost of army and navy, one and a half times the value of the best wheat crop America ever had!

He does not give it away because he wants to. He gives it away because he thinks he has to—to have his exports distributed to the markets of the world. His Panama outlay he can pay in United States currency, also his harbor-and-river outlay; but the three hundred million dollars for ocean traffic must go abroad in pure gold; and every time that gold goes out and does not come back—as Lewis Nixon points out—a shiver goes through all American banks! Money is tight. The rate on loans goes up. The merchant, the real-estate man, the builder, the manufacturer—who may need loans to keep business going—each and all feel the squeeze of that foreign tax on American commerce.

That is what your present, your bonus, your free-for-all, take-it-all gift to foreign nations means to the everyday business man. That is how the merchant marine or lack of a merchant marine concerns the inland as sharply as it concerns the shore front.

There are two other sides to this lack of a merchant marine worth considering, especially by the manufacturer and his helpers, about whose "empty dinnerpail" the politicians howl before elections. In every big ship are the products of from two hundred to three hundred factories—iron, steel, dynamos, lumber, furniture, rope, and so on. When ninety per cent of American commerce is carried in foreign vessels those two hundred to three hundred factories are humming—not for the United States but for foreign countries. That is where the lack of a merchant marine touches every workman as well as the manufacturer.

The other point was brought out by Mr. Winthrop Marvin, when the Marine Commission was taking evidence.

"America has reached the stage where her commercial supremacy will depend not on developing a vague West but in finding markets for all she raises and manufactures," the Philadelphia agent of a foreign line had declared. "Her problem is now one of marketing abroad; and how she succeeds will depend on whether she walls herself away from other nations, as China has, or enters on the great traffic of world commerce."

"All right," said Mr. Marvin. "We'll say it is like a case of two big department stores delivering goods to the same customers. How long do you suppose Mr. Bawnamaker would stay in business if he had all his goods delivered in Mr. Racy's delivery carts? That is exactly what we are doing in our world commerce. We have the goods, and we are letting the other nations deliver them to the world market."

There is a lot of untold as well as untellable history about the lack of an American merchant marine. Mr. Root could tell some of an occasion when he went to South America as a Government emissary and had to be sent in a man-of-war; otherwise it would have been necessary for a Secretary of the United States Government to go to Europe and take passage in a foreign vessel in order to reach one of the nearest neighbors of the United States! Things are not quite so bad now. Though no purely American ships run down the west coast of South America, six lines sail from United States ports to the east coast of the southern continent. Of these six, at time of writing three are foreign; but there are plans for more American vessels.

A hundred years ago the United States had the second largest merchant marine of the world—a clipper trade that scoured the seas, explored the Pacific, brought the wealth of the Orient to Boston and Salem, discovered the Columbia River—and so laid the foundations of empire in the Pacific states. Today the United States has almost the smallest marine of the world.

When you come to ask the cause of the decline and what swept the ocean highways of the American flag, you are given as many reasons as there are men. Mr. Roach, twenty years ago one of the famous builders and owners of the old liners, was asked by the Secretary of the New York Board of Trade what he thought caused the decline. "Too many laws and bad laws," he answered at once. "Laws that hamper the shipmaster, who is American, in competition with one who is foreign: laws as to food and duties; what bells to get up by and what bells to go to bed by—anything, in fact." It may be stated here that another such law is now before Congress, whether good or bad, regulating duties and privileges of American seamen. "Why, if I could build my ship at the same low cost as the Englishman or the German," declared Mr. Roach; "if I officered my vessel with the same crew as the foreign ship—which I could not as the laws now stand—and if I treated the seamen just as England or Germany treat them on their vessels, I would have a mutiny before I got the ship across the bar from New York. Why? Oh, food, length of watch—anything! 'Well,' I might say, 'isn't this treatment better than you get on the German or the English or the Norwegian ships—easier service, higher pay?' 'Yes,' they would say; 'but this is an American ship!' And there they would have me; for the law says thus and so. Too many laws—laws like the old sumptuary laws that hurt European cities in the Middle Ages!"

Not enough laws, practically says Mr. Lewis Nixon. "Our early shipping laws were effective; and, until suspended, they safeguarded and fostered ship-owning and ship-building. No one who has traced the rise and fall of our sea-going fleet can question the efficiency of a return to the policy which gave the fleet beginning and healthy growth. . . . Our foreign rivals know that general subsidies will not help us. . . . If any one wishes to see a general alarm sounded among foreign steamships just mention discrimination in customs duties and differential tonnage taxes. . . . Statesmen of Europe know the most dreaded policy upon which we could enter is the right to regulate commerce with foreign nations, which we suspended in 1828. . . . The one thing at all hazards is to prevent a preference for our own ships; for that preference built up and nourished a marine adequate to our needs and would do it again. . . . A discrimination was"—formerly—"made by allowing a duty of ten per cent less on goods imported if brought in American bottoms. Differential tonnage taxes were provided—six cents a ton on American vessels, thirty cents a ton on American-built and foreign-owned vessels, and fifty cents a ton on foreign-built-and-owned vessels. The Asiatic trade was secured by grading duties on tea far higher in foreign vessels than in American. American registry was confined to American-built vessels. In seven years our shipping increased three hundred and eighty-five per cent, and by 1826 we were carrying ninety-three per cent of our foreign trade under the American flag. But in 1828, by a crowning act of unwisdom and mistaken legislation, we threw open our indirect trade—trade with a nation with ships not under that nation's flag. This brought about the decline of our merchant marine."

The Decline of the Boston Clipper

"DO YOU think it was the removal of discriminatory duties against foreign ships that caused the decline of the merchant marine?" was asked of Mr. Bancroft, one of the new harbor commissioners of Boston, who are launching comprehensive plans to restore Massachusetts' ascendency on the sea.

"That whole question of discriminatory duties is in dispute. It may or may not have been one of the causes why the American flag disappeared from the sea. There were many causes. Consider for a moment: In the old days, when Boston clippers and Salem ships covered all the seas of the world, the sailing vessel was the only means of transportation. From Maine to New York we had the shipyards, and we had the timber, and we had the skilled laborers, and we had the enterprise. The wealth of the world was carried in American ships. We supplied European nations with vessels and had the second largest sailing fleet on the sea. Then came the use of steam and iron—especially iron. Contemporaneous with the use of iron were our Civil War and the opening of the West and the railroad development that absorbed all idle capital. This gave England the start as a ship-building nation; and by the time the Civil War was over our flag had all but disappeared from the sea. Then it paid the very Boston merchants, who used to have the clipper service here, better to invest their money in railroad development than in vessels. Their capital earned more—doubled over night as it were. Then the development of the railroads and the West reacted in another very vital way—it moved many industrial centers from the East to the Middle West. No one anticipated or plotted

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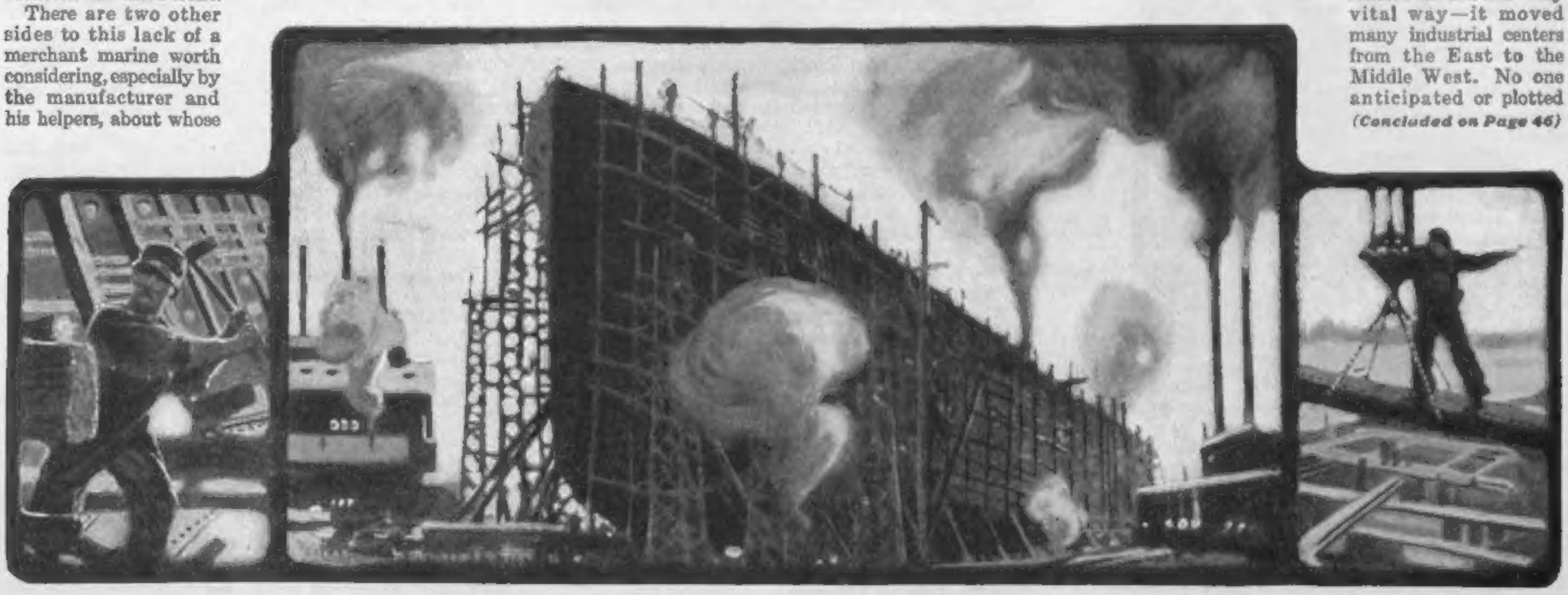


THE WORD GENTLY SPOKEN

In Which Mr. Bill Moggins Takes a Hack at the Amenities

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE hollow echoes of the McGonigal Fireproof Apartments never had much time for sleep, having an environment of much concrete and iron-pipe railing and a voluble and vociferous tenantry; but they were enjoying a brief period of repose when they were suddenly awakened to reverberating clamor by the foot of Mr. Bill Moggins, *au troisième*. Mr. Moggins had mislaid his door-key and, being of an impetuous and peremptory disposition, the course of action that naturally suggested itself was to kick the lower panels of the door with an energy that threatened to break them in, commenting on doorkeys the while in a rumble of more or less palliative profanity.

Bill Moggins was broad of build, and the one inch of celluloid collar that he wore in compromise of the company's linen regulation covered his neck space to the angle of his prognathous jaw and the shaved line of coarse black hair at his nape; his forehead was low, his nose bent slightly askew and his eyes were small and angry in their expression.

When a person of this description kicks at a door with a familiar kick there is likely to be a prompt response from those within. Mrs. Moggins appeared promptly—a small, rather untidy, but not uncomely woman, who seemed less subdued than might ordinarily have been expected.

"What's your rush?" demanded the lady, with some asperity. "Anybody chasin' you? I tell you, Bill, we're a-goin' to have trouble with the landlord if you get to makin' that racket in the halls."

Her husband deigned no response beyond a grunt as he pushed his way to the kitchen. Here he stopped and looked round with a particular regard for the table, which was bare but for its covering of clean and gayly patterned oilcloth.

"Ain't supper ready yet, for Pete's sake?" he asked savagely. "Whatcha bin a-doin' all day?"

"I've bin a drivin' in the park with the poodle in a taxi!" retorted Mrs. Moggins. "Then I come back an' laid down on the sofy while my hired gell done up my hair. That's the way I put in my time—ain't it? I ain't had no week's washin' on my hands nor nothin'. Cert'nly not! What's eatin' you, Bill?"

"You get a royal American wiggle on you with that there grub an' close your trap," said Bill, with an ominous roll of his bullet head. He slouched into the bedroom, removed his shoes, sent his celluloid collar clattering on the floor and then stretched himself on the bed and stared gloomily at the wall paper over the bureau. He lay quiescent for perhaps ten minutes and then raised his voice to a roar.

"Say, you! Are you goin' to be all night with that there supper?"

"If you feel like you was a-goin' to have a fit say the word an' I'll go tallerphone for a doctor," floated back from the kitchen. "Supper's goin' to be ready when it's cooked an' set on the table."

"I don't want no back talk from you!" shouted the man. "What I want is grub; an' it'd better be ready in about a minute or I'll come out an' see if I can't hurry it up."

There was no reply to this; but in a little more than the stipulated time the corned beef and cabbage and potatoes were steaming odoriferously through the apartment and Mr. Moggins drew his chair to the table and squared his elbows for action.

"Them taters is overdid," he remarked gruffly, as one of the jacketed tubers fell apart from his fork. "You couldn't bile water without burning it—you couldn't! Nice mess to set afore a man when he comes home tired an' hungry after a hard day's work! You must 'a' thought you was makin' tater soup. Fierce! Taters overdid an' cabbage underdid, an' the corned beef neither one thing nor the tother!"

"Seems like, among the three, you'd find one cooked the way you like it, Bill," remarked his wife pleasantly. "Why not converse about that?"

"Why not keep your mouth shut?" said Bill, glaring at her.

"Because I can't do that an' chew my victuals," she answered placidly.

"If you'd quit chewin' the rag ——" said he.

His wife smiled covertly as he reached for another of the mealy potatoes and copiously butterined it. There was something fond and half maternal in the smile—the expression at once tolerant and benignant that the manifestation of a ravenous appetite in mankind ever calls to the face of woman. From time to time she urged him to greater exertions, forking choice morsels to his plate, refilling the cup that he noisily emptied, and finally bringing on a quarter section of pie for his especial delectation.

At last Mr. Moggins gave his plate a forward impulse that shot it to the middle of the table and drew the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Ha!" he sighed.

"Had a good supper, Bill?" asked Mrs. Moggins.

"I've filled myself up if that's what you mean," growled Bill. "That ain't a-sayin' I've had a good supper by a jiggered sight."

"Had a hard day?"

"I don't never have anything but a hard day—do I? Whatcha askin' fool questions for? Yes, I've had a hard day," he continued bitterly; "and I come home an' I find myself locked out of my own house an' have to wait round half the blessed evenin' to get a bite to eat, by cripes! I've got a peach of a woman, I have!"

"I'm glad you reelize it, Bill," said the lady. "An', now you've got all that off your chest, let's have the rest of it. You don't need to tell me you ain't got a grouch about somethin', because I can tell it on you every time. It ain't the hard day an' it ain't because you had to wait ten minutes for the eats. I s'pose you've been pinched again."

"That's a lie!—an' you know it," denied Mr. Moggins. "I wasn't pinched again."

"Then what was it?"

Her husband considered, eying her gloomily. At last the necessity of sympathy opened his lips.

"We've gotta be perlite," he blurted out.

"What?"

"Gotta be perlite. Say, whatcha know about that!" He fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a creased and dirty slip of printed paper. "There it is. General order 36,983—as if 36,982 of 'em wasn't enough. Read it, blame you! Whatcha twistin' it round in your hand like that for?"

Mrs. Moggins smoothed the paper out and calmly read aloud:

"Conductors and all other employees of the company are particularly instructed to observe, under all circumstances, a polite and gentlemanly demeanor toward the patrons of the lines and the public generally. Any infraction of this rule will be punished by instant dismissal from the company's service."

"The Pink of Politeness, the Perennially Blooming Crocus of Courtesy is, Beyond Cavil or Question, Conductor William Moggins"

"Whatcha know about that!" repeated Mr. William Moggins in tones of the deepest surprise and disgust.

"Well, Bill."

"Huh?"

"Bill."

"Spit it out."

"Why not be perlite, Bill?"

II

FOR a full half minute, Bill Moggins glared at his spouse across the supper table. She sustained the glare with smiling equanimity. "I guess you don't understand," he said at last. "We've gotta be perlite—see? 'Under all circumstances'—understand?"

"I gotcha," responded Mrs. Moggins. "What I say is, why not be perlite?"

"You're nutty!" said the man. "Ain't we got enough to do without that? This here means we've gotta say 'If yer please!' an' 'Thank yer!' An' if they hand us any slack we've gotta take it. I've got a pitcher of muhself, life size an' lookin' pleasant, when some mutt gets gay and starts in to bawl me out. Sure! Well, I lose me job—an' then where'll we be? Stringin' along in the bread line. Ain't it enough to make a guy sore? An' you sit there stretchin' your face like a blinky-bashed chessy-cat!"

Mrs. Moggins was undismayed—unperturbed even.

"That's all right," she said. "I know it ain't a-goin' to be easy for you at first; but, after all, 'tain't nothin' but a habit. You practice it on me. I'll learn you."

"Where in blue blazes did you hide the paper?" demanded Moggins, with an air of dismissing the subject.

"Say: Excuse me for interruptin' of you, muh dear, but would you mind tellin' me where the paper is?" corrected Mrs. Moggins calmly.

Moggins opened his mouth for an apposite remark, and then closed it. Gradually he allowed his stern and gloomy features to relax into what was really a creditable grin.

"Pahdun me, muh dear," he said. "If it ain't troublin' you too much would you be so kind an' condescendin' an' obligin' as to tell me?"

"Don't spread it on too thick, Bill," cautioned his wife. "I might think you was just a-kiddin' me. Sure, I'll tell you. 'Tain't no trouble at all. You're a-settin' on it."

"What in the ——"

"Cut it out. Just say Thank yer, an' let it go at that."

"Thank yer."

"Fine an' dandy!" said Mrs. Moggins approvingly. "You're a-doin' elegant!"

Mr. Moggins took up his paper and, dragging a rocking-chair to the stove, seated himself comfortably, with his feet on the oven shelf. For a while he followed his usual custom of droning brokenly through the lurid headlines of the journal: "Ser-ci-ety Bird—Bud See-Seeks Sui-cide. Bank-er Bolts—Bolts—With Boo-dle." Then a muttering of the text; but, before his wife had completed her dish-washing, he was staring blankly at the page, his lips twisted

"He Left the Platform Five Times to Assist Those Whose Infirmities or Tender Age Required Assistance"

into an odd expression of amusement, and now and then he emitted a chuckle to which his wife paid no sort of attention.

Presently Mrs. Moggins stacked her last dish and settled down to the darning of her lord's socks, and her husband resumed his recital of the day's events. Once or twice he made his own free and frank criticism of some happening, but almost instantly modified it at his tutor's suggestion. Once, in turning a page, he upset the work-basket and began ferociously to inquire what in several things the basket was doing at his elbow.

"If I wasn't a lady I'd call you a clumsy, cross-eyed hipperpotermus, an' ast you why you couldn't handle your arms as if you was used to havin' 'em," remarked Mrs. Moggins calmly. "Bein' a lady, I merely requests an apology for your orkerdness. I ain't sayin' nothin' about your langwitch, mind. Take your time, Bill, an' think up suthin'. Want me to tell you what to say?"

Her husband looked sullen for a moment, but again he succumbed.

"'Scuse my orkerdness," he begged. "I wasn't a-noticin' that there basket of yours. I cert'nly ought to be more keerful; an' I hope you'll overlook it."

"Don't name it," smiled Mrs. Moggins agreeably.

The crowning urbanity, however, came a little before the hour of retiring, when Moggins came from the bedroom, his coat slung across his arm.

"Muh dear," he said, "I hate like blazes to put you to the ill-convenience; but I was misfortunate enough to bust a button off this here coat while I was a-stoopin' to pick up a dime what a fat slob of a woman dropped an' couldn't pick up for herself—darn her! If I might p'soom on your kindness so fur as to ast you to feel in the pocket for the button an' sew it on, I'd take it as a partickler favor."

At that, Mrs. Moggins threw her arms about her husband.

"Bill," she cried enthusiastically, "you'll have the whole bunch beat! I didn't think you had it in you."

III

IN THE old, mad days, when Mr. Moggins heard the chimes at midnight, in a manner of speaking, he had "taken in" a Chinatown joss-house and there received an indelible impression. Before his disgusted eyes a blue-bloused heathen had stood, bent almost double, swinging his clasped hands in abject and shameless propitiation of a whiskered effigy in gilt and vermilion.

"Let's get out of here," the sturdy American had said to his companion. "This makes me sick to muh stummick!"

Now the "underdid" cabbage may have been a basic cause or it may have been the natural condition of his mind after the shock of general order 36,983; but, whatever it was, Mr. Moggins dreamed that he was swinging his arms pendulumwise in an agony of supplication before that very joss, who glared upon him, nevertheless, with inexorable and terrifying severity. Suddenly it seemed as if an iron hand gripped his bull neck and forced him prostrate, rubbing his twisted nose in the dust before the idol. Then the alarm clock went off.

"Land!" gasped Moggins with vast relief as he extricated his face from the pillow and hazily realized his familiar surroundings. In a revulsion of feeling he nudged his wife ungently in the ribs. "Hey, you!" he said. "Are you a-goin' to get up an' hustle breakfast any time today?"

Mrs. Moggins yawned cavernously and slid from the bed before realization came to her; but, as she twisted her hair into its matutinal knob, she voiced a mild reproof.

"Some of these days you'll get a swipe in the map with the heel of my shoe, actin' up like that, Mr. Bill!" she said. "An' that ain't no way to be perlite either. Try it once more."

The vision of the Chinaman was strong upon Mr. Moggins yet; but, seeing that Mrs. Moggins had suspended her toilet pending correction, he made a heroic effort.

"I'll be erbliged to you if you'll get that breakfast started, Angel-Face," he said.

"That's good," observed the lady succinctly.

There was no further lapse during breakfast; and, after the mollifying influence of coffee, Moggins even went out of his way to exercise his new vocabulary and later bade his wife adieu in terms almost gallant. Mrs. Moggins returned his courtesy in kind; but as the sound of his shoes ceased to echo through the concrete halls she shook her head forebodingly and sighed. For the rest of the day she alternately sighed and fell into fits of giggling that bordered on the hysterical. Toward evening, however, the giggles became less frequent and the good woman's feeling of anxiety deepened. After all, a job was a job and its loss would be a serious matter. Bill was a good provider, but the provision had never extended to the morrow; and, with clouds gathering thickly on the horizon, there was nothing laid up for the rainy day. Could Bill stick it out? That was the question.

"Pore man!" murmured Mrs. Moggins; "his bark is a sight worse than his bite—but there ain't no denyin' that a stranger would think there was a-goin' to be a piece took out of his leg."

She left the door open, dreading the worst; and this time the table was set and supper ready in the oven by the time Mr. Moggins made his appearance.

A stranger might have imagined the appearance a gloomy one, but Nature had not blessed Mr. Moggins with a radiant countenance; and certain familiar signs, as well as wifely intuition, assured Mrs. Moggins that all was well as yet. Nevertheless she made the inquiry:

"How's she been a-comin', Bill?"

"If You Give Me Any of Your Guff, I'll Make You Think You're the Night-Bloomin' Cereus of the Casualty Ward!"

"I'm still on the payroll," replied Bill not unamiably. He threw his hat at the cat, which fled under the stove in a panic, and then sat down and began to unlace his shoes.

"'Tain't so hard, is it?"

"Oh, ain't it though! Well, I guess yes. Fierce! But I'm still on the payroll—unless the guy reported me."

"Bill," said Mrs. Moggins reprovingly, "don't you tell me that, after all I've bin a-tryin' to pound into you, you've got gay with a passenger!"

"Who got gay with him?" demanded Moggins with an injured air. "I didn't get gay with him until it was a-comin' to him—and five minutes late on the schedule anyway. Say, if it hadn't been for that order I'd 'a' pushed his fat face in so's his back hair'd got mixed with his whiskers. 'Put me off at Turpie Street, conductor,' says he when he climbs aboard. 'Turpie?' says I. 'Sure,' I says; 'with pleasure.' So when we get to Turpie I let out a holler. He don't take no notice; so I figgered he'd changed his mind and took him on to the end of the line.

"'Far's we go,' I says. 'All out!'"

"'Where's Turpie?' says he.

"'Same place,' says I—'right where I hollered it, about three miles back.'

"Well, he gets red in the face and begins to shoot off his yap. I'm perlite, and I offer to carry him back and not charge him for the extry ride; but that don't satisfy him. He's a-goin' to report me. 'That's all right,' says I. 'Muh name's William Moggins an' muh number's 284—which it's on my cap here.' An' I shoves my cap close to him so's he could see it without straunin' his eyes. 'I'll land you a pencil an' a piece of paper if you ain't got none,' I says; 'or if it will be any ercommodation I'll write it down for you an' welcome,' I says.

"'You're an insolent feller!' he says.

"'Thank you, sir,' says I; an' by that time we started back an' I had him at West Twelfth before he suspicioned anything. Then he got up and come to me.

"'Ain't we pretty close to Turpie now, conductor?'

"'Tolerable close, sir,' says I. 'We're just about a mile past it, I should say. Did you wish to get off there?'

"He begun all over again then—an' me still perlite; but finerly I says to him: 'See here, you pinheaded, potbellied blowhard, I've heard all out of you I want to except just one word; an' you open your mouth to say it an' I'll beat you into a mush an' sweep it off the car as we go along!' That's what I says to him an' he didn't say nothin' more—not until he got off at the next block; but he won't report nothin'."

"Well," ruminated Mrs. Moggins, "maybe he won't; an' I don't know as I blame you, anyway, Bill. He cert'nly must 'a' bin the limit! Was there any others?"

"Sure; but there wasn't none I fussed with. I set out to be perlite an' I was perlite. Sam Wessons was on the run with me an' he thought I was sickenin' for somethin'. He's the one they tried for bustin' the guy's head open with the crank at Riverview Park last summer."

Mrs. Moggins poured the coffee.

"My! Bill," she said, "you don't know how tickled I am! You keep up this lick an' the first thing you know you'll be promoted!"

"What I'm after is to keep my job," replied Mr. Moggins.

IV

THE reformation of Mr. Moggins continued for several weeks, with only slight and casual fallings from grace—and those, it must be admitted, were almost justifiable. The change in him was an all-absorbing topic of conversation and debate in the carbarns, the general opinion being that Bill was running this politeness thing into the ground. A little of it, conductors and others considered, was all right, but the toleration of gayety in passengers and public should have its proper bounds. This being delicately hinted to Mr. Moggins, he replied that he didn't pretend to be able to indulge in civility moderately.

"Some can take it or let it alone, jest as they're a mind to," he remarked. "I ain't that way, muh-self. It's got to be one thing or the other with me; an', so long as that there slobbering order is in force, I'm strong for it."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Moggins worried. She noticed that the slight bulge of flesh over the rim of her husband's collar was disappearing; and though he was uniformly and extra-uniformly suave and affable, there was a dreary monotony about it that got on the lady's nerves. What was lacking in Bill she couldn't say, but it was probably spontaneity—a heartiness that the old morose brutality of manner had never disguised from his wife; and he was certainly losing his appetite.

"It's the happy woman ye must be, Mrs. Moggins, ma'am, wid a husband like yours," remarked Mrs. Clancy from across the hall. "The gintleman, every inch, so he

(Continued on Page 34)

HOW WE GROW DEAF

COLDS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

SOME men are born deaf, some achieve deafness and some have deafness thrust upon them. Broadly considered, the second class is far the largest of the three. We still take too many of our calamities lying down and fail to fight hard enough against our fate—not that we were much to blame for our fatalistic attitude toward deafness up to, say, a quarter of a century ago. Not only had we been taught from time immemorial to regard the dulling of the delicate sense of hearing as one of the inevitable penalties of advancing years, but the cure of deafness, after it has once been achieved, was—and, alas, is yet—one of the discredits—even disgraces—of medicine.

Even today the doctor is not very hopeful of curing deafness in the sense of restoring hearing which has been lost for any considerable length of time; but his attitude toward the condition has been completely revolutionized by the discovery that deafness does not come by chance or by some inevitable process of Nature, but is due to definite and well-recognized causes, three-fourths of which are preventable. The great majority of cases, even of chronic and established deafness, can be prevented from getting any worse and usually improved a little, while nine-tenths of all cases can be prevented entirely, either by avoiding their causes or by taking them in hand as soon as the first sign of trouble with the hearing is noticed.

The Sole Value of the Flap Today is as an Ornament

A Big Motto For Very Little Germs

BY THE mercy of Heaven, the first attack of deafness is never permanent, with a few rare exceptions involving the nerve of hearing itself. The calamity gives fair warning of its approach—whom the gods would fain destroy they first make sneeze. Our hearing is lost, not all at once, or even half or a quarter at once, but by tiny successive fractions, each due to a fresh attack of the disease which causes deafness. And that disease, nine times out of ten, is nothing more formidable than our old friend, or rather most intimate enemy, a common cold, which travels up the tube to the ear from the nose or throat.

The motto of our crusade against deafness emphatically is: "Despise not the day of small things." The only way to cure deafness is to treat it before it reaches the ears. To fuss over the tympanum after you have neglected the throat is literally "to keep the promise to our ear, and break it to our hope"—to try to put out the fire after it has reached the powder magazine. The chief warning to remember in treating and getting rid of colds and catarrhs is that all roads lead to the ear, especially in the later stages of the attack; that every little influenza germ, whose motto is Excelsior! climbs the Eustachian tube to the ear, and that every effort on the part of the invader to reach "the man higher up" lands him on the eardrum. Take care of the nose and the ear will take care of itself.

It is Not a Bad Idea for Him to Test it Occasionally

It is curious what picturesquely distorted notions prevail about the causation of even such common and frequent misfortunes as deafness and blindness. Both have formed "high lights" in the classic picture of old age since the very dawn of history. The explanation was as simple as it was plausible and poetic. The dull hearing and dimming vision were due merely to the gradual wearing away and blunting of the keen edge of all the senses and powers of the body under the successive shocks of years and the wear and tear of life.

The auditory nerve was supposed to have been hammered and pounded, as it were, into a sort of stupor—the retina dazzled and flashed into a dazed condition where it could no longer respond to the rays of light. Deafness and the clouded vision of the old man were merely a part of the general scheme of decay—"sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything."

Nothing could sound more reasonable and altogether in accordance with what was to be expected. So long as we were satisfied to accept statements of how things were ordained to be, or inevitably must be, instead of taking the trouble to find out what they actually were, this was a perfectly good explanation, and it has been embalmed in the literature of all the ages; but, the moment we began to ask uncomfortable questions and to insist on finding out the facts, a totally different condition of affairs was discovered to exist.

Barely half a century ago, for instance, it was found that two-thirds of the failing vision of old age was due not to any dulling of the retina or optic nerve, or dimming of the transparent parts of the eye, but merely to the failure of the little circular muscle within the eyeball; so that the eye could no longer adjust or accommodate itself to the light rays. Practically perfect vision, keen and sharp, though, of course, more readily tiring than before, could be restored by fitting the proper "specs"—that is, placing a glass or a lens before the eye to make good the failure of this muscle to act.

When a Safety Valve is Not a Safety Valve

HALF the remainder of the blurred vision of advancing years was found to be due to changes in the lens of the eye known as cataract; and when the clouded lens was removed by a simple surgical operation, and a new clear lens of glass hung in front of the eye in its place, the retina was found to be as clear and sharp as ever. In short, the retina and the optic nerve of the old man of seventy were found to be practically as keen and as responsive to the light as they had been at seventeen; and a full third of the discomforts of old age were relieved at a stroke.

The same thing has been found in regard to the dull ear of old age in even higher degree. Not more than a fraction of a per cent of the deafness of old age is due to changes in the nerve of hearing. In other words, the hearing of the grandfather is at bottom as keen as that of his grandchild if only the sound waves can actually reach the keyboard of his nerve. In the economic jargon of the day, it is the "middleman" who is at fault—the conducting apparatus that lies between the sound waves and the organ of hearing, known from that fact as the middle ear—that is really deaf. Nine times out of ten, when you say a man is deaf you mean that his eardrum and its piano-hammer attachments are out of order.

Our hearing machine, though distressingly complicated in its details, is exceedingly simple in principle. Briefly, it consists of three parts, with a safety-valve attachment to one of them, known simply from their positions as the outer or external ear, the middle ear and the internal ear. The safety valve is the joker that gives rise to nearly all the trouble. The division of labor between these three parts is matter-of-fact and rational.

The outer ear, as plainly follows from its position and shape, is merely a horn or funnel for catching the sound waves and conveying them into the interior of the head, where the middle ear lies warm, sheltered and out of harm's way. The outer ear is really of the most trifling importance—little more than a hole leading down to the drum, with a more or less movable flap over its opening. The sole value of the flap today is as an ornament—and it is not exactly a howling success at that in some of us.

The middle ear is, in principle, equally simple and matter-of-fact. It consists merely of a tightly stretched disk or drum of skin, with a cavity in the bone behind it to allow it to vibrate. Across this cavity runs a chain of exceedingly delicate little bones which transmit the vibrations to the internal ear or organ of hearing proper.

The Piano Board Under Your Hat

THIS internal ear is vastly more complicated; but, as it luckily seldom becomes diseased—and when it does we do not know what under Heaven to do for it and have no remedy that will reach it—its makeup is of little practical importance. We may here dismiss it with the statement that it consists of a singular little keyboard about an inch and a quarter long, coiled up like a snail shell—*cochlea*—made up of tiny rods laid side by side, not unlike the keys of a pianoforte.

The delicacy and elaborate perfection of the whole may be gathered from the fact that in its inch-and-a-quarter length there are five thousand separate rods or keys. Each of these keys is believed—though this is largely hypothesis—to vibrate in response to some tone or shade of tone that can be heard by the human ear; and their vibrations are conducted to the tiny twigs of the auditory nerve,

As Soon as Sound Waves Jar Through the Bones of the Head, They Can Reach the Nerve of Hearing

which run along the under side of the keyboard and then unite into a small twisted cable, to pass to the brain.

Each key is supposed to pick out its particular note by vibrating in response to it, much as the receiving apparatus of a wireless telegraph responds to or catches the particular vibration to which it is tuned. It is probable that here is the site of those extraordinary differences in tone perception that exist between us, ranging from the born musical ear, with its delicate appreciation of the subtlest harmonies, down to inability to distinguish Old Hundred from Yankee Doodle.

Not a little of the painful and laborious process known as "musical training"—laborious for the pupil and painful for the neighbors—consists in limbering up and drilling the keys of this internal piano. They are taught to work separately from one another, so that the slightest deviation in tone, known as flatting or sharping, can be accurately distinguished; and also they may be given such simple and rudimentary training in arithmetic as will enable them to recognize when any note is struck which has two, three or five times the number of vibrations of their own particular note, and to respond promptly thereto. This response to simple multiples or vulgar fractions of their own tone forms the basis of what we call harmony. In that last survival of the torture chamber of the Middle Ages—five-finger exercises—you are training not merely your stiff and unwilling fingers but the keys of this piano—a piano whose keyboard

is coiled in your own head, or should be; but which often, so far as possibility of effective training is concerned, exists only—in the vernacular of the day—"in your mind."

The three parts of the hearing machine will thus be seen roughly to correspond to the parts of the transmitter of a telephone. The projecting mouthpiece is the external ear and the hole leading down to the drum; the diaphragm is the drum, and the little chain of bones behind it is the armature which changes the vibrations of the diaphragm into alternating electric currents; and the auditory nerve is the wire that transmits the message to "central."

It is well to have this general idea of the gearing of our hearing machine, both because the three divisions of it play widely different parts in the production of deafness, and also because the practical importance of the parts they play could almost be inferred from their position.

The outer ear, being little more than a hole through which the sound waves can reach the drum in its place of shelter and safety an inch and a quarter below the surface of the head, plays almost no part at all in the production of deafness; in fact, the only way in which disturbances of this part of the ear could interfere with hearing would be by blocking or plugging it up completely—which, in the nature of the case, very seldom happens. Only two such accidents are known—tumors and accumulations of wax.

The other end of the apparatus -the internal ear—is so deeply imbedded and buried within the bones of the head, so completely protected from all possibility of exposure to attack, that it is literally one of the "safest" structures in the body; in fact, the only dangerous enemies of the keyboard and auditory nerve are the toxins of a few infectious diseases, which have a special power of singling out and attacking the brain and nervous system. For practical purposes, these may be really reduced to two—one fortunately rare; the other more common—cerebro-spinal meningitis and blood taint. Could these two diseases be wiped out—and they are both preventable and one day will be prevented when we become intelligent enough—we should practically get rid of all deafness due to diseases of the keyboard and nerve of hearing, known as nerve deafness.

This leaves the middle ear, or drum cavity and its attachments, as the weak link in our chain of hearing, the region in which nearly nine-tenths of all cases and forms of deafness occur. The particular Ethiopian in our middle-ear woodpile, however, is that wretched little tube connecting the drum cavity with the throat, called the Eustachian tube, after the fine old father of anatomy who first discovered and described it. It might almost be called the deafness tube, for it is literally the leak that lets in the flood—the underground passage through which our germ enemies can crawl and worm their way into the very citadel of our fortress of hearing. Then, once they have effected an entrance, they block up the passage that admitted them and proceed to be fruitful and multiply, torturing the defenseless drum and the delicate lining of the drum cavity until they weep literal tears of agonized exudation and pus, thus raising the pressure in that tiny prison until every little nerve twig in it, trapped and jammed against its bony walls, shrieks in agony. Then we say that we have an attack of earache.

The Bump That Breeds Trouble

IF THE enemy be sufficiently numerous and vicious the tension will continue to rise in the drum cavity, and the pain will become more excruciating until the bacillus bomb literally explodes, either by rupture through the drum and discharging a gush of "matter" from the outer ear, or by blowing out the débris with which it had obstructed the Eustachian tube behind itself and pouring back harmlessly into the throat.

Though this is the most painful and furious form of attack upon the middle ear, it is neither the commonest nor the most dangerous. Contrary to popular impression, bursting or perforation of the drum is not a dangerous accident, nor is it often followed by permanent deafness or even serious dulling of hearing. Every time there is a discharge from the ear in childhood this process has occurred; yet, as every one knows, not more than one case in fifty of "running from the ear" is followed by permanent deafness. Instead of its being difficult to heal up the opening in the drum, our greatest trouble is to keep it open long enough to allow complete emptying of the cavity and clearing up of the inflammation within. Just as soon as the discharge ceases, the hole in the drum heals up completely, leaving only a slight scar, and the hearing quickly becomes as good as ever. A puncture of the drum will heal as readily as a cut or scratch on the skin and leave no discoverable scar. So there is no need to fear deafness for life because there has been an explosive or a "relief" perforation of the drum.

This is not by any means to say that rupture of the eardrum is a mere trifle. It is anything but that. The hole made may be large and ragged enough to leave the drum permanently distorted and tied down by the scar, so that it will never vibrate properly afterward. Moreover, on account of the fact that the drum cavity is separated from the brain by only the thinnest plate of bone, the inflammation may push inward, so to speak, instead of bursting outward, and cause a serious meningitis or brain abscess; or the inflammation may spread to certain cavities in the skull just behind the ear—known as the mastoid cells, and set up the now famous mastoid abscess, which also threatens the brain. So that the only safe thing to do in cases of severe earache, whenever the inflammation has gone above a certain height and refuses to yield within a few hours to warm douchings and other local treatment of that sort, is to call in the ear specialist and puncture the drum with a delicate knife-pointed needle, so as to allow the matter or pus to escape harmlessly into the outer ear.

Pus in the drum cavity is literally between the layers of the bones of the skull and may leak upward or inward into the brain or backward into the mastoid quite readily. Usually it works into the large spongy cavity in the mastoid—the bump behind the ear, phrenologically known as "the bump of destructiveness"—and there gathers force for its attack on the brain. So that the moment the bump behind the ear begins to swell or redden, or become tender to pressure, it is time to call a surgeon. Then trephining or chiselling down through the bone to the hollow where the pus is will let it out and save the brain from attack. This is a serious operation, but better than a brain abscess.

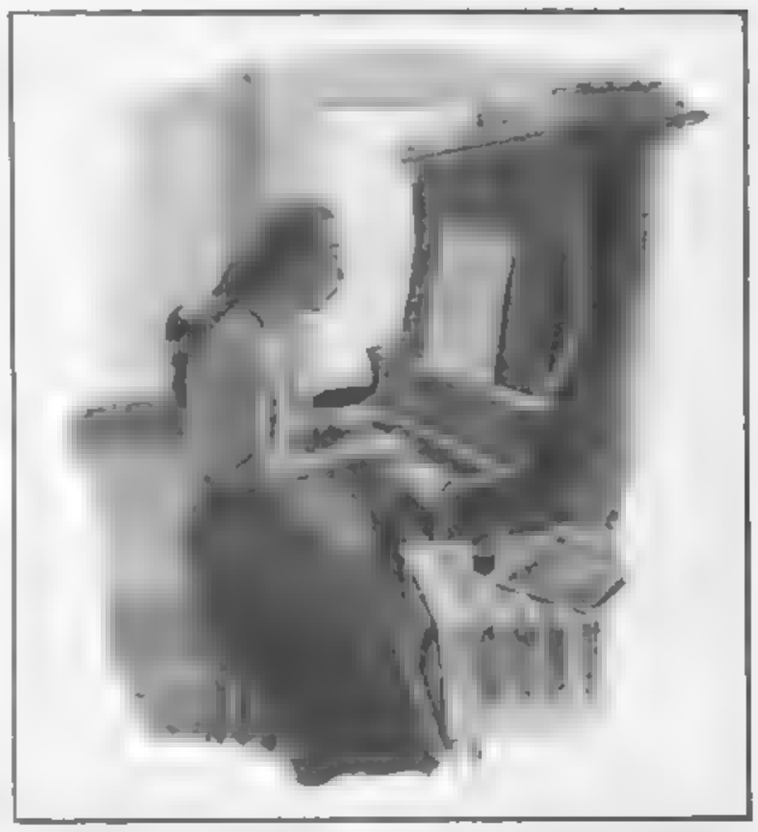
The Little Skirmishes That Win the Battle

THE middle-ear attack, which most commonly leads to deafness, is the one which produces little more than that sensation of fullness in the ears and woodenness or dullness in the head, which so frequently follows an attack of sore throat or influenza. Here the germs are fewer in number or less vicious in temper, and do not make themselves so disagreeable as to stir up an inflammatory revolt of sufficient violence to "fire them out" bodily. They succeed in establishing either a permanent foothold or in setting up a slow, thickening, fibrous inflammation of the drum and of the mucous membrane covering the tiny chain of bones.

The temporary excitement which their first arrival caused subsides. The dull, stuffed feeling in your ears disappears after a few days or perhaps a week or two. You think you are as well again as ever; but if you were to test yourself with a watch or tuning fork, you would find you had lost a couple of inches of the distance at which you could hear it. Another cold is caught a few months or years later and fresh reënforcements are added to the hostile forces at work in your drum cavity. A sharper attack of stuffiness and temporary deafness follows; and when that subsides you have again lost a few more inches of your range of hearing. And so you slip gradually down the incline toward the pit of deafness; until finally, by the fifth, tenth or fifteenth attack, you have lost enough of the "margin" of your hearing to begin to make it difficult for you to hear ordinary conversation. Then you suddenly discover and announce to your friends that you must be growing deaf.

Then it is too late to do much more than save such hearing as you possess and stop the process from going farther.

Just avoid common colds as completely as you possibly can; attack them vigorously, with the assistance of the best expert advice that you can secure whenever they do occur. Be particularly careful that they are cleared up as promptly and as cleanly as possible, and not allowed to hang on for weeks or months at a stretch. Consult your family physician or a competent nose-and-throat doctor whenever any stuffiness in the ears or dullness of hearing lasts for more than three days, and you will escape at least two-thirds of all your risks of becoming deaf, no matter to what age you may live. The main reason why deafness is so much more common in later life than it is in childhood or young life is that there have been so many more years to catch colds in.



That Last Survival of the Torture Chamber of the Middle Ages—Five-Finger Exercises

Almost any infection that begins in or involves the nose and throat may also climb the Eustachian tube and attack the drum. Measles and whooping-cough, for instance, quite frequently do so, and pneumonia and the more violent types of epidemic influenza less frequently but with a peculiar deadliness, producing furious earache, with almost certain perforation of the drum and great danger of spreading to the mastoid.

There is one infectious disease, however, that seems to have a special fondness for attacking the eardrum—so much so that it is probably the commonest single cause of chronic running from the ear—and that is scarlet fever; in fact, the two most important points to watch during the attack of this scourge of childhood are the ear in the first week of the fever and the kidneys in the later stages. Fortunately the same method will tend to prevent ear trouble in all of these fevers—namely, thorough and careful antiseptic treatment of the nose and throat by means of sprays and washes such as are advised in the treatment of an ordinary cold, only somewhat more strongly antiseptic or germicidal. Care in this respect will reduce the risks of ear trouble, even in scarlet fever, to a minimum.

Fresh Air the Foe of Deafness

IT IS always well for the intelligent mother to be carefully on the lookout for earache in all the little fevers of childhood, including colds and tonsilitis, especially in children who are too young to tell or even clearly indicate with their little hands where the pain is situated. Successive attacks of loud and prolonged crying or screaming without ascertainable cause in a baby or young child that is feverish, particularly if the little one rubs the side of its head or burrows its head deeply and restlessly into the pillow, should always rouse suspicion of earache and call for expert advice.

Though colds or sore throats will cause earache or middle-ear disease in the adult directly, in children they more commonly do so indirectly by setting up that inflamed and suppurating condition of the roof of the throat now famous as adenoids. An adenoid child, with this pile of tinder at the very mouth of his Eustachian tube ready to flare up at the slightest spark of cold or chill, lives perpetually upon the brink of deafness.

As a matter of bitter and practical experience, most children with adenoids sooner or later become deaf enough to interfere with their studies and mental development; and the habit of attacks of earache after every slight cold in a child almost invariably means the presence of adenoids.

Colds upon colds thicken up the drum and stiffen its conducting chain of tiny bones just as the proverbial dropping of water wears away the stone. The best preventive of deafness is fresh air—twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. For ninety-nine per cent of us, the statement, "no colds, no deafness," would be literally true.

Of course the more completely we can avoid colds, the better it will be, not merely for our ears but also for our joints, our hearts, our kidneys, our livers and our nervous

Whom the Gods Would Fain Destroy They First Make Sneeze

systems; for the conviction is steadily growing that these puny "little foxes" in the body vineyard, these mere rats and mice in the House of Life, probably cause more Bright's disease, organic heart disease, gout, rheumatism and neuritis than any other single influence.

Though this "counsel of perfection," of absolute avoidance, is impracticable in the present state of our intelligence and the health conscience of the community, fortunately the very same measures which reduce the risks of cold-catching to the lowest possible minimum are also those that will enable us to acquire immunity from colds, resist them vigorously when they do occur, and throw them off cleanly and promptly. So that if we live cleanly, wholesomely, happily, with a gentle current of fresh, cool air—popularly known as a draft—blowing across our faces two-thirds of the time—day and night—with plenty of exercise in the open air, plenty of rich and appetizing food and plenty of sleep, we can practically snap our fingers at colds and ninety-nine per cent of their deadly consequences, including deafness.

Our noses and throats are evidently, under civilization at least, points of least resistance in the body. This is illustrated by the fact that they are not only the site of the commonest of all our diseases—colds and their relatives—but are also the port of entry for at least half, if not two-thirds, of our more serious infections, such as measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria, and so on. It is a useful and practical procedure to keep in your bathroom or your bedroom, or on a shelf of your medicine chest, some form of mild alkaline and antiseptic nasal spray or wash. Your family physician will gladly give you a prescription for one suited to the special conditions of your nose and throat, or the "family" nose and throat. Then use the wash whenever you suspect that you have been exposed to risk of infection by a common cold—for instance, when you have been to the theater or to church, or in a crowded, stuffy, smelly train or street car—or whenever you feel any sensation of tickling, dryness or stuffiness in the nose and throat, and with redoubled vigor when you think you are catching cold. I know of no "stitch in time" in our hygienic economy that is more likely to "save nine" than this simple procedure.

The chief things needed in these washes are that they should be as nearly as possible of the same density—specific gravity—and temperature as the blood, and not too strongly antiseptic; for it is almost impossible to make them strong enough to kill or even seriously injure the germs in the nostrils without making them injurious to the delicate membrane of the nose. If properly adjusted to individual conditions they are perfectly harmless and have a decided effect in diminishing the probability of colds being caught, the severity of their attack if they do occur, and the likelihood of their hanging on or producing unpleasant after-effects. Then, in the event of a definite impairment of hearing which does not promptly subside within two or three days, consult your family physician or a nose-and-throat specialist. Nothing is easier than to cure deafness at this stage of the process; and even a single treatment now may be the means of blocking the way in the direction of serious and permanent hardness of hearing.

It may perhaps excite wonder in some minds as to why that wretched little rift in the lute, that fatal leak in the side of our bark of hearing—the Eustachian tube—was introduced or permitted in our bodily makeup by Nature. In view of its dangerousness, why should we not stitch or plug it up completely in some way and thus protect the middle ear from a thousand risks? Unfortunately it is as necessary as it is dangerous. If our eardrum is to vibrate at all it must have air on both sides of it and the pressure of the air inside or behind it must be kept equal to that on its outer surface; and this tube is simply an equalizing pipe for that purpose, through which air can be sucked into the drum cavity whenever a vacuum begins to form.

Indeed, blocking up the tube alone will cause deafness. The air in the drum cavity is quickly absorbed into the blood, producing a partial vacuum; and then the atmospheric pressure of the outside air upon the drum pushes it in, so that it can no longer vibrate; and at the same time it jams the little chain of bones together so tightly that they cannot transmit the sounds. This is one of the methods by which middle-ear deafness is produced the tube becomes blocked by inflammation, the drum is driven in by the pressure of the outside air, and slow fibrous changes tie it down and glue the bones together—and permanently fix them so. This is why the mere driving out of a bubble of air along the Eustachian tube as, for instance, when you blow your nose and your ear "goes pop"—will sometimes improve your hearing when your head is stuffed up and your ears feel blocked and full.

However, every cloud has its silver lining—and deafness is no exception. In spite of the swarms upon swarms of enemies that threaten the peace of our eardrums, and the frequency of some degree of hardness of hearing after middle life, there are two or three consoling items to be entered on the credit side of the ledger. The first of these is that, as we have already seen, all these conditions are not only preventable but in process of prevention by the spread of intelligence and the progress of sanitary science. The second is that the vast majority of cases of deafness, even after they have got a good start, can be kept from developing beyond the stage where there is still sufficient hearing left for most practical purposes. And, last and most fundamental of all, middle-ear disease, which causes nine-tenths of all deafness, almost never completely destroys hearing.

This last is inherent in the nature of the affection; for, as we have seen, the middle ear consists entirely of conduction apparatus, and the real, live, essential parts of the organ of hearing—the nerve and the sound-keyboard—are

(Continued on Page 37)

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

III

MRS. WILMERDING was not content. She sat on the veranda of the reading room and watched the big hulk being guided gently down the tide by the motor whaleboat, and as she watched there reached her ears the vibrant tones of Mr. Phelps as he enthusiastically described one Calvert Lanier, playwright, and his floating home. Mrs. Wilmerding's pretty brows were knit in a frown.

There were several features about the affair that annoyed her excessively. To begin with, she had more than once secretly regretted her action in the matter of Lanier, and she had felt that he had in a way justified her objections to him by his behavior in taking a spiteful revenge. Now, in withdrawing his hulk to an inoffensive distance and obliterating the accusing name, he was demonstrating a decency of feeling that was bound to alter the general sentiment of the colony. Had he withdrawn himself completely from the Chimney Corner and gone about his business beyond its observation, his action might have left a certain sentiment of remorse; but in merely hauling off a mile or so he was bound to remain an object of communal interest and speculation, while it was very possible that public opinion might take a turn in his favor. Such a state of affairs would not tend to the increased prestige of Mrs. Wilmerding.

Mr. Phelps' amphoric voice reached her jarringly. "A genius Lanier" he was saying largely—"a positive genius! I am not at all sure that we have not made an unfortunate error oh, Major?"

"I like him," said the major. "I should enjoy seeing more of him."

Mrs. Wilmerding turned abruptly in her chair.

"There is nothing to prevent your doing so," said she sharply. "No doubt, from a man's point of view, it is a convenient thing to have a floating bar about the premises."

There was no immediate answer to this. Mrs. Wilmerding rose suddenly from her chair and stepped into the writing room. Her mind had taken a quick resolve. The colony was threatened with schism and internal dissension, and Mrs. Wilmerding decided on a *coup d'état*. The propinquity of a rank outsider, who was regarded favorably by certain members while yet barred admittance from the sacred precincts of the Chimney Corner, made a situation that was dangerous and embarrassing. Mrs. Wilmerding decided to have it out herself with the playwright, should this be possible. Seating herself at a desk, she wrote as follows:

Mr. Calvert Lanier,
Yacht Broken Word.

Dear Sir: Your action in acceding to the request of our president to remove from the immediate vicinity of the reading room has put the writer and certain other of our members in a rather difficult position. It is intimated to us that in opposing your membership we have acted unjustly and unwisely, and that your expressed desire to cause no more annoyance on learning the source of your opposition proves you to be a [illegible] to the community.

Although the [illegible] of the late [illegible], which [illegible] of [illegible] our recent course. Would you be willing to call upon her tomorrow afternoon at an hour to suit your convenience?

Yours truly,
Loretta Wilmerding.

Beacon Rocks, Chimney Corner.

Having sealed and addressed her note, Mrs. Wilmerding left the reading room, and passing round the head of the little cove took the path along the cliffs that led to her summer home—a long, low house built of stone and stucco, situated on the brow of the cliffs, half hidden by a growth of dwarf pine and about half a mile toward the inlet from the reading room. Just before reaching the beginning of the last steep ascent that led to the house, Mrs. Wilmerding took a narrow winding path that ran down to the shore, and here in a cosy bight with a shingly beach she came upon a charming, rustic boathouse, in front of which a lank youth was engaged in baiting some lobster-pots.

"Caleb," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "I wish you to get into the dory and take this note out aboard the—the—that hulk that was lying off the reading room ——"

"The Broken Word, ma'am?" asked the young man, looking up in surprise.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilmerding calmly, although she winced a little at the name. "Please wait for an answer—and bring it up to the house before you start out to set your lobster-pots."

"All right, ma'am." The youth took the note gingerly by the corners and dropped it into his pocket. Then a sudden thought striking him, he asked:

"He calc'atin' to drop his hook offen here?"

"He will probably anchor nearer than we care to have him," she answered. "And oh, Caleb."

"What, ma'am?"

"It is not necessary to say anything about my having sent you with the note."

"No, ma'am." Caleb answered, whereat Mrs. Wilmerding turned and made her way up the steep winding path to the house. Caleb was the functionary who looked after the Wilmerdings' boats.

Arrived on her veranda, a little breathless and charmingly flushed, Mrs. Wilmerding stepped to a big telescope on a tripod and watched the sluggish maneuvers of the hulk, which was still drifting slowly down with the tide and rather ridiculously in tow of the motor whaleboat. At a distance of about half a mile from the Wilmerdings' boathouse the anchor splashed over the bow and the hulk came presently to a stop. A few moments later Caleb's dory drew alongside, where it remained for so short a time that Mrs. Wilmerding's face grew rather red, for she did not think that Lanier could possibly have had time to write an answer. It crossed her mind that he might have glanced through her missive, then told the messenger that there was no answer. This humiliating doubt was soon set aside, however, by the return of Caleb, who handed her an envelope inclosing a correspondence card on which was written in a minute and regular hand:

Mrs. Wilmerding,

Madam: In reply to your note I have the honor to say that I will call, as you request, tomorrow afternoon at four.

Very respectfully,
Calvert Lanier.

If Mrs. Wilmerding could have witnessed the reception of her note it is possible that she might have been vexed. Lanier was engaged with some business correspondence when the cat-footed Charlie dropped the missive on his desk. He frowned, ripped open the envelope, scanned it through, then grinned wickedly.

"Mrs. Wilmerding," said he to himself. "Why, that's the wife of the thin gray shape who betrayed me. Beautiful, I understand, and domineering." He grinned again. "A splendid chance to get even."

He dashed off his brief reply and gave it to the Chinaman, then returned to his business letters. It is doubtful whether he thought three times of his promised call until the near approach of the hour of rendezvous. Lanier had a singular power of concentration, but he was by no means absent-minded, and never failed to keep an appointment. So he dressed with his invariable perfect taste and, having neglected to ask where the Wilmerdings' house might be, had his caretaker set him ashore on a point of land opposite his anchorage, intending to walk toward the settlement, making inquiries of any whom he chanced to meet on the way.

There was a path along the top of the low cliffs, and Lanier had proceeded in a leisurely manner for about a hundred yards when he came upon a girl who was standing before a half-painted canvas on an easel. She had located herself directly on the side of the path, and as the playwright approached he observed that she was very young and more than uncommonly pretty. Her eyes were so dark that he thought them black, until a second look proved them to be an almost purple violet. Her hair was a rich auburn, very thick and at that moment none too

tidy, and the loose sailor suit she wore could not conceal a deliciously lithe and rounded figure with long limbs and exquisite ankles.

At the sound of his step she spoke without looking round, and his musical ear was at once attracted by the low-pitched, throaty tone:

"Don't bother me. I'm busy——"

"I don't intend to bother you," answered Lanier, "beyond asking where Mrs. Wilmerding lives."

She spun round quickly, and it was after the first glance, when the violet eyes opened wider, that he discovered their real quality.

"Oh!" said she. "I thought it was Stephen Carew. He's always taggin' me round."

"A man can be a nuisance and yet show great intelligence," Lanier replied, and looked at the picture, which was full of faults. The young girl's gaze followed his.

"Do you know anything about painting?" she asked.

"It is one of my professions," he answered.

"Then tell me what's the matter with my picture. I can't seem to get it right."

Lanier half closed his eyes, and in so doing unconsciously accentuated the length and thickness of his long, very black lashes. The girl eyed him covertly.

"There is something the matter with it," said she, as he did not immediately speak.

"Yes," he admitted, "there is. The distant pines are too green, the sky is too blue, the rocks are too brown—and if a ship hit the edge of that horizon she would lose all of her spars." He looked at her and smiled the swift, dazzling smile that seemed to light with a startling suddenness the shadows of his nervous face and to wipe away its cynical expression, leaving instead an immense kindliness. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Clare O'Sullivan," she answered, staring at him with a fascinated and slightly bewildered expression on her face.

"Well, then, Clare," said Lanier, smiling thoughtfully at the canvas, "some teacher must have told you to work only in pure colors, which is excellent advice, but not to be followed too slavishly. Don't you see the gray tone in everything today? Besides, you've painted everything but the air, and that you've left a vacuum. Put your gray tone all through, and those colors will come down into their places."

She handed him her brushes and palette. "Show me," said she.

Lanier smiled again as he took the things from her hands, then with a few rapid touches began to pull color and values into their true proportions. It was a simple scheme, and he had done many like it in Brittany, before the pen claimed him and he picked up the brush only to work out scenic effects. But to the girl it was amazing—a piece of magic—for she was practically self-taught.

Presently he turned and held out to her the palette and brushes. Clare stepped back, holding up both hands, and he noticed what pretty hands they were.

"No! No!" she cried. "Finish it—please! And who are you and where are you visiting?"

Lanier resumed painting and had laid in several broad strokes before he answered. Then he said, talking as he worked and speaking half absently, for colors and brushes were of the best, the composition charming, and under the inspiration of the girl and the moment he was doing an exquisite though simple thing:

"In the Chimney Corner, Clare, such a question does not require an answer. All of those who are with you are—or ought to be—of you."

"I told you mine," she pouted.

"You shall know mine by-and-by."

"But I want to know it now."

"Then watch. 'By their works ye shall know them.'"

He had been working rapidly to cover the canvas with the soft gray haze of a rather cloudy afternoon in July with the delicate mistiness that precedes a smoky sou'wester. Much of Clare's most painstaking drawing had been painted out, with the result that one could almost hear the hiss of the brown, glistening kelp as the tide fell. There was no particular note to the study; it was rather impressionistic and vague, and the girl had ignored the big hulk of the quondam Broken Word moored in the immediate foreground. Lanier began to paint it in swiftly but deftly, and with broad but subtle strokes. Under his handling the hulk became a thing of picturesque beauty; an old seafarer hauled apart to die; a tired candidate for the port of missing ships, ready for its last resting-place, whether to bleach its tired bones on a forgotten beach or to let them sink gently to the ocean's soft bed. The brave old hulk was shrouded in mist and mystery.

Clare watched the swift strokes of the brush, half troubled, half fascinated. She failed utterly to grasp the significance of Lanier's last words and the painting in of the hulk that followed them. It was the man rather than the picture that claimed the girl's interest. Lanier, intent now on his sketch, seemed oblivious of her.

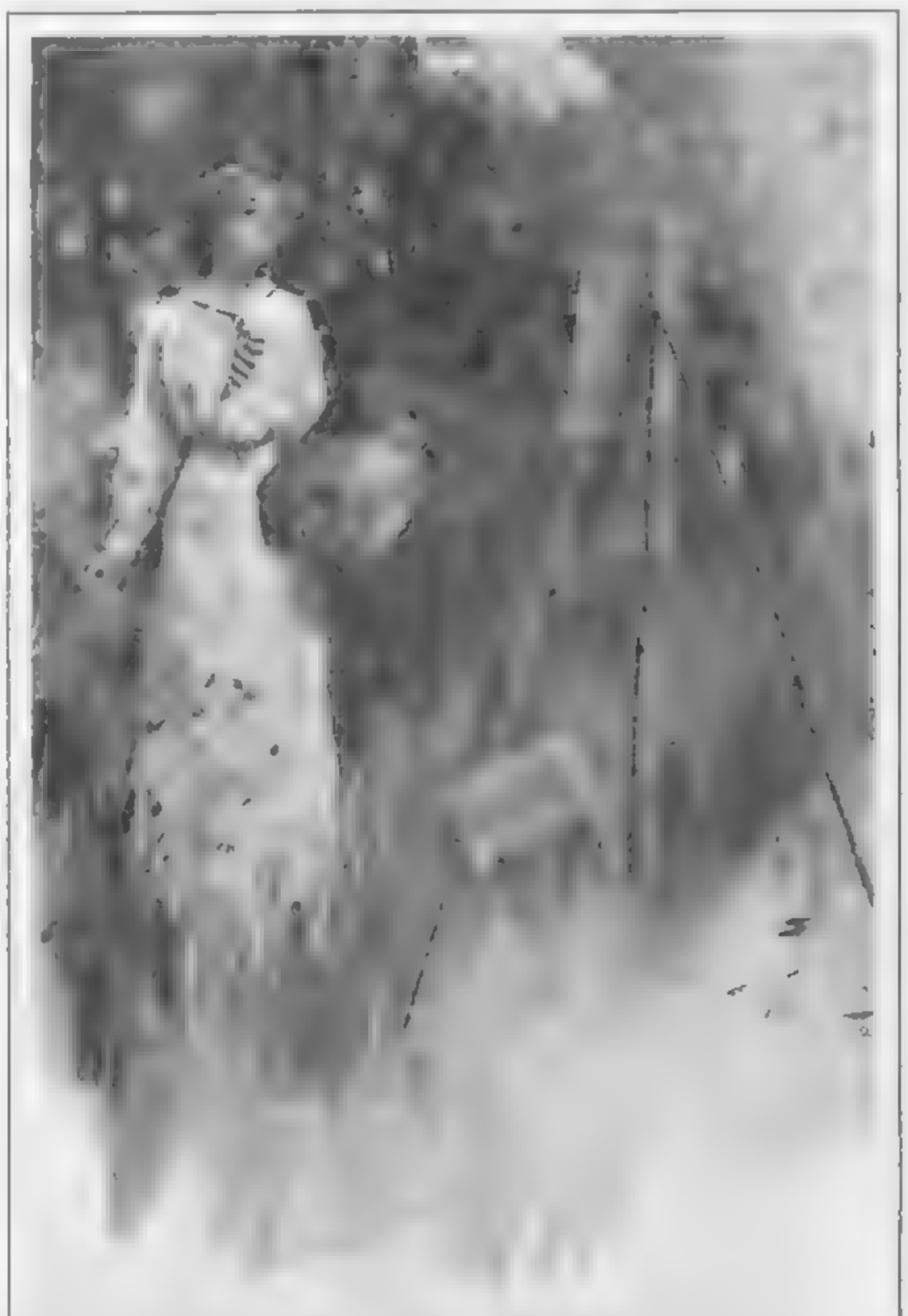
"You see, Clare," said he presently and without looking at her, "you must think of colors from the viewpoint of their relative values. That bit of water off the end of those rocks is really very high, but by giving it that violet tone you made it about the lowest value in the foreground."

"Why do you call me Clare?" asked the girl.

"Because you told me that it was your name. Now if you had said that your name was Miss O'Sullivan I should have called you that—which would have been a pity."

"Why would it have been a pity?"

"Because I should not have stopped to paint you a picture—and kept Mrs. Wilmerding waiting. I fancy that Mrs. Wilmerding is not accustomed to being kept waiting, and therefore it will do her good."



"Don't Bother Me. I'm Busy——"

"Indeed." The curiosity in her violet eyes was growing deeper, so was their color. "Then you think that what is unaccustomed is good for one?"

"Very. It scrapes the barnacles off the mind."

Clare watched him in silence. "You know your work," said she presently. "Where did you learn to paint?"

"At Julien's and in Brittany. Where are you studying, Clare?"

"I am not studying—and you mustn't call me Clare. I am not a child."

He turned from his canvas to look at her, and as his eyes, which were of an indescribable color, met hers Clare was conscious of a sudden and peculiar warmth, which seemed to come out of the ground and traveled glowingly up through her vigorous young body to find its outlet in her piquant face, which flamed suddenly in a crimson flush.

"Oh, aren't you?" asked Lanier, and smiled.

"I put away my dolls long ago," said she.

"Really? Then I must be the child, for I still play with mine. I have some dozen, and scarcely a day goes by that I don't take them out and change their clothes."

Clare's face showed puzzled anger. The friendly informality of the Chimney Corner was one thing, but to be chaffed by a strange young man was quite another. Her supple, girlish figure straightened haughtily.

"Thank you for helping me with my picture," said she. "I am going to paint it out now and start another. And it's really not very nice of you to keep Mrs. Wilmerding waiting."

Lanier said nothing. Turning quietly he picked up a broad brush from the color box. Clare stepped forward and held out her hand instinctively.

"I'll paint it out," said Lanier. "The general gray tone will make an excellent background for the next. Let it dry and start on a fresh panel."

He stepped to the easel, but Clare reached forward quickly and seized the brush.

"I think I won't paint it out after all," said she. "I—I like it. You may call me Clare if you like. But I wish you'd sign it."

Lanier's quick smile sent another thrill through her. The instant before his face had been almost severe, glacial, but the smile for all its charm was the least bit cynical. He saw through the little feminine ruse to learn his name.

He took a small brush and deftly traced in the corner of the panel:

PAINTED FOR CLARE
BY CALVERT LANIER

He turned and looked at her, a gleam of amusement between his dark lashes. Clare was standing perfectly still, looking at the picture through narrowed lids. Lanier could see the girlish bosom rising and falling under the loose blouse. Suddenly she stooped and picked up a brush, then stepped to the easel, where she hesitated for an instant.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

She turned and looked at him and he saw that her face was rather pale.

"Paint out your name," she answered.

"Is it detested to that degree in the colony?" he asked.

"It isn't that," she answered.

"Don't you want one of my signed studies?"

"I'm—I'm crazy to have it," she confessed. "But you see, Mr. Lanier, I haven't come by it honestly. I wanted only to find out who you were, and now by signing it you have given me a really valuable present. I oughtn't to accept it."

Again the smile sent Clare's blood racing up to crimson her face. He reached out and took the brush from her hand.

"It is a free gift," he answered. "There is no reason why you shouldn't keep it. Between artists there is no talk of intrinsic values. Give me a sketch of your own."

"Oh—but I've nothing good enough," she faltered. "If I only had something else to give you!"

"You have," answered Lanier, smiling.

Their eyes met and Clare read his meaning. She drew back with a startled look. Lanier held out his hand.

"Goodby, Clare," said he gently.

Clare took the offered hand and a sudden madness seized her. She swayed forward.

"It's not much to give for such a lovely sketch," said she rather breathlessly, and raised her face to his. The flame in her eyes was reflected in Lanier's. He had not meant to coerce her, but she seemed to him scarcely more than a child, if a very lovely and well-grown child. He had spoken more in a spirit of boyish mischief combined with a curiosity to see what she would do and say. But as the tempting face was lifted and the violet eyes looked straight into his, a very real and very tender emotion swept over him. Nevertheless, it was with a sense of guilt that he reached out, drew her to him and touched the fresh, parted lips with his. Then he stepped back, with the vague sense of having kissed the heart of a rose.

"I am a thousand times repaid for my little sketch, Clare," he began gently, then paused at the expression of her face. Clare's color had fled and she was staring over his shoulder. Her wide-open eyes were positively black.

Lanier turned sharply. A few paces behind him there had emerged from a turn in the path a very pretty woman, who was standing stock still, her graceful figure held very rigid and an expression of indescribable shock upon her face.

"Mrs.—Wilmerding——" faltered Clare under her breath.

IV

THE tableau lasted only for an instant. Mrs. Wilmerding turned slowly and disappeared behind the clump of dwarf pines whence she had so inopportunely emerged. Lanier swung about and looked at Clare.

"Mrs. Wilmerding, eh?" said he. "I am afraid, Clare, that you may have had to pay an even higher price for my wretched little sketch than I had supposed—and you may be sure that my most successful work, whether artistic or dramatic, was never so overcompensated. Will the good lady tattle?"

Clare shook her head. She had been going white and red by turns. "No," she answered, with a rather frightened smile. "Mrs. Wilmerding isn't that kind."

"She looks very nice," Lanier assented. "I suppose I'd better go after her and keep my appointment."

They looked at each other and laughed. The discovery of the innocent sin appeared to have formed a closer tie.

"What are you going to say to her?" asked Clare.

"About my painting fee? Nothing, of course, unless she introduces the topic. Then I'll tell her the truth."

Clare began to push a pebble about with the toe of her little shoe.

"And what is that?" she asked, without looking up.

"An idyl."

"Is that all?" She glanced up with a smile on her mouth and a curious mistiness in her eyes.

"Idyls are the garments of the gods cut down to fit us mortals, Clare. I can say no more than that."

Clare looked dissatisfied.

"I'm not keen about hand-me-downs—even from the high gods," she answered a little shortly. "Besides, it wasn't an idyl anyhow. It was simply that I didn't want to be—to be under obligations to a stranger. That's what I shall tell her. So you'd better say the same thing."

Lanier laughed. "You are right, Clare. It wasn't an idyl at all. It was a purely commercial transaction on your part. When I spoke of it as an idyl I was thinking of myself."

"Then you think," said Clare, giving the pebble a little kick, "that I am willing to trade a kiss for a picture worth several hundred dollars? Is that your idea?"

"No. I think that you inherit the princely instinct to return gift for gift with no thought of cost. I give you of my little best. You are graciously pleased to accept, but pride will not permit of your not reciprocating. You give me of *your* best—and Mrs. Wilmerding butts in. Now I must go, and Mrs. Wilmerding will no doubt give me of *her* best—and I fancy, from the look of her face, that it will be well worth not having. Goodby, Clare ——" and he held out his hand.

Clare swung about impetuously and her firm little hand nestled for a moment in his. "*Au revoir*," she said, "and thank you for the sketch," and she turned suddenly away and began to gather up her painting things.

With a very warm feeling in his heart Lanier took the path by which Mrs. Wilmerding had preceded him, which wound along the edge of the cliffs, occasionally to dip back into the dwarfed pines. Another man might have felt a certain amount of diffidence in calling upon the official duenna of an exclusive colony immediately after being taken red-lipped, as one might say, in an act of gallantry to the said colony's youngest and prettiest débutante, but Lanier was conscious of no embarrassment. As a matter of fact, he was not thinking of Mrs. Wilmerding at all, but of Clare O'Sullivan.

The playwright was amazed to find himself so stirred at the touch of a girl's fresh lips, not because such contact was habitual, but because he thought that he had long since passed out of the sentimental stage and into the analytic, which is very apt to be the cynical.

Lanier had gone through an early and violent love affair which had ended unhappily and left him, as he thought, safely inoculated against poisoned darts. This episode had aroused first a furious resentment, then a thoughtful curiosity. He had taken to studying women as a scientist or philosopher might study the composition of a flame, the law of storms or the combustion point of high explosives. It was not an idle pursuit, for the result of his observations went to the creation of his art first, then his books, then his drama, and the exposition was invariably free of bitterness and full of the sweetness and tenderness that were characteristic of all his work. Lanier had come utterly to deny the existence of abstract bad, least of all in women; and the sex, as though instinctively recognizing its champion, had never failed in due acknowledgment. Of this tribute the artist, true to his ideals, had availed himself only of that which lent itself to a higher conception of art and beauty. He could not help but know his power over women, but he was no more flattered by it than might be an electrical expert by his control of this subtle potentiality. Lanier was a *feministe* in the higher sense of the word—a clean-hearted student of womankind.

Wherefore, he was as startled and surprised at the rush of emotion that Clare had given him as might be the electrical inventor who, in his investigation of what he thinks a harmless form of current, gets a shock that twists him out of shape. Lanier was pondering deeply on this new discovery when a turn in the path brought him in sight of a residence that he rightly guessed to be the Wilmerdings', and with some effort he turned the focus of his thought from Clare and directed it upon the present.

Glancing at his watch he was surprised to see that he was only about fifteen minutes late, which led him to think that Mrs. Wilmerding must have seen his boat put off from the hulk and, after waiting a reasonable time for him to appear, had strolled down the path to look for him, deciding that he had missed the way up the cliffs. He had given himself plenty of time, not knowing how far away the Wilmerding place might be.

An elderly butler opened the door and ushered him into a drawing room that overlooked the sea. As Lanier entered, Mrs. Wilmerding, who had been standing by a window, came forward to greet him. Lanier bowed, almost in the Continental manner, and Mrs. Wilmerding slightly inclined her head. She did not offer him her hand, but indicated a chair facing the window and asked him to be seated, she herself sinking into a Louis XVI arm-chair opposite him. Lanier's appreciative eye observed that she was far prettier than he had thought, certainly not more than thirty-eight, with a charming figure and exceedingly graceful wrists and hands.

"I must apologize for being a quarter of an hour late," said he. "Not knowing where you lived I allowed myself too much time."

Mrs. Wilmerding raised her eyebrows.

"That seems a peculiar reason to offer for being late," said she drily.

"It is really an excellent one," said Lanier. "Too much of anything tends to extravagance. I was extravagant with my time."

"I observed your extravagance," said Mrs. Wilmerding coldly. "I am very sorry; it is the last thing that I should have wished."

Lanier was surprised at her directness and admired it.

"Please let me say how sorry I am to have put you in such a position," said he.

Mrs. Wilmerding frowned. "Perhaps it was for the best," she replied. "I sent for you, Mr. Lanier, because I felt that I might have made a mistake in using my influence to keep you from becoming a member of our colony, and I wanted to explain my position. But now I cannot help but feel that I was quite justified. It was to prevent just such incidents as occurred a few minutes ago that I objected to your membership."

"If you expect to prevent such incidents as that anywhere," observed Lanier, "I must say that I admire your ambition."

Mrs. Wilmerding looked exceedingly annoyed.

"I expect to prevent them in the Chimney Corner," said she, "and I fail to see any reason why I should not. Do you?" And she shot him a challenging look from her very blue eyes, now dark with anger.

Lanier shrugged. "According to Biblical history they were not kept out of the Garden of Eden," he answered, "and that being so, I am inclined to doubt that Mrs. Wilmerding will be able to keep them out of the Chimney Corner. Also I beg to say that if Miss O'Sullivan never receives a less respectful salute than mine she will be an exceedingly lucky girl."

The color came into Mrs. Wilmerding's face.

"Let me tell you how it came about ——" Lanier began, but Mrs. Wilmerding made a swift negative gesture.

"Such things are better not discussed," said she. "I do not wish to hear ——"

Lanier leaned forward and fastened his compelling gaze on the angry blue eyes opposite. "You have got to hear!" said he decisively. "Your attitude is unkind and unjust. Since you saw what you were not intended to see, you are in honor bound to let me explain it. I came upon Miss O'Sullivan painting, and asked the way to your house. She took me for a member of the colony and asked me if I knew anything about painting. As you may know, I am an artist of some ability, so I put her sketch right for her, then at her request I signed it. When she saw my name she refused to accept the sketch. I intimated that it hurt me to think that my name should be regarded with such undeserved censure, whereupon, being scarcely more than an impetuous child, she had a sudden wave of remorse and gave me a kiss for the picture. That was all."

Mrs. Wilmerding's face was aflame.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for permitting an inexperienced young girl to so cheapen herself!" she cried hotly. "Then it was Clare who—who offered you—her lips?"

"I signified that it would be a fitting recompense," said Lanier, suppressing an inclination to smile, yet angry with himself for having told the truth of the affair.

"It is shameful!" cried Mrs. Wilmerding, and looked as if she wanted to cry. "Absolutely shameful! Clare has disgraced us! And as for yourself, I had been told that you were a gentleman, or I should not have asked you to come here ——"

"Stop, Mrs. Wilmerding," said Lanier sternly. "You do not realize what you are saying. It is not Clare who has disgraced the colony, but yourself!"

"What? I? What are you talking about?"

"It is true. You are the one who has brought discredit on the Chimney Corner." Lanier leaned forward, raised his beautifully shaped hand and shook his finger at her as he went on. "A random kiss bestowed in a warm-hearted and impulsive manner is not a very serious affair, Mrs. Wilmerding; but one's given word is a very sacred thing. Your husband passed me his word that I should have my building site, and as his wife you were in honor bound to uphold his promise, made in all good faith. Had there been any doubt in my mind I should have asked for a signed agreement, but as one gentleman to another I did no such thing. You induced your husband to break his faith, which should also have been your faith, and what was the result? I was furiously angry and descended to an act of spite, which I am willing to admit a gentleman should not have done. This made the story public property and the Chimney Corner was advertised as a not too honest organization. So in all justice, Mrs. Wilmerding, leave this poor little girl alone and think of your own not altogether honorable act!"

Lanier had not raised his voice above its usual pleasant and modulated key, but there was something in the inflection, and even more in the strong and virile personality that projected his words, which gave Mrs. Wilmerding the impression of having been transfixed by a very cold, thin blade. It is probable that she had never been so spoken to in all of her pampered life, and the contrast between Lanier's keen-edged presentation of

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"I Must Say, Ravenel, You are Rather Inconsiderate to Startle One So"

Retailing the Wooden Nutmeg

SOME OF THE SHODDY WAYS OF LITTLE BUSINESS

By John Mappelbeck

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FOR several years the people of the United States have been so busy looking into the crooked ways of Big Business and so anxious to correct them that the crooked ways of what might be called Little Business have been pretty generally overlooked. As a consequence, crooked Little Business has flourished in dishonesty. Having a free hand, it has perfected its methods of swindling; and, operating out of the range of the searchlight of investigation, it has grown almost unchecked. Today the situation in certain lines of business is regarded as acute. The general public has heard little about these conditions; but in the business world, particularly in retail circles, there is serious concern. During the next few years vigorous tradework will be directed to eliminating crooked Little Business through organization, publicity, prosecution and legislation.

Big Business is often crooked only in spots. Little Business, however, is often crooked clear through. As an excellent example, take that curse of the shoe trade known as the "fake sample-shoe store." On the main business street of a factory town, with a considerable foreign-born population, there is an empty store. It has been vacant a year or more. A stranger comes to the owner and offers to rent it by the month. Not much money is offered, but it is pointed out that there will be some revenue after taxes and expenses are met, and that the strange tenant can move out quickly if a permanent tenant is found. If the owner accepts the front of that store quickly blossoms out.

MOST ASTOUNDING PURCHASE
EVER MADE!
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF SAMPLE SHOES
AT YOUR OWN PRICES!!

Newspaper announcements tell the story at length. This remarkable collection of drummers' samples includes shoes of expensive makes from famous factories. It has been purchased at a low price, with the express understanding that the shoes be taken out of the Eastern market, preventing disruption of the regular shoe trade.

In the windows of the fake sample store and in showcases inside are shown shoes of good quality, priced anywhere from ninety-eight cents upward. Prices are always fractional—never even dollars or dimes. That gives an appearance of close figuring. The display shoes are bound to convince passers-by, because they are standard products of first-class manufacturers, shown for that very purpose. When a customer asks to be fitted with shoes like a certain sample in the window, however, he is shown shoddy goods of fair appearance, made to resemble the sample. The clerks employed in such an establishment are men well versed in human nature and up to all the dodges. They receive their pay in commissions instead of salaries; and, as the stock bears no price marks of any sort, they are free to charge what they think the customer will pay. The higher the price that can be got for a given shoe, the more commission to the clerk.

Sometimes the customer insists on having a pair of shoes in the window or showcase—they are just his size and he will accept nothing but that identical pair. Then the clerk takes the shoes out; the customer sees them actually wrapped and goes away confident that he has not been deceived—but he has, nevertheless, for the wrapper knows what to do in such emergencies. Shoddy duplicates are kept under a table and the clerk substitutes a pair of these for the sample shoes. If the customer comes back the store's organization deals with him in various ways. Sometimes it denies ever having seen him before, and when he produces the shoes says they were not bought there. If he is willing to listen to reason a clerk exchanges goods for something a little higher in price, and the customer goes away with shoes just as cheap and worthless. If the customer wants war he can probably get that too—the organization throws him out on the sidewalk!

The Bait That People Jump At

A SHOE-TRADE journal editor estimates that many millions of dollars' worth of shoddy shoes are sold annually in this country through the fake sample stores. There is a swindle in the very assertion that their stock consists of drummers' samples; for every sample shoe made up in the regular trade is of standard size—that is, each sample of men's shoes used in selling is uniformly "size 7 width C," and in women's shoes "size 4 width B." Therefore, the shoemen who did a large volume of business in real samples would have to select customers whose feet were all the same size. The goods sold in these establishments come from prisons or shoddy factories, and are distributed through jobbing concerns that specialize in them and frequently own an interest in the fake sample store. Materials are "splits" and side leather, condemned leather, compressed paper, imitation leather—and so on. The hard-working laborer who pays two-sixty-eight for a pair of such shoes may be under the impression that he has cut out a middleman's profit somewhere—until the first rainy day, when his bargain goes to pieces.

The legitimate shoe dealer is a merchant with honest stock, selling goods at reasonable profits, sticking to the same location year after year, ready to exchange goods, and paying taxes and doing his duty as a citizen. He has enough legitimate competition to keep his mind occupied, as a rule; but the fake shoe store is not regarded as competition. He knows that it is a downright swindle and regrets the loss to the public and the harm done the shoe business. Occasionally such a merchant undertakes to expose the fake sample-shoe store single-handed. The outcome has been compared to a catch-as-catch-can match with a skunk. The fakers delight in such an adversary, set up a loud cry of "Persecution by the Shoe Trust!" and make capital of the opposition. Merchants have, therefore, held aloof, in the hope that the fake sample-shoe store would eventually run its course and disappear. Instead, it has merely grown stronger. That sort of business is plain fraud. There are laws against fraud, but nobody has been interested in collecting evidence and conducting systematic prosecution in the courts. The end of this unsavory branch of Little Business will come when merchants in each community organize for exposure and prosecution.

Another familiar fraud is the fake bankrupt stock of men's clothing or furnishings. Often where an empty store on a leading business street can be secured at low rent from month to month, it blossoms out, backed up by some fictitious story of damage done by a fire that never happened or of goods involved in the bankruptcy of a house that never existed.

In New York the compiler of a trade directory of clothing and furnishing firms has found a steady demand for affidavits. One of these establishments opens in a Middle-Western town, loudly advertising a stock "purchased at fifteen cents on the dollar, to wind up the bankruptcy of the famous house of Bottom & Bottom, New York." The regular merchants of that town sometimes get together and telegraph the directory man, who makes an affidavit something like this:

> As compiler of the standard directory of the men's-clothing and furnishing-goods trade for twenty-five years, I have personal knowledge of every house engaged therein. The firm of Bottom & Bottom has never been listed in our directory; the name is not found in any New York city telephone or trade directory; I have never known or heard of such a firm. To the best of my knowledge, it has never been engaged in the clothing or furnishing-goods business in the city of New York.

That affidavit, telegraphed back, is then published in the town invaded by the fake bankrupt concern.

These frauds go to great lengths in deception by the use of well-known tradenames. There may be a make of underwear enjoying a national reputation under the trademark Standard, for instance. The faker will display some genuine suits of this brand, marked at very low prices, and substitute a cheap imitation when customers buy. Or he will exploit his imitation under a similar name—as Stanford. Another common trick is the sign in the window: "This Standard style underwear, eighteen cents a garment"—the word "style" being printed in almost microscopic letters.

Some manufacturers have taken steps to protect their trademark rights by photographing tricky window displays and obtaining other evidence; but this is costly work and only checks the faker in one of a thousand deceptions. The remedy here, too, seems to lie in merchants' organizations for the prosecution of frauds. Not long ago, in a large Southern city, all-wool suits were advertised at

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The Last Stand of the Buffalo

The Last Eight Hundred Buffaloes Alone Stood Between the Species and Utter Extinction

By WALTER NOBLE BURNS

ONLY eight hundred buffaloes were left alive in the world in 1895. The year marked the minimum numerical strength of a race of animals whose former population in North America has been estimated at sixty millions. The last eight hundred buffaloes alone stood between the species and utter extinction. If by any chance these few survivors had been wiped out of existence the buffalo would have become one forever with the dodo and the mastodon.

By so slight a tenure did the buffalo cling to racial existence that preservation seemed a forlorn hope; but the buffaloes rallied in their last ditch. The tattered remnants of the once mighty herds began slowly to increase. Today it is possible to assert confidently that the crisis is passed and the future of the buffalo is assured.

Within the past few years the United States and Canada have established herds of buffaloes on Government ranges that reproduce as nearly as it is possible to do under fence the conditions under which the buffalo lived in the wild freedom of prairie days. Left to themselves in these spacious pastures, the buffaloes may be depended upon to work out their own salvation—slowly but surely.

The United States now possesses three buffalo parks. These are the Wichita national bison range in Western Oklahoma, the Montana national bison range in Northwestern Montana and the fenced-in range in Yellowstone National Park. Canada is breeding buffaloes in Rocky Mountain Park at Banff, and in Elk Island Park; but its great buffalo nursery is at Wainwright, in Alberta, where it has established the most extensive fenced-in game preserve and the largest herd of buffaloes in the world. The herd now numbers more than a thousand head.

Opportunities We Have Lost

THE policy of the United States in dealing with the problem of buffalo preservation has been marked by niggardliness and a woful lack of sentiment and spirit. It is to the American Bison Society that all the credit must be given for putting the buffalo in this country on a safe footing for the future. The original herds in all three national parks have been gifts to the Government. The nucleus herd in Yellowstone Park was the gift of C. J.—"Buffalo"—Jones, who purchased the animals and had them transported at his own expense to Yellowstone Park. The nucleus herd on the Wichita range was the gift of the New York Zoölogical Park. The nucleus herd on the Montana range was the gift of the American Bison Society.

The work of Canada has been in munificent contrast. It is a sad commentary on the parsimonious and dilatory policy of the United States that Canada obtained most of its buffaloes from this country. The original Wainwright herd was bred on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. Michael Pablo, a half-breed Indian, its owner, was compelled to sell it when the reservation was about to be thrown open to settlement. He loved the buffalo. He wanted them kept in the United States. He wanted them kept if possible in Montana, on their old range. He wished them always near him. The sight of them wandering over the hills stirred the aboriginal strain in his blood like an echo from the past, when the great herds blackened the prairies and Indian villages smoked by every stream. He tried hard to induce the United States to establish a national park in the Flathead reservation and purchase his buffaloes with which to stock it.

Did the opportunity thus presented kindle in the breasts of the senators and congressmen at Washington a sentimental enthusiasm in the cause of a noble and dying race of wild animals—an enthusiasm touched with poetry and akin to patriotism? It did not. The Government authorities gave old Pablo's proposition scant consideration and promptly turned it down.

A. Ayotte, Canadian immigration agent at Missoula, Montana, heard of the United States Government's refusal. He hired a cayuse without delay and rode sixty miles to Pablo's ranch. The old half-breed took him out into the mountains and showed him the magnificent brutes at pasture on their wild range. When he started back to Missoula Mr. Ayotte had an option upon the herd. When he reached town he rode straight to a telegraph office and wired Pablo's price to the Canadian government. The Canadian authorities did not wait to write. They wired back: "Buy the entire herd at once!" And Mr. Ayotte did. In shame and bitterness of spirit all Americans interested in the buffalo saw the great herd pass eventually across the border into alien hands.

However, if the United States let one magnificent opportunity slip through its fingers it still has a chance to redeem itself. The American Bison Society is now in the midst of a vigorous campaign to induce Congress to establish a fourth national buffalo park in the Black Hills country of South Dakota. A survey of the land has been made under the direction of the society. The proposed site includes the Wind Cave National Park and adjacent lands, with a total area of seventeen thousand acres. If the park is established the Bison Society will present to the Government a herd of not fewer than twenty-five buffaloes.

Right at hand for the stocking of the new park is the Philip herd, at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, now the largest herd in the United States. The herd was bred by the late James Philip from five buffalo calves captured in a hunt on Grand River in 1881.

"There are now in the herd three hundred full-blooded buffaloes and I think they are the finest specimens in existence," writes Mr. George Philip, administrator of the James Philip estate. "They are allowed to run at large in a pasture of about twelve thousand acres in the Missouri River brakes about six miles north of Fort Pierre, and make their way both summer and winter without being fed any hay. So you see they are as near the natural buffalo as present-day conditions permit. It is only a question of time when the Philip estate will find it necessary to dispose of the herd, and I should like very much to see the National Government take it over and keep it intact."

Though Congress has established parks and provided funds for the maintenance of national herds, it never has purchased a single buffalo. The American Bison Society has been thankful for small favors, and has hesitated to ask more for fear of causing a reaction that might prove hurtful to its cause. To friends of the buffalo it would be in the nature of a tragedy if this fine herd were broken up; but it seems too much to hope that the Government will buy it. If danger of its dispersal were imminent Uncle Sam doubtless would stand by, twiddling his thumbs apathetically, as in the Pablo episode, and see it sold over the border or disintegrated by private purchase.

Americans Saw the Great Herd Pass Across the Border Into Alien Hands

Policies of Preservation

POPULAR subscription might save it for the nation; but popular subscription in the cause of the buffalo is slow and difficult work. The American Bison Society tried it once. It had about all it could do to raise the ten thousand dollars with which the herd for the Montana national park was bought. The sentiment for the preservation of the buffalo was apparently quite keen throughout the country, but it was surprising how much of it suddenly evaporated when there seemed to be a prospect of its involving the pocketbook. One other hope remains for preserving the integrity of the Philip herd. That lies in the possibility that some millionaire or wealthy individual may become sufficiently interested to purchase the herd and present it to the nation.

With the establishment of the park in South Dakota, but one other important detail in the American Bison Society's general scheme for the national preservation of the buffalo will remain to be accomplished. That is the transformation of Antelope Island, in Great Salt Lake, Utah, into a national buffalo park. The island is twenty miles northwest of Salt Lake City. It is about sixteen miles long, from one to five wide, and contains between 25,000 and 30,000 acres. Officers of the American Bison Society have looked it over and declared it would make an ideal buffalo range. It is a mountainous island containing fine natural pastures for summer and winter grazing, and it is abundantly watered. A herd of buffaloes numbering about one hundred at the close of 1911 runs wild upon the island. Both island and buffaloes are owned by Mr. John E. Dooly, of Salt Lake City. The movement to convert the island into a Government park has progressed far enough to warrant the belief that within the next year or two it will be added to the nation's buffalo pastures. It is to be hoped the entire Dooly herd will be purchased and kept upon the island. If Congress cannot see its way clear to do this the herd is so small that its purchase price unquestionably could be raised by a vigorously conducted campaign of popular subscription.

There are several reasons why a number of comparatively small parks are preferable to one or two very large ones. Authorities agree that, in a wild state no herd of animals ever deteriorates through inbreeding. A number of unrelated herds

bred in widely separated parts of the country will obviate the possibility of danger from this source, as new blood may be introduced at any time by the transference of bulls from one range to another. Moreover, there are few places in the country where very large parks of good pasture land can be established without inclosing areas that will be wanted for agricultural purposes more and more insistently as the West becomes more thickly settled. With national parks in Montana, Oklahoma, the Yellowstone, South Dakota and on Antelope Island there would be ample provision for the maintenance of expanding herds of buffaloes for fifty or a hundred years to come. The acreage of these five parks would take care of from ten to fifteen thousand buffaloes, self-sustaining on land that no farmer would covet.

The latest figures of the American Bison Society, compiled by Mr. William P. Wharton, secretary, bring the census of the buffalo up to January 1, 1911. The figures are as follows:

Buffaloes of pure blood in captivity in the United States	1331
Buffaloes of pure blood in captivity in Canada	954
Buffaloes wild in the United States	25
Buffaloes wild in Canada	450
Total buffaloes in North America	2760

Here are later figures which were obtained by myself in the fall of 1911 from wardens and superintendents of national parks, or are estimated, the estimates being carefully based on the last census of the American Bison Society and upon my own knowledge of the number of breeding cows in the herds. These figures, so far as they go, are really the census figures for January 1, 1912:

Montana National Bison Range	70
Wichita National Bison Range	30
Yellowstone Park—in captivity—estimated	140
Philip Herd, South Dakota	300
Antelope Island Herd, Utah—estimated	100
Goodnight Herd, Texas—estimated	140
Conrad Herd, Montana—estimated	60
Corbin Herd, New Hampshire	120
Pablo Herd, Montana—estimated	80
Wainwright Herd—Canada	1031
Other Government Parks in Canada—estimated	80
In United States owned privately or scattered among city parks and zoological collections—estimated	388
Total	2539

It is difficult for the modern American, whose knowledge of the buffalo is confined largely to specimens in zoölogical gardens, to realize the vast numbers that formerly inhabited North America. In its former range the buffalo touched tidewater along the Atlantic Coast in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Its northeastern limit was in New York at the eastern end of Lake Erie, its southeastern near the mouth of the Altamaha, in Georgia. It never was found in Central or Eastern New York, Canada east or north of the Great Lakes, the states of New England, Central or Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware or Florida. It made its home in all the other states east of the Mississippi River, with the possible exception of Michigan. West of the Great Lakes its habitat was bounded by a line extending from Chicago northwesterly to Great Slave Lake, then southwesterly to the Rocky Mountains. The buffaloes overflowed into British Columbia through passes in the mountain rampart north of the international boundary. They were found in Idaho, on the slopes of the Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon, in Northeastern Nevada, the northeastern half of Utah, in Colorado and in New Mexico as far west as the Rio Grande del Norte. They extended into Mexico as far south as the twenty-fifth parallel. From the southwestern limit of their range to the delta of the Mississippi they were abundant. They never reached California and, so far as known, never glimpsed—even distantly—the blue waters of the Pacific.

A Shameful Carnival of Butchery

THE extinction of the buffalo is the most murderous and shameless chapter in the history of man's dealings with wild brutes. Buffaloes were in Western New York in 1800, and in Ohio as late as 1812. They were practically extinct east of the Mississippi River by 1820. A few stragglers slain in Wisconsin in 1830 were the last buffaloes killed east of the great river. The country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, the Rio Grande and Great Slave Lake, was one great buffalo pasture. It is estimated that it held forty million buffaloes in 1800.

The advent of the railroads marked the beginning of the end for the Western buffalo. The Union Pacific divided the buffaloes into two great divisions known thereafter as the southern herd and the northern herd. The two herds withdrew farther and farther from the terrible iron horse and the deadly hunters who swarmed along its sinister steel trail, and they never were reunited.

By 1871 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Kansas Pacific railroads had been built, both through the heart of the southern range, opening its remotest corners to Eastern markets. As if fate itself had marked the buffalo for quick extermination, the breech-loading rifle reached perfection at this time. The buffalo range suddenly became a bonanza land and the inrush of hunters has been compared to the stampede to the California goldfields in 1849. Good shots could kill from forty to sixty animals a day, and hides sold at one dollar and twenty-five cents. Merchants in the railroad towns grubstaked and outfitted hunting parties. Dodge City, Wichita and Leavenworth became centers of the buffalo trade. The chief business of the entire country became the destruction of the buffalo.

Still-hunting was the method employed. From the crest of a ridge, from an arroyo, from behind a clump of sagebrush, the hunter opened fire. So long as he remained concealed the buffaloes would not run. They would look curiously at each puff of smoke and bellow as they sniffed the blood of their dying comrades, but stupidly remain to be picked off one by one until the last had fallen. It was no more a sportsman's game than killing beeves in an abattoir with a sledge-hammer. It was business pure and simple, murderously effective and immensely profitable. A single hunter annihilated a herd in a day. Records of more than a hundred buffaloes killed in an hour from one stand were not uncommon. In the hunting season—from November to February—no hired hunter was considered worth his salt who failed to kill from one to three thousand. The season's kill of the most expert hunters ran far above this.

They Would Bellow as They Sniffed the Blood of Their Dying Comrades

At the beginning of 1871 the southern herd numbered about four millions. It had been wiped out of existence by the end of 1874. Into those four years was crowded the most tremendous slaughter of wild animals in the history of the world. When the carnival of butchery was at its height the plains were mighty shambles tainted with the pestilential savors of thousands of carcasses. Fat years were these for the buzzard and the coyote. In 1871 the prairies were black with living buffaloes. In 1874 they were white with their bones.

The survivors of the great slaughter fled southward to the Llano Estacado. Scattered bands lingered about the headquarters of the Republican River and in Southwestern Nebraska until 1885. Wild buffaloes were seen for the last time in Kansas, in the extreme southwest corner of the state, in 1886. Fifty-two were killed near Tascosa, Texas, in 1887. Four killed in 1889 near Buffalo Springs, Texas, are believed to have been the last survivors of the southern herd.

The fate of the northern herd was staved off for a few years after the southern herd had been wiped out, by the presence on its range of Indians hostile to the whites and by the absence of railroads. The Northern Pacific road was built to Bismarck in 1876. It became the outlet for robes and hides shipped by boat from the headwaters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri. It was not until 1880 that the road was extended west through the center of the buffalo country. In 1876, according to Doctor Hornaday's estimate, the herd numbered a million and a half. By 1880 it had dwindled to one million. In 1881 there was a rush of hunters to the northern range that rivaled that to the southern range a few years earlier. In 1882 there were five thousand hunters and skinners on the range.

The still-hunt again was the only method employed, and robes and hides were worth three and four times as much as on the southern range. The butchery was at its height in 1882. The Northern Pacific shipped out fifty thousand hides in 1881, two hundred thousand in 1882, forty thousand in 1883, and only three hundred in 1884. These shipments are an isotherm marking the rise and fall of the slaughter. The end came without the hunters themselves being aware of the exterminating character of their work. In the autumn of 1883 many hunting parties were outfitted at heavy expense and struck into the range only to learn through bankruptcy that the buffalo had gone forever.

Toward the close of the season that marked the extermination of the northern buffalo a herd of fifty thousand crossed the Yellowstone River near Fort Keogh, and disappeared in the northern wilderness. When the range grew green the next spring settlers and Indians furbished up their rifles and watched the northern horizon for its return; but they watched in vain that year, and the next, and the year after. The last great herd passed into tradition as the lost herd. The belief grew that it had escaped the slaughter and had found refuge in the wild country between the Peace and Saskatchewan Rivers, in Canada. To this day, in the cabins of gray-bearded pioneers and the teepees of Indians in the Northwest, you may find men who expect to wake up some fine morning and gladden their eyes with a sight of the lost herd once more at pasture on its old stamping grounds. Alas, that their dream never can come true! The great herd in its northern migration never reached the Canadian border. It was wiped out to the last hoof by white hunters along the upper reaches of the Missouri River.

The Lost Herd

ONLY a few stragglers of the great northern herd were spared. Two hundred survived for a few years in the broken country west of the Musselshell River, in Montana. These eventually were killed. Two hundred found refuge in Yellowstone Park. Many of these were slain when they strayed out of the protected area. The last buffaloes of the northern herd that kept to the open range were killed in 1886 on Big Dry and Big Porcupine Creeks, in Montana, by Dr. William T. Hornaday at the head of a Smithsonian Institution expedition. The doctor and his companions killed twenty-five. A number of these were mounted and are now in the National Museum, at Washington.

The future of the buffalo seemed dubious when the American Bison Society was organized in 1905 and began its work for the preservation and upbuilding of the race. The buffalo never had more devoted friends than Dr. William T. Hornaday and Ernest Harold Baynes, who were chosen president and secretary of the organization. Doctor Hornaday, now director of the New York Zoölogical Park, is without question the greatest living authority on the buffalo. The first signal achievement of the new society was the creation of the Wichita national bison range.

When the Kiowa-Comanche reservation in Southwestern Oklahoma was thrown open for settlement, in 1901, sixty thousand eight hundred acres were set aside by Congress as a national forest reserve, embracing the Wichita Mountains and the adjacent plains. The region included some of the best grazing ground of wild herds in early days. The American Bison Society offered to provide fifteen buffaloes as the nucleus of a national herd if the Government would fence a range in the Wichita forest reserve. The offer was accepted. An appropriation was made by Congress and twelve square miles in the heart of the reserve were inclosed by a high meshwire fence. At the suggestion of Doctor Hornaday, the New York Zoological Society donated the buffaloes, which originally had been a part of the Austin Corbin herd, in New Hampshire. They included one bull five and a half years old, one bull three and a half years old, two bulls two and a half years old, one spike bull yearling, one bull calf six months old, six breeding cows, one cow two and a half years old, one cow one and a half years old, one cow calf six months old. These animals represented four distinct strains of blood, and the oldest bull was not related to any other member.

They were shipped from New York in separate crates in palace stock cars forming part of a fast passenger train,

and were unloaded at Cache, Oklahoma. From Cache they were transported on wagons twelve miles across the prairie to their new home. They were turned into the range in October, 1907.

Wichita Park consists of wooded hills and open rolling prairie, covered with mesquit grass, buffalo grass and bluestem. The water supply is abundant and constant. A fine spring in the northern portion of the range is the source of Cache Creek, which flows the entire length of the range. The hills are timbered with black-jack and post oak and form an excellent winter shelter. The winters are mild. There is little snow. The buffaloes require no artificial shelter and there is fine winter grazing.

Warden Frank Rush writes, however, that in winter he feeds the buffaloes hay, cane and Kafir corn. This custom probably will be abandoned as the herd grows. It is necessary now because the buffaloes are zoölogical-park animals that have lost the instinct to rustle for themselves, especially when snow covers the pasture. The warden, moreover, hesitates to force the buffaloes to rustle for themselves, for fear they might come through the winter lean and enfeebled, and not in condition to fight against a possible attack of Texas fever. The entire Wichita forest reserve was formerly the grazing ground of thousands of range cattle and became infested with the tick which produces that dangerous epidemic. Buffaloes are not less subject to this malady than cattle. Two buffaloes died from the fever after reaching the range.

To guard against the tick, each buffalo is sprayed annually with crude petroleum shot from a hose. This antiseptic bath kills the tick and renders the animal immune from attack so long as the odor endures. During the period of danger the buffaloes are kept under close observation in an inclosure of two hundred acres, which has been burned over. According to Warden Rush, the tick is gradually being eradicated from the entire forest reserve and now offers no serious menace to the herd.

In its four years in Oklahoma the buffalo herd has doubled in size, numbering thirty head at the close of 1911. This rate of increase is considered satisfactory, as there are now only eight breeding cows. In a recent letter Warden Rush said: "The herd should increase in the next two years to forty-five; and after that, of course, much faster."

Eight antelopes and six elks have been colonized in the park and are thriving. These animals were shipped from Yellowstone Park. No finer antelope pasture could be found on the continent than these prairies of mesquit and buffalo grass. A few white-tail deer were inclosed in the park when the fence was built. They have dwelt among the hills and it is estimated they now number eighty.

At Home in Their Native Haunts

THE Montana national bison range was established in 1909. The American Bison Society selected and surveyed the range, and again agreed to supply the herd if the Government would provide the park. With a congressional appropriation of forty thousand dollars, twenty-nine square miles were purchased and fenced in the Flathead Indian reservation in Northwestern Montana. The site was the best portion of the former range of the Pablo herd. It lay along the Northern Pacific Railroad, the nearest stations being Ravalli and Dixon.

With ten thousand five hundred and sixty dollars raised by popular subscription the bison society purchased thirty-four buffaloes from the Conrad herd, near Kalispell, Montana, seventy miles distant from the park. The price paid was two hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece for the buffaloes delivered on the range. The purchase consisted of one bull five years old, two bulls four years old, two bulls three years old, three bulls two years old, four bulls one and a half years old, three cows six years old, seven cows four to five years old, three cows three years old, five cows two years old, four cows one and a half years old. A gift of two additional animals was made to the society by Mrs. Alicia Conrad, administratrix of the Conrad estate. Of this pair Mrs. Conrad wrote:

"We have selected for this gift the finest pair we own—Kalispell Chief, a nine-year-old male, an animal to which we believe it would be difficult to find an equal in the world today; and, as his mate, the herd leader—a vigorous, sagacious cow, having a calf every year—a cow which will be of the greatest value to the new herd. We have depended upon her wise head and good sense in our management of the herd and have no cow to equal her."

The herd arrived at Ravalli, at the edge of the park, in October, 1909. "As the crates were opened," writes Doctor Hornaday, "the bison backed out of them, looked about for a moment, saw their Paradise Regained looming up across the Jocko River, splashed across the stream and climbed up into their new home."

Eleven gift buffaloes from the Philip, Dooly, Corbin and Goodnight herds swelled the total of the new herd to forty-seven. These have increased to seventy, nineteen calves having been born in the spring of 1911. There are now twenty-three breeding cows in the herd.

The Montana park is a fenced-in mountain, with connected pastoral ridges and with wide level meadows along the watercourses. The river flats are about three thousand feet above the sea. The highest peak is Quilseeh, or Red Sleep Mountain, forty-eight hundred feet above the sea. From its summit the land slopes away in every direction. On the south it drops to the Jocko River; on the west to the Flathead River; on the north to Mission Creek; and on the east to Mission Valley. These streams are fed from melting snows in neighboring mountain ranges and are never dry. Abundance of pure water also is supplied by many large springs. Through almost every ravine in the park sparkles a rivulet of crystal spring water. In some places these brooks have been dammed to form ample drinking basins for the buffaloes.

The pasturage is chiefly bunch grass. This grows lush and deep on the slopes, in the draws and ravines, and on the river vegas. The great central pyramidal mass of Quilseeh Mountain and its adjoining ridges and summits are smoothly carpeted with grass in summer and present an appearance of huge velvety rolling lawns. The grass is often knee-deep. It cures on the ground and affords the finest of winter grazing.

There is a scattering of yellow pine, Douglas fir and rock maple on the ridges. The southern slopes of several of the peaks are covered from base to summit with sparse timber of this sort.

Along the streams, cottonwood, birch, aspen, alder and willow grow thick. These timber belts are, as a rule, not broad, but in places they spread into considerable groves. In summer the buffaloes haunt these shady copses, wallowing in the cool loam, standing half asleep on some golden shingly bar in the shadow of verdurous banks, or plunging up to their flanks in some pellucid waterhole. In winter the same tangled thickets are splendid coverts against wind and storm. Abundance of winter shelter also is offered by the ravines, the deep pockets among the hills and the secluded valleys. No matter from which direction a storm blows, the buffaloes can find shelter by moving from one side of the range to the other. There is protection from cold blasts and driving snow to be found in coulée or ravine in every part of the park. Sheltering the entire park, in a way, and adding to the beauty of its situation, mountain ramparts, seen across valleys and broken land, shut in the horizon on all sides.

The Montana buffaloes are not fed hay—or anything else—summer or winter. They run practically wild all the year round. When the range is deep with snow there is always some grazing ground blown bare by the wind; but the buffaloes do not depend wholly upon the windswept patches. With an instinct handed down from their wild ancestors, they find the grass by nosing or pawing away the heaviest snows. They will grow fat on a winter range where domestic cattle would starve to death.

The winters are comparatively mild. The mercury rarely falls below zero. The snowfall is sometimes heavy, but there are frequent chinook winds that blow through the gaps of the western mountains or overflow across the lower ridges, bearing a touch of warmth from the Japan current, that tempers the climate of the Pacific Coast. In consequence of these mild winds snow rarely lies long on the buffalo range.

Eight antelopes and six elks have been added to the range. The antelopes were shipped in December, 1910, from Yellowstone Park. The elks came from Jackson Hole, in April, 1911. According to Warden Andrew R. Hodges, more antelopes and elks are soon to be introduced. It was the original idea of Doctor Hornaday and the bison society people to stock the range with a herd of twenty-five antelopes. Antelopes increase much more rapidly than buffaloes, producing two young at a birth and breeding at an earlier age. Buffalo cows never breed until they are three years old, and only about fifty per cent of them breed then. Black tail and white tail deer, and perhaps mountain sheep, will be placed in the park later on. The sheep, it is believed, would do well among the ridges.

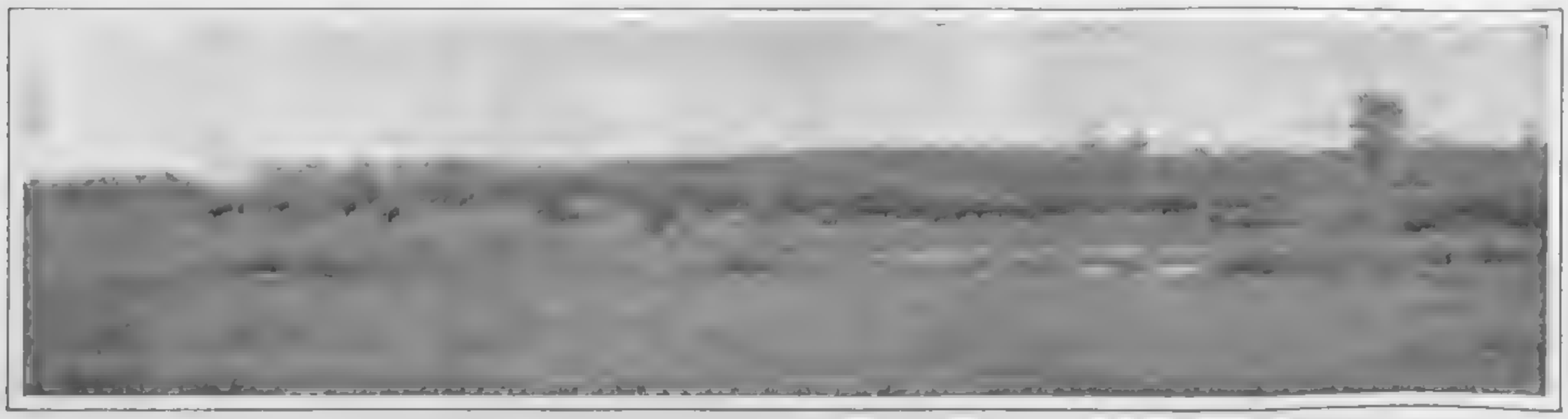
A Paradise for the Bison

"THE American people," writes Doctor Hornaday, "have thus become owners in perpetuity of what we believe to be the richest and most beautiful grazing grounds ever trodden by bison hoofs. I have seen the best portions of the buffalo plains all the way from the Texas Panhandle to the Sweet Grass hills of Northern Montana; and for abundance of rich grass, pure water, winter shelter, picturesque interior and surroundings, the Montana national range is beyond compare. I cannot conceive how any range for semi-wild animals can be more perfect or beautiful. It contains eighteen thousand five hundred and twenty-one acres, and it can support fifteen hundred buffaloes, five hundred antelopes, one hundred deer and one hundred elks, all of which in good time I trust will be seen there busily engaged in perpetuating their species. It is my opinion that, as it is today established, the Montana bison herd alone will be sufficient to save the species from extinction, and that within our own times it will make good to us the loss of the Pablo herd to Canada."

The Government herd in Yellowstone Park numbers about one hundred and forty head. For years it did no more than hold its own, but recently it has begun to increase rapidly. It has been necessary from the beginning to feed the animals hay in the winter. Much of this hay is alfalfa, grown in the park. Hay is scattered also over the open range for five or six hundred antelopes, eight hundred black-tail deer, one hundred white-tail deer, a small band of moose and about forty thousand elks, now in the park. Major H. C. Benson, superintendent of the park, in his last report says new meadows on which to cut hay for the buffaloes must be found, owing to the growth of the herd, and he asks for an increase of from three to four thousand dollars in the annual appropriation for the herd's maintenance.

The fenced-in range of the buffaloes is divided into what is known as the upper and lower corrals. The upper is a six-hundred-acre tract on hills adjoining Lamar Valley; the lower a four-hundred-acre tract in the valley. The buffaloes are kept in the upper corral in summer, while the grass in the lower corral is permitted to grow. In the fall about one hundred tons of hay are cut from the lower corral and stacked for winter feeding, and then the buffaloes are turned into it to spend the winter. These corrals will be too small for the herd in a few years. The pasturage is husbanded even now. In summer the buffaloes are grazed daily on the open range outside the inclosure, in charge of cowboys, and put back in the corral at night. They have become almost as tame and tractable as domestic cattle.

(Continued on Page 53)



No Matter From Which Direction a Storm Blows, the Buffaloes Can Find Shelter by Moving From One Side of the Range to the Other

THE RECORDING ANGEL

A Party on Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's Lawn Was Like an Expurgated Picnic

XV

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE time to write a story is after all the characters who figure in it are dead. While they still live, God holds the sequel in the hollow of His hand. You see them only going forward in it with their backs to you upon secret errands which should be included in the chronicle if you only knew what they were; or coming to meet you with enigmatical faces that baffle interpretation. An author may invent his own plot if he creates his own heroes and heroines, but if he takes them from life he is often as much in the dark as the reader is as to what the issue may be. Moreover, if the scene is laid in a village like Ruckersville all the characters that belong do not get into the scene. There is room enough for them in the life of the town, but not power enough in the author to set them moving without their jostling each other and spoiling the literary art of composition by crowding the stage of action. The Great Dramatist is the only one who is able to accomplish this and give each a perfectly defined minor part.

Ruckersville was a town of five hundred inhabitants, every one of whom actually played his or her rôle in this story, but you will observe only about a dozen figures here by name. For example, I have been obliged to leave out a very prominent character in an old St. John preacher. He was the pastor of what the other Christians called the Campbellite church, and what he and his little hen-flock called the Christian church. He was even at that time the father of a man who has but recently become one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Bench. But to have known him at that time one would have been more likely to suppose he would become the father of a great poet or a great saint. God has a curious way of choosing the material for national characters. They do not grow as often as they might be expected to upon the hilltops of publicity. They rise mysteriously-gifted from charming obscurity. This country of obscurity, by the way, is that section which really produces the greatest men. They come up in it and flourish like seeds planted in deep soil—the soil of humanity fertilized by the great simplicities of faith and virtue.

This old preacher, who was so detached that he was never involved by Jim Bone's new activities and, therefore, does not figure in this story, was really the most potential character in the town, if you considered him according to the will of God in the affairs of men. As it was, nobody considered him at all. He was very old, grizzled, nearly blind, a trifle stooped in the shoulders. On Sabbath afternoons it was his custom to read some verses of Scripture in his little church far out upon the sunny rim of Ruckersville, expound them so simply and tenderly that one might have marveled at the contrast by which some theologians confound the gospels with commentaries. Yet he was himself the author of two immense volumes of this character! And he administered the sacrament with the pleasing courtesy of a host in his Father's house.

I have also been obliged to omit the editor of the Ruckersville Star, a little mouse-colored man who went about collecting news for his paper with the straining despair of a man squeezing blood out of a turnip. There is not a more comical or pathetic figure in any village life than this one. But I am unable to quote even an extract from one of his editorials, they were so removed from any real interest in life. And so far the doctor has been omitted. But for Agnes Yancey, he would never have appeared in these pages, in spite of the fact that, next to the reigning pastor of the leading church, he exercised more influence over the women than any other man in the town. You must have observed that, though men are naturally and healthily opposed to obeying doctor's orders, so that most of them die honorably and bravely refusing to take their tonics, women are inclined to make a piety of quoting what their physician says and of yielding him an obedience that they do not know how to render the very Maker of their exaggerated beings. The doctor is the dictator of their physical existence. He appeals to the only nerve of their courage. And they are willing to crucify themselves taking nostrums, which in many cases the distracted man only prescribes to humor their distempered minds. Agnes Yancey, as you might have easily inferred from the negativity of her character, belonged to this class. She was a professional invalid only because she had missed her natural vocation in life—that of marriage. And since she is already on the scene, it is inevitable that you will meet the doctor before the curtain falls.

But, as I say, there are a number of other important citizens that you may never know at all, whose rôles in the drama of Ruckersville life were important. Among these was that of Austin Bourne, a young man with a coffee-mill voice who had studied law in vain. He could not practice it. He had been everything in vain, from a shoe drummer to an insurance agent. He could make a success of nothing. It was due to the fact that he had this gift of a voice, and believed himself too temperamental to endure the revolting details of earning a livelihood in a sordid world. His voice was he. He subjugated every feeling and every obligation to this fact. Therefore, while you may never meet him in these pages, you will bear in mind that there was never an evening when his squalling bass did not rattle the casements of some one of the Ruckersville mansions. And it would always be accompanied by the tremulous feminine reed treble of an organ, manipulated by either one maiden or another. The queer thing was that he had never married any one of his accompanists. But the explanation was really simple. He was already wedded to his voice. Besides, if he had married Leonora Bell, for example—not that Leonora would have had him—he would have been deprived of the pleasure of having Mildred Percey to accompany him on the organ in her parlor. A man with a voice is an innocent sort of instrumental polygamist. He cannot endure the same organist for a lifetime.

On Sunday afternoons in particular the town indulged in a kind of sacred concert. The words and tunes of many hymns ascended and descended in the great Sabbath calm, and often with a predominant treble poignancy that suggested that they were passing along with the camel and with many vocal squeezings through the very eye of the needle. But always, somewhere in the thin streaming sound, could be heard an awful bass.

On the Sabbath evening of which I am now about to write Jim Bone and Bimber were taking their way leisurely along Elbert Avenue. Through the open window of the Misses Yancey's parlor could be plainly seen the figures of the two sisters standing on either side of Leonora Bell, who was seated at the organ with her fingers spread out over the keys. They were singing Abide With Me; while from the parlor of Mildred Percey rolled a tremendous and familiar bass. The singer was struggling with Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep in a manner sufficiently realistic to produce seasickness. As the two pedestrians came opposite the gate of the Percey residence and the surging waves of the song rolled over them, the dog sat down, laid his tail out in the dust behind him, dropped his ears mournfully, lifted his nose, opened his mouth, and exhaled an antiphonal howl that was excruciating. Your grand opera tenor has not more temperament than a hound when it comes to singing; and Bimber was so worked upon by the combination of the organ and the voice within that nature compelled him to join in.

Nothing could have been more sympathetic than his intentions, but the effect was to silence the music as suddenly as if the singer had been dashed to death in the waves of his own melody. The dog at once resumed his walk, tail erect, ears cheerfully pointed. This was the view he presented to the two outraged faces that instantly appeared in Mildred Percey's parlor window. Bone himself was seen to stagger. To all appearances he was drunk. As a matter of fact, he was laughing. Whenever he was sufficiently inebriated by the application of his sense of humor to a situation, he weakened, lost physical control of his muscles and fell out of his chair, if he was sitting, or staggered, if he was walking.

This incident of the usual Sabbath recital in Ruckersville has no particular bearing upon our story. I merely set it down as an illustration of the innumerable details that may define the life of a community, but that are necessarily left out of fiction and history, thereby rendering both everlastingly less veracious than life.

As Jim proceeded along from the shadow of one great tree to another, which alternated with intense patches of sunlight upon the sidewalk, he saw Amy White advancing unconsciously to meet him. She wore an old rumpled and wrinkled muslin populated with faded pink roses. It was made with a "peroda" waist, and the full skirt rippled in the breeze about her tall, thin figure. She was bare-headed and she bent a trifle forward, tapping with a cane upon the walk, locating herself at every step with that singular, touching dexterity of the blind. He had passed the house a number of times within the last few months and always saw her seated at the window. But some masculine horror of invading the tragedy of such a presence had prevented his going in and making himself known to her, and thus renewing an old and intimate relation. For, when he was an urchin, years before, he had been in Amy's Sunday-school class.

It was as if he were unwilling to break the seal of an old affection, which had amounted at the time to one of those comradeships so frequent between a patient elderly woman and a very restless, outcast little boy. His parents had not been of the old Cavalier stock, and even in the Sunday-school class he had been a sort of Ishmael brand, snatched from the burning of his little sins. It was during this period that Amy's sight began to fail, a frightful miracle that the child watched with the ruthless curiosity of the young. It was his cruel custom to test her from time to time in those days by standing up before her in the doorway of her house—a vagrant, red-headed, thin-faced lad in baggy short breeches—and demanding:

"Can you see me yet, Miss Amy?"

Each time he was obliged to draw a trifle nearer, before the straining eyes could define him like a darker shadow amid the gathering of all shadows.

The day came when she could no longer see him even in the bright sunlight. He remembered the morning well. The peach blossoms were out in the orchard behind the house; the old lilac beside the chimney was covered with purple plumes. A hundred jonquils stood in rows along the path to her door. And a March wind was blowing out of a clear sky. She was seated upon the steps—changed, silent, with closed lids. The struggle was over; she had yielded to the darkness at last. He mussed the strained, sweet look with which she had so many times greeted him, always ambitious to proclaim that she could yet make out the color of that flaming head.

He hastened to station himself before her in the glare of the sun. "Miss Amy, look and see if you can see me now!" he cried.

"No, Jimmy," she replied softly; "I don't really believe I've seen you for ever so long. What I see is not you, but merely a deeper darkness in that spot."

He recalled the propriety of his grief and wondered now at the delicacy of the boy he had been, who had laid the branch of fragrant lilacs in her lap as if there were nothing remarkable about going blind, thus artlessly concealing the shock and horror of his mind from her.

All these recollections passed with incredible swiftness through his thoughts as he now watched Amy advancing, unhurried, serene, tapping the pavement to right and left, unchanged by the years that had flown since their comradeship. Her face shone in the sun, supernal, ageless. He hesitated, was tempted to cross the street and avoid the meeting. When you are a certain kind of man you do not like to be translated and transfigured back into the little boy you have been by the greeting of one who has not seen you since. It makes a contrast, wrenches the moral coward in you, which is painful.

At this moment Amy paused, waved her cane vaguely as if in search of him.

"Who is it?" she demanded in that curious deep voice. "I don't believe I recognize you."

There was scarcely a man, woman or child in Ruckersville that she did not know always before they reached her. But at the distance of three yards she now recognized a stranger.

"Miss Amy ——"

"Jimmy! It's Jimmy Bone!" she exclaimed, with the quick transfiguration of her face from the masked silence of the blind into a smile that rendered it effulgent.

Jim made a stride that brought him within reach. She dropped her cane, lifted first one hand then the other, touched the stubble on his cheek, made sure of the cleft in his chin, with a widening smile of recognition as if she had located a familiar mark.

"Do you know, boy," she went on, measuring him with the quick, delicate precision of the blind, "I believe yours was the last face I ever really saw! Do you remember how your red hair was the last to fail me? I could see that long after your face had become just a blur!

"But it's your nose I remember best." She laughed, lifted an exploring finger once more and ran it along the Sierra ridges of this organ. "As a child, Jimmy, you were cursed with a nose of a cynical maturity that was out of all keeping with your tender years."

Thus it was that Amy came to the tear that lay upon his cheek.

"It's not your being blind, Miss Amy; it's your cheerfulness," he exclaimed hoarsely, brushing it away with the back of his hand.

She omitted the point. She was really incapable of grasping it. They walked along together, he holding her arm and guiding her.

"I am so glad to see you!" she went on.

"I believe you do!"

"Do what?"

"See me. It's the first time since I came back that I have felt that anybody actually saw me! I've a little chicken's roosting feelings, Miss Amy – as if it had just been one long, long day since I was here with you, and I'd spent the whole of it looking for doodles in the grass, and was now getting back, mighty cross and tired, to the coop at sundown. Haven't you got a few breadcrumbs for me in the old pan you used to keep on the water bucket shelf in the back porch?"

"I had to give up my chickens, Jimmy. It was a great cross at the time. But I got to where I could not find all the little ones in the evening, and I'd be awakened sometimes at night hearing one cheeping, cheeping somewhere out in the dark. And I'd hate to disturb Elbert. He works so hard every day, it seemed unreasonable to make him get up out of a sound sleep to put just a little chicken in the coop under its mother's wings. So I let the hen go."

They sat down in the entry of Amy's house and talked—that is, Jim talked. It was the first time that he had willingly given out in Ruckersville any of the details of his past. But now all at once it seemed that he had an overwhelming desire to get it properly expurgated and set forth to Amy's admiring ears. It was no more the truth than any other man's past is the truth when he tells it to a woman. She inspired him to lie about it beautifully, as she inspired Elbert to lie about his daily existence, and as every good woman inspires every bad man to fabricate his autobiography. As he went on with the tale of his adventures he began to see himself sweetly glorified in the placid, smiling attention of her sweet blind face. He wondered why in the world he had been so secretive about those years in the West.

Jim Bone perceived all at once that he was not the rowdy he had supposed himself to be, but something of a hero of the chapter-heading smiles upon Amy's lips. Given the tablet of such a countenance, and the worst man in existence can make shining scriptures of an ill-spent life. The truth is, we are all autobiographical liars. But the funny thing is that once we see ourselves clarified by such faith as Amy's, we accept her version, and experience a shriven peace that must distract the God who makes our moral sense, but does not control it afterward. On this occasion Bone finished his metamorphosis from the outlaw into the modest deprecating hero simply by a method of narrative that left out the undesirable portions of his real history. And it is one of the commonest miracles of conversion practiced by either men or women.

Two slim poplars that stood on either side of the front gate to Captain Martin's residence across the street cast long, steeple shadows upon the floor of the entry of Amy's house before Jim had finished his story. Then there was a little silence. Amy sat with her hands peacefully folded, showing like long-fingered lilies among the roses in her gown. Jim looked up like a man who is resting after a prodigious creation, and saw her face hooded in the evening shade, serene like a prayer that was answered years and years ago. For the first time he really thought of her. During the past hour she had simply been the environment in which he had found it possible and natural to recreate himself in the image of strength and nobility. Now he was inclined to part with a question the silence that hung like a curtain before that marvelous countenance.

"But what of you, Miss Amy? You haven't told me a thing about yourself."

"Oh, I've been singularly blessed, Jimmy," she said, covering him for a moment with the halo of her smile.

"You might not think it, me being blind. But I've missed all the sad sights in the world for more than twenty years. At first I was lonely. You know Elbert is a very busy man. His practice keeps him uptown all day. But I reckon I'm gladder to see him when he comes in the evening than most women are, who are busy all day and do not spend the whole of it waiting for their husbands. It seems to me that I don't really live till I hear Elbert's footsteps out there on the walk in the evening. Then all at once, in the twinkling of a star, my heart begins to bubble, I am alive, I laugh and I talk. It's funny. You'd think that Elbert would do most of the talking, him being out in sight of so much doings in the town all day; but really I always have the most to say. You'd be astonished how much news of life you get just sitting blind and still for so many hours every day. Elbert says I am the greatest sensationalist in Ruckersville. I'm always telling him things I've thought out about this one or that one during the day—most of 'em good things, I hope, Jimmy," she interrupted herself to add. "It's wonderful how kind not seeing makes all your knowledge of men and women. And, of course, it's Elbert's way of complimenting me," she laughed. "He says it would make him terrible uneasy to have such a long-sighted woman for a wife if he didn't behave himself; he says he'd never dare come into my presence if he didn't do his best. He says he knows that the Lord sometimes holds His hands before His face when He's planning His new salvations for man, to keep me from taking advantage of it a thousand years too soon."

This Old Preacher Was Really the Most Potential Character in the Town

Jim was unable to join in her punctuations of laughter. He was thinking of Elbert, the vagabond and sot, and marveling at this sweet miracle of blindness, which was better than sight. He was suddenly overtaken by a stinging self-consciousness. It seemed that he, as well as Elbert, was a reincarnation achieved by Amy's faith, which bore no resemblance to the man he really was. It was depressing. The polluted past streamed in again upon his memories of himself. He arose, shook one trouser leg down and then the other, and said:

"Well, I must be going."

"Come again, Jimmy," she invited. "I want to know what you are doing in the town. Everybody is talking about you."

"They are?"

"Yes," she laughed; "I hear all sorts of rumors about the Bone building on the square; and Mildred tells me you are going to furnish tombstones for the soldiers' graves out of your new quarry. Yes, and that shows the people you mean well. They are very glad now that you have come back."

"Hope they'll stay glad!"

"Of course they will. And you must come back again and tell me things. I'd like to hear."

She paused, smiled a smile so luminous that it might have bridged any darkness, and went on:

"I'll tell you a secret, Jimmy, that I've told no one else. I am writing a little Book of Life. Elbert copies it out for me in the evenings. It is about people in Ruckersville. Nothing wise or great. I am just setting down the things they do—the commonplace deeds that never get into history or fiction. It's not to be published, of course—just a sort of human calendar of the days of our years here in the old town, which the children who come after us may discover some day in mine and Elbert's things, after we are dead and gone, and may find interesting and profitable. I've set it down already—all this life you've stirred up, and the talk about that strange Bone building on the square. It's getting to be like a real story, my little book, since you've come, a story with a mystery in it—a mystery upon which you have got us all working, without telling us what it is we are doing. You have no idea what a difference it's made, your coming and your stirring up things. Sitting here by my window, I've felt these last few months like a thermometer with mercury rising."

"You say Elbert copies it for you?" inquired Jim, who had listened with singular intentness to her artless confession. He had seen chapters of The Town Testament in

"Did You Ever Have Any Trouble With Your Spine, Mr. Bone?"

The Monthly Mercury, and had wondered, like every one else, what cross between saint and fiend was the author of these papers. He was still standing with his back to the street—poised in the mid-air of astonishment, so to speak, at the discovery he had made—when another shadow fell between those of the two poplars on the floor. The shadow moved, lengthened, tilted its hat, swished its skirts, and showed for an instant the neck and chin of a charming profile.

He turned and beheld Sylvia Story setting her foot upon the doorstep, looking more than ever like a Corinthian virgin in the calm of the Sabbath evening.

"Sylvia!" called Amy at once. "Come here, child, and let me see you!" By seeing she meant touching. "I always know you by the rustle of your skirts," she laughed, lifting her hand and passing it delicately along the girl's shoulders and neck as she bent and kissed her.

"Jimmy, you know Sylvia, don't you?" she went on.

It was a fact that they knew and did not know each other with an intimacy that enthralled imagination, but as the young man looked into the girl's face he understood that he should make a great mistake if he admitted this fact.

"No, never saw Miss Story before!" answered Jim, conjugating the lie glibly.

"I'll make you acquainted then," she said sedately. "This is Jimmy Bone, Sylvia. I used to know him when he was a boy. And this is Sylvia Story, Jimmy, the girl that's taken your place to me since you went away."

Jim flattened his hat against his side with one hand, set one leg forward, bent his knee and bowed awkwardly, but low enough to show the entire top of his red head. Sylvia merely inclined hers.

"Am I never to hear her voice?" thought Jim.

"Sit down, Sylvia!" Amy commanded. Then the young sphinx yielded the point.

"No, thank you. I am on my way to choir practice. I only stopped for a moment."

How terrible it is that no mortal grace has yet produced a language worthy of the tongue of a beautiful woman. If Sylvia had parted her lips and spoken in the Ossian strain of Torcah-tarno's daughter, Jim would have been startled only by the fitness of the speech. As it was, the commonplace familiarity of the sentiment she expressed took nothing away from the deep resonant tones coming out of her throat in a cadence that would have charmed any words into the semblance of poetry.

A moment later both had taken leave of Amy and were walking along the dusky street together.

It is not my purpose to follow them. The language of true love is monosyllabic and symbolic.

If a lover says to his beloved, "It is a beautiful night," he does not really refer to diurnal phenomena of darkness in which distant suns and moons and planets shine. These are minor constellations bedimmed when compared with her eyes. What he really means is that her presence makes the night beautiful.

She understands and says nothing. To reply "yes" would indicate egotism or dullness. Nothing from the standpoint of an ignoble eavesdropper can be more inane or absurd than a conversation between lovers. And no speech in this world is so pregnant with supernal meaning. This is why it is nearly always profanation to quote lovers, and explains why the conversation of Sylvia and Jim as they took their way down the avenue is not set down here. If it is as great a relief to the reader as it is to the author that they have at last met upon grounds sufficiently conventional to permit their courtship to proceed in a proper manner, this is gratification enough, without your knowing the only two sentences that passed between them during the walk from Amy's house to the church. A real lover does not beat much about the bush. He makes every word tell, till his arms render further conversation unnecessary. Mr. Bone, I say, addressed Sylvia only once during this walk. But this remark, whatever it was, printed the entire anthology of the rose family upon her face. She left him at the door of the church, turned her back upon him in the twilight outside, took her way down the aisle, perfectly indignant and perfectly happy.

XVI

BY THE first of October the walls of the Bone building were complete and the roof was on. It was built of stone and had the appearance of an ancient horned owl in front. This astonishing effect was secured by two stubby square towers that rose up on each side of the wide entrance dropping back the width of the towers and opening with arched double doors upon the mysterious interior. The back of the building bellied out like those Baptist churches where the baptismal pool is let in under the pulpit. It might easily have been taken for a church by the simple-minded people of the town, but for the fact that no house of God could have had that peculiarly sinister horned expression in front. Another queer feature was the half-moon stained-glass windows, put in a yard above the tallest man's head, and so turned upon their hinges as to afford light and ventilation within, but no possible chance of observation from the outside.

It Was No More the Truth Than Any Other Man's Past Is the Truth When He Tells It to a Woman

"It's no church!" commented Elbert White late one afternoon as he stood between the Captain and Clark Story. The three had paused upon the sidewalk to study these same windows.

"It's got two steeples," said Story, by way of rebuttal.

"That's it," remarked the Captain. "A church ain't entitled to but one."

"And there's a carload of benches at the freight depot, shipped to Jim Bone; seen 'em myself today. And if they ain't church pews I don't know one when I see it."

"Still," persisted Elbert, leaning heavily upon his friends and squinting with a drunken wag of his upturned head at the windows, "no church rolls its eyeballs that high up under its eaves! That's one thing—hic—'at you can always say for a church. Its doctrines may be so devious that its goshpel tends more to salivate 'an it does to shave, but the theology of its windows is so near an' clear 'at a wayfarin' man, though a fool, can always look in and see ever'thing 'at's to be scheen!"

He drew one arm from around the captain's neck, worked his face into a drunken maggot smile, let out a puling laugh, pointed shakily at the high eyebrows of the Bone building, and concluded:

"It may be a mosque, or a harem, or'n ice cream parlor, but I'll be danged if it's a church!"

They moved on, Elbert dragging his feet, swaying tenderly this way and that between his friends. One of those circumstances had transpired that drew them closer together than usual in the recognition of a common fate. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was giving a lawn festival that afternoon, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy fund, the fund to be used to pay the expenses of moving the ashes of the Confederate heroes from the old cemetery to the new one. And, though a festival was in the nature of a public entertainment, Mrs. Rucker always stood for exclusiveness, and would choose her guests even when they paid for their refreshments. And, in spite of the war record of the three old vagabonds, they were not invited. It was the way she had of expressing her contempt of the Captain's stinginess with his bee swarms in the spring, and her social aversion to vagabonds in the case of the other two. Vagabonds are, as individuals, usually far more interesting than a better respected person, but one does not recognize them socially. As a matter of fact, the three old cronies would not have come if she had asked them; but the fact that they had not had the coveted opportunity to refuse depressed them and afforded the much more to be desired excuse for consoling themselves in Bilfire's saloon. They drank, therefore, and then promenaded the almost deserted streets arm in arm, laying the palsied finger of their poor old muddled wits upon everything that attracted their attention.

These lawn festivals given by Mrs. Fanning-Rucker were as much in the year's calendar as Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day. One occurred in the spring, the other in early autumn. And they served a twofold purpose: the first, to replenish the treasury of the D. A. R., the other to replenish that of the U. D. C.; but chiefly these were the semi-annual occasions when Mrs. Rucker chose to separate the sheep from the goats in Ruckersville. And it was always a lawn festival, because she labored under some affectation of English customs, where the great people invite people to take refreshments in their parks and on their lawns whom they could not entertain at their infinitely more exclusive dinner tables. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker chose these guests almost entirely from the neighboring city of Atlanta. The society of Ruckersville never reached further than the shade cast by her front veranda upon the lawn. If you wish to know exactly what persons social megalomaniacs consider in their set, note those they invite to dine with them. These consist of other megalomaniacs like themselves, a few poor beswitched creatures who know how to barter compliments for social favors, and lions of one sort and another. Any stranger at such a table may easily recognize the three classes. If the young man seated next to you makes extravagant efforts to be agreeable, you may know that he is one of the poor creatures. The megalomaniacs are to be recognized by the fact that they do not exert themselves at all to be agreeable. They show their natural dispositions as plainly as the bristles on a dog's back. Usually there is not more than one lion at a properly arranged dinner party. This is upon the theory that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time,

(Continued on Page 48)

A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Minute

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

Women are Not Successful in This Field So Far

A FRIEND of mine got home in September from a summer abroad and stopped a couple of days at the Waldorf, in the city of New York. At ten o'clock the next morning, while awaiting a business appointment made overnight by telephone, a card was brought to him which bore an unfamiliar name. A dapper young man of assured and not unpleasing address followed hard upon it.

"I want to close up with you," said this young man, "the matter of that set of Creation's Greatest Orators which you discussed with Mr. Darrow in Denver last May. It was just before you went abroad. You expressed admiration for the work—as well you might, being some spellbinder yourself—oh, I read the newspapers; I know all about you—but you did not sign the contract then—hurry to get away or something. I have a contract here—for the half-morocco edition. You just put your name there. No—that next line. Oh, it's all right. Not the most expensive, but really the most sensible working edition for a busy man like you. I understand, sir—of course you don't want any foolish frills. You're no art collector. You want standards. Seven a volume—just a modest price for a really fine work, finely bound. Good library edition—that's all.

"Eh? Only twenty volumes. Covers all the classics, you know, and right down to living times in America. Yes, the great Englishmen too—Pitt and all those, you know. Sure thing! Those impassioned Frenchmen too—eh? Eh? Well, you know their names better than I do. You're an orator yourself—eh? Ha! Ha! Why shouldn't you know them? Of course.

"No, no; I don't want any money. Just your signature—that's all I want. That's good enough for me. Good enough for anybody in these United States, I'm thinking. No—that line there. This is the inked pen. Right there——

"Thanks! Mr. Darrow will have them waiting for you on your library table when you get home. All right. Awfully glad to have met you. Just keep my card. You might want a Shakspere or a Scott sometime as you rush through—or maybe the Philosophies of All Times. Fine set, that. Good day!"

How the Agent Spotted His Victim

MY FRIEND told me that he really didn't know how it happened until it had happened. He had been much attracted by the books the spring before, but had decided that after all it was one of the things he could very comfortably do without. Though a public speaker of local note and something of a student he probably would not really read the books when he got them. He thought of the numerous purchases he had denied himself abroad, for it had been an expensive year. How had this thing happened anyway? He gave a short laugh; then he started suddenly after the clever salesman. Down Peacock Alley he dashed, nearly upsetting a large and indignant blonde; he swung round a corner, short-cut a luncheon room and caught his man at the side entrance.

"Eh? Oh, it's you!" laughed the salesman. "What's the matter? Do you—do you want the Philosophies? Fine set—fine set, I tell you: only nine a volume. I have here a ——"

"No, no," said my friend firmly—"not another book! I just want to know something."

"Why, certainly, sir. Anything at all. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me this: I got in rather late yesterday. I came a steamer ahead of my schedule. I had never stopped at the Waldorf before and did not register till nine o'clock last night. I have never discussed these books except with a man in Denver whose name even I did not know. Now how? What? Why? How did you know? How did you recognize me? I'm curious. Tell me."

"Oh, it's all in the course of business," said the salesman, lovingly stroking his signed order. "Your name, with a lot of other passengers' names, came off the steamer by newspaper wireless a couple of days or so ago. Naturally the New York correspondents of the Denver papers pass your name on home. Naturally one of Darrow's clerks reads it in the home papers and reports it instanter to Darrow. Now I look after Darrow's New York business, so he naturally shoots on the facts to me in a night letter. I look up hotel arrivals after breakfast, spot your name, hike up here over my early cigar and naturally get your sig. That's all. Have a drink? Well, it is a little early—that's a fact. Good morning."

This lifts the curtain upon only one kind of subscription-book business. There are so many kinds that I'm not even going to catalogue them. Some of them are new and they are all, even the most ancient, highly modernized. There is nothing more modern in all its moods and tenses than the subscription-book business. Yet, after all, it is essentially the same old business. In every mood and tense the root form sticks out big for all observers. If I could only say that P. T. Barnum invented the subscription-book business it would enormously simplify this getting at the essence of a complicated subject; but he didn't. It began many generations before Barnum. Its origin lies back in the morning mists of publishing. Some day patient investigation will discover the man who first invented selling books by personal solicitation and devised the books to entangle his fellow townsman, together with the patter to do it with; and it's tomes to tracts his name was Barnum.

It must have been down that ancestral line we got P. T.

The old old-fashioned kind of subscription-book business still flourishes here and there in the far country—the kind you knew when you were on the farm; the kind your grandfather told you about; the kind Eugene Field wrote his wonderful story about. The other day I ran across a printed paper entitled Instructions for Agents, issued by a big firm still doing this old-fashioned sort of thing—one of those, you know, which advertises that you can make from twenty to eighty dollars a week if you'll only send in your name. The instructions were for neophytes and the detail was terrifying. There were instructions for approaching the house, for the conversation at the door, for entering the house, for every possible exigency in the house and for getting out of the house gracefully and in good order.

Would-be salesmen were especially impressed with the necessity of finding out facts in advance about the people to be called upon. "Inquiries should be made delicately from house to house," and facts thus acquired should be confirmed before they were used.

"Never ask, 'Is Mrs. Blank in?'" says Rule Six. "Take it for granted that she is in and that she will see you. Simply state: 'Please tell Mrs. Blank that Mr. Dash wishes to see her.' Invariably give your name instantly and do not wait to be asked for it by the servant. This is very important."

"After having addressed the servant," says Rule Eight, "slip into the house. Don't show undue haste or force your way in, or stand like a piece of wood waiting to be asked to enter or as if you expected to be left standing outside. Walk deliberately into the house as any gentleman would who had been in the habit of paying visits. Some canvassers act very foolishly in this respect and are very awkward."

"Once inside," says Rule Ten, "you must not stand in the hall like a blockhead; neither dare you open the parlor door yourself and walk in, but hang up your hat on the hatrack immediately after you enter and the servant will always take the hint and ask you to take a seat in the parlor. She will treat you exactly as she finds you expect to be treated."

And so on. The agent is instructed to begin safely on the weather, but not to linger too long in generalities—rather to get down to business by a conversational path carefully chosen according to the disposition of the hostess; and, once begun, carefully to avoid direct issues, which may result in premature refusals, but swiftly and skillfully to steer round rocks until attention and interest is fairly won for the book offered. Then strike quickly and surely and hold tight.

New Methods to Meet New Conditions

IT IS true that in these piping times, when the farmer runs his car and his daughters are up on the best sellers; when Ibsen is discussed at the crossroads; when one woman's magazine alone, without counting a dozen of large circulation and a score of others, sells a million and a half copies a month; when a school expansion of unbelievable rapidity drags far behind the demand; when boiler-plate frontier newspapers carry weekly book departments—in these amazing days the familiar crudities of the old subscription business are to be witnessed only in the back waters of the swift current of universal cultivation.

However, other times, other fashions and—to refer to Barnum again—"the people" of all times, even the most intelligent, apparently "love to be fooled." Today has its corresponding subscription methods. We are all familiar with the "secret" histories of courts, the advertising of which suggests to the naughty mind all kinds of mysterious things that it doesn't actually promise, which of course the sober, substantial books, when they arrive, are found not to contain; but people ought not to have naughty minds. And we know well the wonderful offers of solid sets which, "because of recent consolidations of large interests, we have been able to acquire at a mere fraction of their cost, and will sell, beginning at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," at prices that undoubtedly will never be offered again.

Though it has brought forth many new-style subscription eccentricities this splendid age has also—and naturally—developed

"Yes, Sir; It's Getting to be a Harder Game Every Year"

several subscription forms that rank high in publishing and business estimation. It is the easiest thing in the world to belittle these or even overlook them altogether, for naturally it is the sham in every business that attracts the public attention; but, amusing and fantastic as many of these forms are, it would be as unfair to allow them to color your conception of the subscription-book business as a whole as it would be to pronounce the entire clothing business, for example, a sham because of the picturesque antics of the "puller-in" of Baxter Street.

To these forms must be given the fullest consideration, for they constitute the subscription-book business of today.

The greatest discovery of the last two decades is the fact that the public is honest. Considering that our jury system, based upon the discovery that the public is unbribable, is centuries old, it seems strange that knowledge of the public's honesty is so recent. I suggest the fact for the consideration of the philosophers. I'd like to hear their reasoning.

Upon that discovery is based the modernized subscription-book business. In the old days the agent would leave you a volume at a time and collect the money for each delivery. Today the agent collects an original payment often as low as a dollar and delivers the entire set of books at once, the publisher depending upon the customer to pay the balance direct to him in weekly or monthly installments.

The modern discovery is that the customer pays it. Of course there are individuals who don't—some who cannot when the time comes; and now and then, very rarely, some who won't. The proportion of these, however, is found in practice to be so small that the losses are less by far than were the combined expenses and losses of collections through agents under the old system. There results a stabler and in every way a simpler basis of business. Nowadays your publisher, dealing directly with his public, allows for a small, calculable and dependable percentage of loss. The confidence and variety of today's business are two natural resultants. Another is today's enormous distribution of good literature in cheap form at a much lower margin of profit—a fact of incalculable importance in casting up the causes of the American's amazing average of cultivation.

One of these several newer subscription forms—one dealing mostly with modern copyrighted sets—deserves for several reasons first consideration. Because it is especially sound and reasonable in its business foundation; because it is just and honorable to scrupulousness in its methods; because it deals in highgrade books, honestly priced and made to stand years of reasonable service—in a word, because it corresponds in ideals with the highest type of trade publishing, from which it differs chiefly in the method of reaching the consumer, it must be considered the ranking subscription business of the day. Let us grant it is the offspring of an ancient and not too scrupulous parentage, if you will; let us grant that some of its brothers and its sisters and its cousins and its aunts are today not its social equals; let us grant that in bulk it is, in the bosom of its family, as a single sheep in the flock—it is, nevertheless, what reputable publishers mean when they speak of the subscription-book business.

And yet, in justice, we must not give the present generation all the credit for this splendid business form. Far back through past generations are seen its forerunners, showing unmistakably that, perhaps even from the beginning, down the genealogical line runs a strain of fine dealing side by side with that fantastic strain which is responsible for so much that is eccentric and even farcical, which is smart at times to the brink of trickery in that part of the business of the present, as well as of the past, which has naturally most attracted the public gaze. To show this it is needless, in this article, to go back of the recollections of many now living. Still it was a good many years ago that Stanley's In Darkest Africa was sold by subscription in strict accord with the highest ideals of publishing. Later on Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress and Grant's Memoirs stand out among the fine successes of the most honorable of subscription methods.

And these titles, too, will serve the purpose of illustrating the principle of subscription selling that is differentiated from other book-selling methods and affords a firm foundation for a highly organized, highly individualized business. It is well known that all of the books I have mentioned were extremely successful. In Darkest Africa made its author independent for life. Twenty Years in Congress added nobly to the resources of the Blaine family. Grant's Memoirs yielded what was once called a fortune.

Yet I am sure that none of these handled otherwise would have been anything more than profitable sellers.

The fact involved is human negligence. Few of us, even in the most trifling affairs, will step outside the set paths of our lives without compulsion. You know yourself you never would have bought that umbrella, even under your wife's constant remindings, unless compelled by a midday shower. And you know also—everybody knows—that bossism in this land could be crushed out at one overwhelming blow if the men who are opposed to boss rule would take the trouble to walk round the corner and register—or, having registered, to walk round the corner and vote. A study of the figures of any ordinary election in the last half-decade will prove that. Now this could all be cured and the political front of the nation changed in a day if a system of calling at the voter's residence for his vote, instead of requiring him to call at the polling booth to present his vote, should be adopted. I think every observing citizen will agree with me in that. I suggested the scheme once to a "spoils" leader whom I knew well at the time, and he shivered. Then he grinned and said: "My boy, thank Heaven it's impossible!"

Though impossible in politics, it is precisely what the subscription-book publisher puts into profitable practice. He knows that of, say, twenty people who are probable purchasers of a given work, only one will take the trouble to go to the bookstore to buy; but half a dozen, say, will buy if the bookstore comes to them. There is only required, then, a practicable plan under which it will be profitable to send the bookstore on a house-to-house tour. That is the subscription-book business.

The financial plan is simple. There is only one price—the retail price—from which no discounts are made. The publisher divides his receipts among these items:

	Per cent
Manufacturing	20
Selling commission	25
Author's royalty	10
Cost of doing business, including depreciation, collections and losses	30
Profit	15
Total	100

Of course there are variations from this. Sometimes, especially with large press runs, the manufacturing cost is lower, and with everything else constant the profit is better. Sometimes the author has to have a little more royalty, and sometimes depreciations, collections and losses add several points to the cost of doing business. The average, however, at least for standard houses, stays pretty close to the figures quoted.

As in every other business, of course, a certain bulk is necessary for this condition to be realized. Many book sets require several years of activity to offset the heavy original investment and get on their financial legs, so to speak; and during this period the average of business is kept up by sets formerly published—the backlog, as publishers sometimes call it. Many ambitious book agents, who lose their all or their friends' all in some independent publishing ventures of their own, fail because they overlook this great fact of bulk. A well-established, well-bulked subscription business of the first class of quality is, under wise management, one of the safest and most satisfactory—though not one of the most profitable—businesses in existence; but, like every other fine, sound business, it becomes fine and sound only by growing. It is no mushroom.

Many who are knowing in subscription books of other kinds will question the item of twenty-five per cent commission to agents; they will quote commissions of forty per cent or more—but not in this class of business. As we shall see presently, a bigger commission to general agents goes only with cheaper production and higher prices. This ideal trade, which unites the best possible quality of material with prices low enough to represent value, cannot afford the luxury of general agents.

How—you with the old-fashioned general-agent idea in your head may ask—How does this newfangled subscription publisher reach his market, covering, as it does, the whole United States? So great a territory cannot adequately be reached from one center.

This brings us to quite a new personage in subscription-book selling—one who lived a generation ago only in isolated, distinguished examples, but without whom many thousands of regular and considerable book-buyers of today would not be book-buyers at all.

Let me present to you the new-style book agent!

I note your surprise.

No; he is not uncouth, or ill-mannered, or overtalkative, or insolent; nor does he back you into a corner and force you to buy a book you don't want as the only means short of calling the police—which is always unpleasant—for getting him out of your house. On the contrary, he is a courteous, well-groomed, energetic business man, who has

(Concluded on Page 57)

He is Not Uncouth, or Ill-mannered, or Overtalkative, or Insolent

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 23, 1912

The Third-Term Bogy

SENATOR REED wants to amend Article II of the Constitution so that no person who has served two terms as president of the United States, or one term and part of another, shall ever again be eligible to the presidency; but if Article II is to be amended at all—and no doubt it isn't—it should be made to read simply as follows: "No person shall be eligible to the office of president unless he has been elected thereto." That is the only restriction which has any reasonable place in the Constitution.

Referring to the crisis of the Civil War and the nation's emergence therefrom, Ambassador Bryce observed that such a people can make any constitution work. He might have added that if a people cannot make any constitution work no constitution will do them any good. If the people of this country ever reach a state where they will accept government on the Diaz pattern no constitutional restrictions will help them. One can imagine some prolonged national crisis—such, for example, as arose for the states of Europe in the Napoleonic era—when the people of this country would wish another Lincoln to serve three consecutive terms. There should be no bar to their having him. In view of the activities now centering upon a distinguished resident of Oyster Bay, one can readily imagine a situation in which the people would wish some man to serve a third non-consecutive term. There should be no bar, either of law or tradition, to their having him. We think very few people indeed are imposed upon by the third-term bogy as applied to a candidate who has been out of office four years. If that is all there is to be said against The Colonel as a candidate we might as well stop abusing him.

A Motion-Picture Amendment

CONGRESS has not a high opinion of literature, music and the plastic arts. If Michelangelo had produced his statue of Moses under the protection of our copyright law, and somebody had stolen and sold a copy of it, he would have found that the law estimated his damages at ten dollars. Our law would suggest the same sum to Leonardo as damages for a larcenous copy of his Mona Lisa—thus probably reconciling him, if he were still living, to the outright theft of that masterpiece from the Louvre last year. The commercial value of the Sermon on the Mount, under the copyright law, would be fifty dollars.

Congressman Townsend, of New Jersey, proposes a further cheapening of literature. A bill introduced by him provides that, in case of the infringement of a copyrighted work by a moving-picture show, "where the defendant proves that he was not aware that he was infringing a copyrighted work and could not reasonably have foreseen that he was so infringing, the entire recovery by the copyright proprietor shall not exceed one hundred dollars," until after a notice has been served upon the moving-picture man that he is infringing a copyright.

The argument is that some dishonest person may, at any time, build a moving-picture play upon a copyrighted story and sell it to an innocent producer who is not aware of the infringement. Under this bill, the moving-picture man would be practically absolved from any obligation to find out whether a copyright was infringed. He could buy anything offered him and be sure that, no matter what copyright he infringed or how seriously his infringement might damage the real author, his liability would be limited to one hundred dollars.

In contrast with the tariff, we are decidedly in favor of revising the copyright law upward—not downward.

Another Wisconsin Example

FIFTEEN years ago, we learn from The Survey, a Chicago woman whose husband earned sixty dollars a month borrowed twenty-five dollars to buy her son a suit of clothes. She didn't wish her husband to know of it, and told the loan shark so. Playing upon her dread of exposure, the shark employed the well-known arts of his trade to nurse the loan along, adding another layer of usury whenever the woman and her son seemed on the point of extinguishing it. At the shark's death, not long ago, he had collected five hundred dollars from his victims—and the loan was still alive.

That is a very common case. It presents a subject with which Congress, for the District of Columbia, and the legislatures of many states have wrestled of late. Just such merciless robbery of the poor by money lenders has existed everywhere. What ought to be done about it?

Various answers have come from different quarters; but a completely novel answer comes from Wisconsin—where politically they do many strange things, such as taxing railroad property as heavily as farm property and attempting, by an income tax, to make all citizens contribute to the support of the state according to their means.

Wisconsin has a usury law with teeth in it. Under that law a Milwaukee loan shark, reputed to be a millionaire, was recently sentenced to ninety days in jail—the first time, we believe, that a prison sentence was ever given for usury in the United States.

This is radical, because robbing the poor by unconscionable usury is a genteel sort of crime. It is committed necessarily by persons possessed of capital, who usually wear good clothes and live in comfortable houses. It bears a resemblance to the honorable trade of banking. The law has invariably treated it as a genteel crime, punishing it only with a money amercement by way of loss of interest or a fine—which, of course, the loan shark promptly charged up to his next victim.

The Wisconsin law, however, recognizes the thing for what it is—namely, robbery of the meanest kind. We heartily recommend this Wisconsin example to every legislature that is dealing with the loan-shark problem.

Loan-Shark Legislation

HAVING fixed a reasonable rate for small, personal-security loans, the exaction of a higher rate ought to be regarded and punished as larceny. No doubt this flies in the face of the common-law theory that every sane adult is capable of looking out for himself; but, since most social progress involves flying in the face of common-law theories, we should not bother about that. Abundant experience shows that poor borrowers are not capable of looking out for themselves; and there is no better excuse for leaving them exposed to unconscionable usurers than to green-goods men.

The first thing, however, is to fix a reasonable rate. Without that there will be no real advance in curbing loan sharks. By a vote of one hundred and seventy-five to eighty-three the House of Representatives not long ago refused to sanction a higher rate than one per cent a month in the District of Columbia, though persons who had disinterestedly given most time and thought to remedying the loan-shark evil in the District urged that the rate be two per cent a month, because experience elsewhere had shown the business could not be conducted profitably at one per cent. The argument in favor of the one-per-cent amendment was that nobody could really afford to pay more—and Congress ought not to sanction what poor borrowers could not afford to pay.

Ignoring experience and going upon fine sentiments will never cure the loan-shark evil or any other. That is exactly what makes futile so many of our well-meant reform movements.

Leadership and Stock-Watering

THE investment of capital in the United States continues upon the large scale that characterized last year; but financial people complain that the money, as in 1911, mostly goes into old, well-established concerns—and then largely into their bonds rather than into stocks. There is little new enterprise, little reaching toward the future; and the reason—we are told over and over—is that the leaders are discouraged by the attitude of the state and Federal Governments. There is a growing tendency, seen in the Interstate Commerce Commission and in the public-utilities commissions of various states, to limit the returns upon capital—seen also in current talk of controlling prices of commodities made by big industrial concerns. Though the people who furnish most of the actual capital for big enterprises are content with a limited return, as their large purchases of bonds show, the leaders will not stand for it.

We are often assured that we cannot have leaders without watered stock. Bold and resourceful men who project important new enterprises must be tempted by a chance of extraordinary profits. Would Hill have built the Great Northern for six per cent upon the money he put into it? Would Carnegie have developed the Pittsburgh steel mills for seven cents profit on each dollar he invested? It takes a hundred or a thousand per cent to set such men in operation.

This argument is very familiar, and it might be convincing if we did not know that real leaders often get no per cent at all. For leadership in acquiring large wealth Mr. Carnegie himself laid down the sound rule that "pioneering doesn't pay." New enterprises make themselves when they are needed. The circumstance that there is little doing in the watered-stock line means simply that at the moment the country's chief need is to develop and adjust established concerns.

Automobiles and Road Taxes

IN NEARLY every state, of late years, the simple old system of maintaining highways exclusively by local taxation has been abandoned. Undoubtedly the automobile has had a much larger part than any other agency in forcing this change. When scarcely any vehicle on the public road could travel farther than twenty miles a day, and hardly any vehicle did travel farther than ten miles, highways might be maintained by local funds, because practically every vehicle upon a given piece of road was owned in the neighborhood. The motor car, with its easy reach of a hundred miles a day, changed that, and nearly every state now aids in the building and maintenance of public highways.

However, this doesn't cover the ground. A count made by the state engineer of New Hampshire last summer indicates that fully half the cars on the best public roads were from outside the state—touring through on a free ten-day permit. Conditions in New Hampshire, no doubt, are exceptional—but the same condition to some degree is found nearly everywhere; and as the use of motor cars steadily increases it will become a more and more important factor in regard to highway maintenance. Automobiles are hard upon many roads that were built only for wagon traffic. On the other hand, a road properly built to withstand automobile traffic is very durable, but the first cost of construction is relatively high. Local rural communities should not be expected to build and maintain highways for through motor-car traffic—that is recognized nearly everywhere, and the state aids them; but should the state alone be expected to build and maintain highways for a constantly growing interstate traffic?

In spite of President Taft's constitutional objections, we expect that the automobile, by throwing an ever-growing interstate traffic upon the highways, will presently get the Federal Government more actively into the good-road movement. And farmers will receive incalculably greater benefit from such participation by the Government than automobile owners do—because farmers, after all, are the great road-users.

Better Than Damage Suits

THE beer industry in this country is largely conducted by the Brewers' Association and the International Union of Brewery Workmen. As the names imply, the first is a comprehensive organization of brewers and the second an about equally comprehensive organization of brewery employees. For nearly two years a committee representing these two big organizations has been at work upon a plan for accident compensation and old-age pensions. It proposes, in brief, that every employer shall contribute one and a half per cent of the amount of his payroll to an indemnity fund, while each employee contributes half of one per cent of his wages. Out of this fund every employee who is temporarily disabled by an accident shall receive sixty-five per cent of his regular wages during the disability; if totally disabled he shall receive sixty-five per cent of his wages for five years; if killed his widow or dependents shall receive, roughly, four years' wages. The compensation is to be paid, in every case, regardless of negligence, assumed risk, fellow-servant doctrine or any other common-law defense. A workman of twenty-five years' standing who has reached the age of sixty-five receives, during the remainder of his life, a weekly pension equal to one-half of his average wages. Three men chosen by the employers and three chosen by the employees constitute a board to administer the fund.

This certainly looks far better than the barbarous, uncertain, costly, contingent-fee, damage-suit method of settling compensation for accidents—under which lawyers, court costs and accident insurance companies absorb most of the money. The prime factor in bringing this about, no doubt, was that both sides were well organized.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Foe of the M. D.

SHOULD you observe the Money Devil clattering down the street, yowling mournfully and chased by a young man of high and noble mien, of a pale and poetic cast of countenance and of an air of intense devotion to the duty at hand, that young man would be Bob Henry—Robert Lee Henry, erstwhile of Texarkana, Texas, but now of Waco, which is but another of the sparkling gems that glitter in the imperial diadem of the gee-lorious Lone Star State, as Robert himself would say.

Every morning Robert goes round to the noisome but popular lair of the Money Devil and routs that opprobrious ogre out of its opulent nest by sticking a few denunciatory shafts into its gilded hide. A timid creature despite its awesome appearance, the Money Devil snorts with pain and dashes madly through the busy marts of trade, with Bob Henry only one jump behind and prodding it at every leap. Presently the Money Devil galumphs back to its hiding-place and crouches, trembling, until the coming morn, when Bob Henry appears again, and again jabs it into its daily frenzy.

You know the habitat of the Money Devil, of course—Wall Street on this side and Lombard Street on the other. But Bob devotes his attention to our own specimen, only occasionally hurling a few javelins at the Lombard Street one to show he's no piker and is on the trail of all and sundry Money Devils there are. As he classes them, our particular Money Devil is known as the Money Trust. It all amounts to the same thing; for, as is well known, all trusts are devilish, especially to those who are not in on them. Hence Robert desires to investigate the devilishness of the Money Trust; and in that enterprise he has the backing of Mr. William J. Bryan, adviser in ordinary to the Democratic House of Representatives.

Looking for Czars, You Would Never Pick Out Henry

However, it is not with politics or investigations I am concerned at the moment, but with Robert Lee Henry—than whom, I may say, no more consistent forayer against the abuses of wealth by the wealthy, whether individual or corporate, has forayed in Washington for quite a spell. Robert has viewed with alarm the growing tendency of our multimillionaires toward crass and arrogant and un-American display, and has called the multis down pretty sharply on occasion. It did not begin with his castigation of the Money Trust. Long before he reached that phase of the matter he had spoken in no uncertain terms of various other demonstrations of this vulgar and vicious practice on the part of those who have the price.

I quote: "Can any patriotic American who contemplates the rising tide of lavish and almost obscene extravagance, with its source springing from the coffers of the overrich, fail in the perception that it is rapidly undermining the foundations of every cottage in the Republic? As surely as death, with its impartial footsteps, approaches the doors of palatial abodes and cottages of the poor, so will the corruption of lavish display drag its withering trail over every home in the land. . . . History does not record anything surpassing the sudden and intensely bacchanalian revel of extravagance and show into which our simple and serious people have been swept by the abnormal growth of tremendous fortunes and estates, to the detriment of our purest and best ideals." And so forth.

The Money Devil Hunting Cover

WHAT Robert was getting at when he uttered these ringing words was *(a)* the glitter of American diplomacy and *(b)* the curse of international marriages. He certainly was unsparing when he handed it to the rich Americans who go abroad as ambassadors for this country, and he had nothing but contempt for the daughters of our rich families who contract international marriages; in fact, Robert was very severe. And many an American ear, attached to an internationally married duchess, formerly of Pittsburgh or New York, must have burned at the time he was speaking; while, if the ambassadors, "installed," as he said, "in viceregal magnificence," didn't move about uneasily in their gorgeous chairs, they must be hardened indeed!

Proceeding by easy stages, Mr. Henry worked up to the assault on the Money Devil; and the way he lambasted that facinorous octopus, in resolution and speech, certainly was a caution. He demanded that it shall be shown up—and shown up forthwith! He demanded that the Congress shall investigate it and see how it is that a combination of a few men controls the finances of this country. Day in and day out he camped on the trail of the Money Devil, and bedeviled that devil until the name of Robert Lee Henry became a byword and a hissing at the corner of Broad and Wall, and thereabout. "Help!" screamed the Money Devil—"Help! Help! Call off this man Henry, or he may find out something about me that I do not want found out!"

As has always been the case, when a Money Devil yells for help there are helpers to be found. It was so in this instance. Before long numerous trusty and trusted trust defenders had rallied, and the Money Devil was eased off into a less parlous situation amid loud cheers at the corner of Broad and Wall, and thereabout, and to the accompaniment of much oratory in the Democratic caucus. Still, Robert Lee Henry is not eased off—not yet. He is still stalking that M. D., and swears he will continue on the trail. However that may be, he started something, did Robert—and it will be some time before it stops.

He is a busy citizen. When they organized the House the Democrats made him chairman of the Committee on Rules, which position, by right of designation and denunciation by the Republican minority, makes him a sort of a czar. To be sure, to hear the Republicans tell it, the House of Representatives is all cluttered up with Democratic czars. The Republicans can spot a Democratic czar every time a Democrat moves the regular order. Henry qualifies oftener than almost anybody else except Oscar Underwood, because he, as chairman of the Committee on Rules, hands in the rules that stifle the minority, perpetrate obnoxious outrages on free speech, tie the helpless Republicans to the wheels of the Democratic chariot, gag them in what is reputed to be a forum of free discussion, and other unpleasant things—to hear the Republicans tell it.

Henry commits these heinous crimes with an air that is bland and pleasant and with a smile that is benign. If you were looking for czars you would never pick out Henry. Indeed, you would think him a genial and kindly man until you had been informed of his terrible moral obliquity—by the Republicans. The fact is, Robert Lee Henry is a czar only in the course of duty. At all other times he is a good deal of a poet, a lover of Nature, and has a real Texas slant to his rhapsodies over the same.

It is quite true that Henry does not habitually speak in blank verse, as does that other eminent Texan, Morris Sheppard; but when he lets himself out he gives Sheppard a hard run for his poesy. One of Henry's desires is to change the date of Inauguration Day from March fourth to a later time, when there shall be a chance that it will not snow on the parade. In the course of some remarks urging that project he said:

"Let it be when the earth's icy mantle has been wooed by golden sunshine into a carpet of verdure rivaling the kaleidoscopic grandeur of Old Ocean's emerald; when myriad millions of scurrying snowflakes round yonder dome have been transmuted into seas of April blossoms everywhere, 'neath Nature's elements in peaceful accord. Here in this capital, robed in the splendor of springtide and with a beauty unrivaled in all the world—when God has summoned His favorite season to smile and speak welcome—we will induct into his exalted station the loftiest official in the greatest republic within the tide of time!"

Otherwise, Mr. Henry is a native Texan, was at one time mayor of Texarkana, and once first assistant attorney-general of Texas. He has been in Congress for fifteen or sixteen years and he is one of the big men on the Democratic side. They like him in Texas and they like him in Washington; and when a statesman can get past in both of these places he is a man of parts.

A Concession to Cummins

ON THE day, some years ago, when Senator A. B. Cummins, of Iowa, first took his seat in the Senate, he was sworn in and introduced to some of the senators, and given a desk. Nobody paid any particular attention to him, and Cummins felt lonesome and out of place and generally scared and bashful. He looked round at his fellow senators in the hope of getting a few smiles of welcome, but they were too busy or too indifferent to "glad-hand" him.

For want of something better to do Cummins took up the calendar of Senate business that lay on his desk. When he came to "Unfinished Business" he found, to his consternation, that the Postal Savings Bank Bill was the unfinished business.

Just at that moment Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, came over and sat down beside Cummins and welcomed him to the Senate. Crane was very cordial and pleasant, and Cummins explained his predicament.

"I find here," said Cummins, "that the Postal Savings Bank Bill is the unfinished business. Now I am somewhat familiar with that bill, and there are many things in it to which I am opposed. I cannot let it go to a vote this afternoon without my protest, and I am just new here and do not want to rise and say anything on my first day. At the same time, if that bill goes to a vote my conscience will not allow me to sit here silent without voicing my protest. You understand my position, Senator Crane. Can't you help me? Can't you have action on that bill deferred for a few days until I get somewhat over my newness and find my bearings?"

"It will be very difficult," replied Crane, "but perhaps I can help you. At any rate I shall try out of my high regard for you."

Half an hour later Crane came back smiling. "I have fixed it," he whispered. "The bill will not be brought up today. I explained the situation to Senator Aldrich and some of the other leaders and, as they have a kindly feeling for you and desire to work in harmony with you, action on the bill has been postponed as a great favor to you."

Cummins thanked Crane effusively. The bill was not brought up that day, nor the next, nor the next. He marveled at Crane's influence in the Senate. At the end of a fortnight he made some inquiries. He found the Postal Savings Bank Bill was the permanent unfinished business, that it had been placed on the calendar as a buffer to hold back other measures, and he was present two years later when it was voted on.

Mose's Million

E. F. SWINNEY, president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, was born in the South. He goes back home once or twice a year, and it is part of the homecoming program to have Old Mose polish his shoes. Old Mose prides himself on the fact that he has known "Misteh Eddie" since he was born—and "his daddy befo' him."

When Mr. Swinney was there recently Mose was polishing his shoes. He stopped and asked:

"Misteh Eddie, how much is a million dollahs?"

"Well, Mose," Mr. Swinney replied, "you have seen ten silver dollars—haven't you? Now imagine ten of those stacks and you have a hundred dollars. Then ten times that and you have one thousand dollars. Then ten times that and you have ten thousand dollars—and one hundred times that and you have a million."

"Misteh Eddie," continued Mose, exceedingly troubled, "would all them silveh dollahs go on that table yondah?"

"No, Mose—not if they were piled to the ceiling. What would you do if you had a million silver dollars, Mose?"

Mose stopped shining. He pondered for a minute. Then he said:

"Well, Misteh Eddie, I reckon I'd have mah cistehn cleaned out."

THE CAPSULE

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Old Reliable Makes a Mistake, Turns a Trick and Hires a Servant

ALOW, gray sea-wall defends the level sands at Alexandria. Against it throbs the ebb and flow of tepid waters. Behind that wall there runs a road, a faithful, slavish road conforming to every whim and curve and angle—a glaring, sandy road—a staring, vacant road. Beyond is a row of cafés fronting the wall and facing the sea, empty as tombs—which can be seen from without, for customers never go within; but when the sun has turned to a copper ball and tumbled over the rim of the world—when evening winds toss spray above the wall—that road is transformed into a fashionable promenade. Tables and chairs appear in front of the cafés and men come to occupy them. Out from their offices, from counting rooms of commerce, from palaces and dingy huts, come the beys and the beggars; the seller of lemonade clashes his cymbals and the hawker of Indian figs shouts his wares.

"Come 'Long, Nigger," He Ordered; and Puffing Like a Switch-Engine Old Reliable Entered the Hotel

It is a Noah's Ark of humanity—that promenade. The cocotte—painted and Parisian—swishes her skirts against the dervish; men of science touch elbows with fever-blooded adventurers; the swarthy Bedouin clicks his dice and calls his points across the café table to his blue-eyed Saxon opponent—for Alexandria is the strainer-rag of creation. She stretches her nets across the corner of three continents and hauls a catch of motley fish—Copt and Kurd and Sudani; Scandinavian, Greek and Scot—the flotsam of the Occident, the scum of the Orient. Tides of the East and tides of the West mingle and fret in picturesque confusion. Every derelict drifts to Alexandria, for Alexandria is the strainer-rag of creation.

Somewhat retired from the skirmish line of cafés, with a broader waste of sand between its striped awnings and the sea-wall, stands the Grand Hotel Rameses. Here, as in less pretentious quarters, men dine in the open air, looking toward the water and drinking the Mediterranean breeze. The dining space is scarcely more than a booth, built on the level sands adjoining the hotel. A partition, the height of a man's waist, supports the framework for an awning which flaps and shivers in the wind. Those who pass and those who sit within, each may see the other; the beggar may look at the bey and the pauper may observe the pasha as he dines. Men lounge in wicker chairs while drinking Turkish coffee and chatting over their cigarettes—men of the East and men of the West—and women of the West. Women of the East appear not in public places.

Old Reliable had not yet emerged from his fumigation adventure, and the anxious Colonel awaited him. He sat in the Rameses smoking room with the two British officers who had met him at the dock. They represented the New Sudan Syndicate and would conduct him to the proposed plantation. In this experiment, so dear to British hearts and so close to British pockets, the government lent its active aid and contributed its best men. Lyttleton Bey was fifty, wiry, resolute, tanned; MacDonald Bimbashi, thirty, slim, resolute, tanned. Both wore white linens. The American had already put himself upon a cordial footing—there being little difference between them in blood, ideals or traditions. The British officer in the Sudan is a picked man—the pick of picked men—else he will not be assigned to Anglo-Egyptian service. Lyttleton had campaigned with Roberts at Kandahar and with Kitchener at Khartum. MacDonald fought at Mafeking and lived in further hopes.

Colonel Spottiswoode leaned across the table, bowing to Gregory Lykoff and Demetrius Gargarin—the hunted and the hunter. They were three tables away from him, in the center of the smoking room. Though his acquaintance on board the Olga had been no more than a smile and nod in passing, yet he was glad to renew it and to recognize a familiar face. Being compatriots and cabin mates, it seemed natural that they should sit chatting over their coffee. They kept together because they feared to separate. Lykoff, on tenterhooks until Old Reliable had delivered his priceless cipher, felt easier if he knew exactly where Gargarin was. And Gargarin's sole chance of capturing that cipher lay in cuddling close to Lykoff. Meanwhile he waited for the man whom he had detailed to ascertain if Zack were entangled in their affair.

To people in conventional dress, Colonel Spottiswoode gave little heed. Those twisted turbans and filmy gowns fascinated him. Nubian waiters moved noiselessly among the tables in garments of white, the red tarboosh on their heads, red shoes on unsocked feet and broad red bands about their middles. A beggar tottered past, clutching the low partition with both hands and trembling in a palsy. The Colonel could only see the upper half of this man—a gaunt, high-cheeked Arab, with dirty bandages around his head. He groped along, peering under the canopy for such as might give alms to one groaning beneath the chastisements of Allah. When this man reached the front gap in the balustrade he fell, a limp huddle of rags, from which came forth an open palm and wheedling voice: "For love of the Prophet!—I am a famished man!—Allah will reward thee!" The Nubian waiter, reckless of Allah's rewards, kicked him up with none too soft a foot; he limped away like a crippled dog and sank again from exhaustion. Fiercely he reviled the Nubian: "May thy hand be blasted! May thy sons desert thee! May——" The waiter turned his back, intent upon the fetching of more cigarettes and the receiving of more piasters, with scant uneasiness for a beggar's malediction. Being no longer watched, the old man rose from the sands; his desert eyes roved across the spaces between himself and the sea-wall—looking for something or seeking for somebody. Then he came slipping back, inch by inch, until he had resumed his crouching position and his old whine: "May Allah prosper thee!—Behold, I perish!" But none took notice of him. As he stumbled back his shrewd glance of scrutiny rested no longer upon Lykoff than upon any other man. Lykoff gave no sign of recognition and beggars were far too common in Alexandria for the Bloodhound to observe him.

"Maybe I'll Have to Hire Another One Like Him for Zack"

Darkness came, as darkness comes in Africa, with the downgoing of the sun. Colonel Spottiswoode snapped his watch. "Isn't it time for that hackman to be getting back with my servant? I'm worried about old Zack."

MacDonald laughed. "Patience, my dear Colonel Spottiswoode; nobody hurries in Egypt. 'Haste! Haste!' we urge, and the Arab answers: *Bukra*."

"That must be like the Italian *domani*?"

"No; it's worse. *Domani* means 'tomorrow'; *bukra* signifies a vague and indeterminate future that will never come. Tarry in the Orient for a while; you'll get used to it and like it."

Lyttleton Bey clapped his hands. "*Wahid!*" he called. Instantly a slim yellow man appeared at his elbow with the respectful and scarcely uttered "Effendi." A few words in Arabic sent Hassan the servant out to take his stand and sentinel the approach of Old Reliable.

Everything was so new to the American that he took his eager chance to learn. "What was that you called out?" he asked, having already heard the word a dozen times.

"'*Wahid*.' It is the Arabic numeral meaning 'one'; we use it to summon a servant—one servant, any servant, the first servant who may hear."

"Oh! that's it. I was wondering if all of these yellow men were named *Wahee*."

"*W-a-h-i-d*." Lyttleton spelled the word. "By the way, we have engaged your servant—your personal attendant. You can't get along without him and you can't get along with him."

"Fudl! Fudl!" He clapped his hands again. "Effendi!" Prompt answer came from a collection of benches and tables across the narrow side street—from a native coffee-house, where servants waited the orders of their masters. Fudl stood before them—the same gown, a tarboosh instead of a turban, and European shoes with white buttons. Fudl was a progressive.

"Fetch Mohammed Mansour."

"Very good, effendi." The Arab moved off silently and beckoned to a man who had been sitting on the bench beside him.

"Peace be upon you, Excellency. May Allah prosper thee and multiply His blessings——" Mohammed Mansour greeted them in a parroted sentence. A squatty Berberine, the color of a russet orange, he stood half bent and waited.

Colonel Spottiswoode was experienced in all sorts and conditions of negroes; but this was a new variety. It amused him to have a servant with red shoes and no heels, a long-tailed shirt of silk and confectionery stripes, and no breeches—eyes half shut, like those of a fat pig.

"What is your will, effendi?"

"Is this my servant?" Colonel Spottiswoode inquired of Lyttleton.

"If you like; Fudl has recommended him."

The inquiry lingered upon the Colonel's face, so Mohammed dived into the conjurer's pocket of his robe. He might have produced a white rabbit or a pianola, which would have surprised nobody; but he didn't. He unwrapped a handful of letters, well worn, breaking into creases and gaping at the folds.

"Dragoman for Americaine effendi in Nooyork; this that effendi he say: I, Mohammed Mansour, talk the Ingleese very good; honest man, he say—I, Mohammed Mansour."

Mohammed submitted this document as Exhibit No. 1. Colonel Spottiswoode put on his specs and examined it—all things in this country interested him. The Britons had hired so many servants and had disproved so many bogus eulogies that their faith grew censorious.

The Colonel indulged his curiosity concerning these letters wherein various American tourists extolled Mohammed Mansour as dragoman, interpreter, purchasing agent,

washerwoman, cook, camel-driver, first aid to the injured all the versatilities of Egypt.

"One great pasha, see! Americaine prince; him you must could know. Sheekargo—see!" The Colonel admitted his lamentable ignorance of "Mr. Theophilus Warwine"; but the peculiar name stuck in his memory.

"How much are your wages?"

"The month, three hundred piasters' tariff; it is nothing. I, Mohammed, can certify—for the love ——"

"Hold on!" The Colonel stopped Mohammed's patter. "How much is all that?"

Lyttleton Bey interpreted: "A piaster is equal to tuppence ha'penny—three hundred piasters would be three sovereigns—about fifteen dollars."

"What does he do for that?" The Colonel looked toward Mohammed and wanted to hear him talk.

Mohammed warmed up, turned on his orotund inflection and gesticulated: "I show you the pillar of Pompey, the Mosque Ahmad. We see the birrymeed ——"

"The what?"

"The birrymeed—birrymeed—tall—so—*agib*."

"Burymede? Where is that?" The American shifted his inquiry to MacDonald—the place had such a sporty name, like a racecourse.

"Birrymeed! Burrymeed!" repeated Mohammed.

"He means the pyramids," suggested MacDonald.

"*Aiwah!* Very good, effendi; yes, birrymeed; birrymeed very much high; big climb-up. Tomb of great king ——" Mohammed paused at a sign from Lyttleton Bey, who again explained: "The Arabs have no letter *p* in their language and they cannot pronounce it. They say byramid."

"*Aiwah! Aiwah!*—yes, yes; birrymeed—birrymeed." Mohammed smiled his satisfaction. "I show you dembles ——"

"Peace, Mohammed!" Lyttleton silenced the Berberine.

"Thy will, effendi." Mohammed bowed and listened with all deference. Lyttleton announced the contract—in English for the American's benefit: "Colonel Spottiswoode engages you for his servant. Your wages will be seventy-five piasters the month, and all expenses."

"What the effendi says, so it must be. *Ikaltar Allah kherak.*"

"We depart this night for Cairo; then travel to the Sudan, south of Khartum, in the country of the sun—a far journey. Go now and make you ready."

Mohammed's eyes glistened. This meant long service at good pay. His master must purchase much food and many necessaries along the route; Mohammed, being thrifty, would profit greatly in these traffickings. He lost those letters again in his robe and, bowing, went his way. He had been gone but a few moments when Colonel Spottiswoode burst into a laugh. "Maybe I'll have to hire another one like him for Zack."

"Who is Zack? Your friend? Of course he must have a servant." Lyttleton lifted his hand to clap for Fudl, but the Colonel stopped him.

"Zack is my negro. I brought him from home to wait on me; but since we left New York the shoe has been on the other foot. It takes all my time to look after him."

"By all means—by all means ——"

"No; I was joking. Yet I don't know. It might be worth fifteen dollars a month to be rid of wondering what has happened to Zack. He's a faithful negro, but he can be of no help to me. We can use him on the plantation to show the new hands how to plow and hoe —— Look! Look! Who are those people?—there—in the corner—standing?" The Colonel directed Lyttleton's attention to a spectacular group of silent men. Just inside the room, beneath the canopy, he beheld an oriental tableau the like of which his American eyes had never rested upon. The central figure—he would have been a central figure anywhere—was a powerfully built man, scarcely brown, near to that sandy-reddish color of the desert. His elevated brow, incisive eyes, clear-cut nose and thin lips marked him as a man of distinction in any land. Draped in robes of many colors, elaborate and graceful turban, he stood with arms folded in repose, as if his superior soul scarcely noted the kaleidoscopic follies of humankind. Six gleaming spears formed a hedge behind him, in the hands of six rigid tribesmen. It was as if some desert sultan, with his bodyguard, had stepped out from the Arabian Nights. No wonder the Colonel whispered, "Who is that?"

Lyttleton glanced around and his face grew serious. "Some day we may hear too much of that man—perhaps as a more dangerous Mahdi. Even now his name is on the lips of all the faithful—Mohammed ben Muza Gazan, a sheik from the northern Sahara. See that green in his turban? He's a descendant of the Prophet. Gives the French and Spaniards no end of trouble. He dreams of uniting all northern Africa in a Moslem empire—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis—Egypt, perhaps. This is the month of the pilgrimage; he journeys to Mecca with a retinue of holy men and warriors—they are camped outside the city. Then he will be a *Hadji*, enormously increasing his prestige. His next step possibly is to preach a *jehad*, or holy war."

"There's fighting already among the Riffs," added MacDonald.

Lyttleton Bey whispered; the American listened with eyes fixed upon that unmoving figure. Hasaan hurried across the sands, came in like a fluttering shadow and said something to his master.

"Good!—the carriage with your black man."

Lykoff and Gargarin sat nearer to the sheik, but Lykoff was not interested in desert problems. Through that gap in the low partition he could see the beggar and was first to hear the crunch of wheels that toiled through muffling sand. The carriage stopped and a British soldier stepped out. "Get down, old man; here we are," he said. Old Reliable climbed from the box where he had been sitting beside the driver.

Gargarin and Lykoff both observed a second carriage, which deposited the man whom Gargarin had sent to the quarantine station. Lykoff did not know this, but he saw something else which Gargarin never suspected. He alone saw the veiled inspection that the beggar gave to Old Reliable. Those Arab eyes searched the negro's face, gray hat, woolen suit, heavy shoes—it could only be the man with the message; none of his like was in the land of Egypt. The beggar groveled and whined and waited. Time is nothing to a beggar. The soldier marched in, between the chairs and tables, and saluted Lyttleton Bey. "Here is your man, sir."

"Very good." Lyttleton dismissed him.

Zack shuffled along behind his liberator, indignant at the outrages which had been heaped upon him. He passed the beggar, he passed the desert sheik; Old Reliable "warn't studyin'" these folks. He wanted to find the Colonel.

"Who Dat Know Me So Good?"

"Well, Zack, I am glad they didn't clap you in jail. Next time maybe you'll stick to me and keep out of trouble."

"Gawd's troof, Cunnel; you hadn't no more'n turned your back befo' dem yaller policemuns grabbed me. It sho' is worrysome to be 'rested by niggers when you ain't doin' nuthin. Dey wouldn't lissen to no sense; jes shoved me in dat flatboat and ——"

"Never mind, Zack. We'll talk about that tomorrow; I'm busy now. Are you hungry?"

"Yas, suh; I ain't touched a bite o' vittles."

"*Wahid!*" called Lyttleton Bey. Zack looked around curiously and Fudl appeared. "Take this man and give him food."

"Very good, sir," Fudl answered his master.

Zack was mighty dubious about this long-shirted negro, but followed without protest in the direction of victuals.

"A peculiar person, I fancy," remarked Lyttleton as Old Reliable trailed out behind the Berberine. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Zack got quick action—so sudden, so dramatic, that it jerked every man to his feet. Everything was perfectly quiet in that room when Zack came abreast the Sheik Muza, who stood in the full glare of an electric light. The negro stopped and stared solemnly at the sheik from head to foot for one long moment of surprise. Slowly a grin appeared, lengthened, broadened and overspread his countenance. Recognize that fellow? Of course he recognized him. Hadn't Guinea Ryan tipped him the wink on board ship that there were plenty of brothers around here? Zack cast a stealthy glance toward his white folks. They warn't payin' him no mind. So he whispered a magic word to the sheik and made a complicated sign with his fingers; after which he raised his right arm and strode boldly to that desert chieftain. Nobody knew exactly how it happened—it happened in silence except for Zack, who rent the peaceful night. The first that Colonel heard was a yell from Old Reliable. "You niggers is too rough—lemme git up!"

The Colonel sprang up and ran toward him; Lykoff darted between the tables and stood beside the Southerner. Gargarin bolted forward—and the British officers. Old Reliable lay flat on his back, struggling in the sand. Four spearmen held him down, their weapons flashing in the light. They said not a word, but pinned him firmly and looked to their sacred sheik for orders. Muza stood motionless, his arms folded, contemplating the presumptuous black who had dared threaten his consecrated person.

Lyttleton and MacDonald seized the Colonel and prevented him from trying to release Zack by force. They knew the temper of these desert visionaries.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! Quit dis foolishness! I'm financial, jes same as you." He struggled vainly with the fierce-eyed men, selected for their strength. Lyttleton spoke in Arabic to Sheik Muza, but gained no answer. His sharp black eyes glittered with hate for these sons of Christian dogs. Turbans massed in the sandy space outside, waiting a word from him who represented the sanctity of their religion. Behind the Europeans stood other silent men in robes and turbans and sunscorched faces. It was the month of fervor and fanatics, the month of the pilgrimage; a hasty word might fan their smouldering zeal into a whirlwind of riot. The British hesitated. Lyttleton consulted with MacDonald. MacDonald shook his head. From the throng behind them an aged man came forth, richly dressed, with a band of blue in his turban. MacDonald made way. With grave salutations he salaamed before the sheik, addressing him in a tongue which even Lyttleton could not understand. Muza neither moved nor changed countenance; the old Arab spoke smoothly and his words were few. The spearmen looked only to their sheik. Muza nodded imperceptably; but it was sufficient unto them who obeyed his nod as law.

The sullen spearmen loosed their hold. Zack scrambled to his feet and began brushing off the sand. "Dat ain't no way to treat a brudder—gittin' all dese white folks mixed up in nigger foolishness!"

Lykoff edged close to Gargarin, clutching a keen knife in his pocket. He had turned intensely pale. Passionately he scanned the Bloodhound's face. If by this trick Gargarin got possession of his cipher Lykoff meant to cut his throat—that much he could do for his slaughtered friends. His eyes flamed, but Lykoff never acted in haste. Old Reliable continued to brush the sand from his clothes. Not once did the negro feel his pocket to see if the capsule had been disturbed. And Lykoff thought him wise.

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Gargarin strolled back, took his seat again; but there was no triumph in his step and the other Russian knew it.

"Come along, Zack." Colonel Spottiswoode drew him toward the table they had just vacated. The loungers about the room settled down and discussed the significant incident.

"Now, Zack, tell me the truth—what was that racket about?"

Zack hung his head and paid strict attention to picking off a few grains of sand.

"Out with it!"

Old Reliable grinned sheepishly. "It warn't nuthin' 'cept a passel o' tomfoolery. Some niggers, jes soon as dey git lodge clothes on 'em, dey commence ackin' biggity—specially dese yaller niggers. Yonder's dat Gran' Gardeen—jes look at 'im, all puffed up wid hisself!"

"That what?"

"Gran' Gardeen. I hailed him wid de sign an' password and dem four niggers shoved me down. Dey can't have no 'nishiashun right in front o' de hotel. Must be new members what don't know deir business."

Lyttleton and MacDonald listened intently, trying to get the straight of what had occurred. Perhaps there was a deeper meaning, and they wanted to know. "Kindly repeat that—I do not understand," said Lyttleton. Zack began to feel easier: his apologetic grin became beautiful and beaming. "You see, mister, dem niggers is members o' my lodge. Dat feller wid striped clothes on, he's de Gran' Noble Gardeen; dat's de head leader boss. Dey must be havin' gran' lodge. Every nigger's got a right to act de fool at gran' lodge."

The Britons stared at Zack with stolid faces. The matter was beyond them. Colonel Spottiswoode listened, almost as mystified. Then he saw a glimmer.

"Zack, what did you take that man for?"

"Take 'im fer? I knows: Gran' Gardeen o' de Sons o' David. I knowed 'im fust minute I sot eyes on dem clothes. White folks don't never ketch on to what niggers is doin'."

The Colonel in turn stared at Old Reliable, whose serene smile reassured him. The negro had wriggled from beneath the heel of death without a thought of having been in danger.

"Zack, weren't you afraid they might kill you with those spears?"

Zack grinned tolerantly at the Colonel's ignorance of facts. "Lordy, Cunnel, dem stickers couldn't hurt nobody. Dey ain't nuthin' 'cept pasteboard, wid silver paper on 'em."

The American couldn't help it; he threw back his head and laughed. Lyttleton and MacDonald promptly hushed him. "Sh! These Arabs might consider that we are making sport of their religion. See, they are passing the news from mouth to mouth—but what was it all about?"

The Colonel choked down an almost hysterical desire to laugh. "Go along, Zack, and be good. Get something to eat and keep out of trouble." Lyttleton Bey added a few words in Arabic to Fudl. That prudent person led his dangerous companion out by another way, where he would not come in contact with the tribesmen. Meeting his own people in the shadows, Fudl touched his forehead significantly. "Madman!" the people said unsmilingly and went their way with the tidings.

"Rather singular person that, I fancy," the Scotchman remarked when Colonel Spottiswoode had failed to make either of them understand what Old Reliable had done.

"No; he's just an ordinary bullet-headed negro. He'll be lucky if he gets yard-broke before he gets his neck broke."

MacDonald nodded such a cheerful assent that the Colonel went on: "That settles it. Let's get him a servant—a good, cautious wet-nurse."

"Yes; he might cause much annoyance," Lyttleton promptly agreed. "I shall send for a man. *Wahid!* Fudl!"

Fudl came running. "Effendi."

"I have need for a servant."

The adroitness with which these Arabs produced other Arabs amazed the Colonel; it was like rubbing the magic lamp for a jinnee to appear. This man was scrawnier and somewhat darker than the others; he was a Dongolawi and his name was Said. Like Mohammed, he had letters; in fact, he had the same letters. When Said unfolded them the first name to catch the Colonel's eye was "Theophilus Warwine."

"Here," he said; "this is the same letter that Mohammed ——"

Said and Fudl joined their voices in a duet of explanation—"Said's wife made the mistake—true it is, Excellency ——"

Said snatched up the package and darted out, winging his way like a bat through the lights and dodging into the darkness. Breathless, he came to the coffee-house of Selim. Mustafa, the dragoman, was playing at draughts. Said threw down his letters. "Mustafa, give me quickly ——" A fair exchange is no robbery. Said swapped recommendations with Mustafa. Each could use one as well as the other—legal tender in any lands. Then Said sped back to his prospective employer. "True it is, O thou Excellency—they were of my brother—my wife—forgiveness, Excellency ——" Simple-hearted Said, he got the job—and Old Reliable got a servant.

When Fudl led Zack homeward from the feeding trough Lyttleton clapped his hands. "*Wahid!*"

"Here, effendi," answered Said, the scrawny brown man.

"Zack," said the Colonel, "this man is your servant. He will take charge of you."

Zack did not smile; it was too momentous an occasion. From the fullness of his active day he remarked: "Yas, suh; I speck I got bizness aplenty fer him to tend to."

"I don't doubt it," laughed the Colonel. "Now, don't bother us for a while."

MacDonald and Lyttleton spread a stack of invoices and other papers on the tables—lists of planting machinery, plows, hoes, every thinkable variety of cotton seed, bagging, ties, supplies of every description, which had been suggested by Colonel Spottiswoode as probably necessary to stock a new plantation. To this they had added many curious things of which the Colonel could not guess the use. They discussed them item by item—seeking to discover anything that might be lacking.

"You must remember, my dear Colonel, that if we need a tool we can't walk into a shop and purchase it. We must send to England or America—which requires weeks, perhaps months."

It was a formidable outfit. "I'm afraid, gentlemen," remarked the Colonel, "that you will find this a very costly experiment."

Lyttleton shrugged his shoulders. "We want to see if these lands will produce cotton. If it costs ten shillings a pound our directors care nothing for that. They must produce cotton." Then they plunged into a wilderness of plantation detail: labor, water, climate, soil—everything.

Their preoccupation left Zack to his own devices; he had become as circumspect and cautious as a pet coon. The Sheik Muza had departed with his retinue. Zack was glad of that. A band was playing somewhere along the front—and Zack was glad again. The awnings flapped overhead. White spray arose like a sheeted rain-ghost, appearing over the sea-wall and dropping back again. The beggar had returned. His skinny arm stuck out like the withered limb of a tree. Zack rambled aimlessly toward the front; Lykoff watched him closely. The old negro stood idly at the gap, almost beside the beggar, and the two were quite alone. The whining voice stopped. "Zack!" Lykoff saw the negro jump as if one had called him from the tomb; he whirled to run, then glanced down. The beggar's hand stretched up toward him. "Zack!"—that single word again; low, but distinct, unmistakable.

"Who dat know me so good?"

Zack saw the beggar's left hand sneak from beneath his dirty rags—and the glitter of gold was in it. "Huh! huh!" Zack grunted to himself. "Dese sho is funny folks."

He gazed curiously at the money; then something stirred within him. "Dar now! Dat white man—on de steamboat ——" He rummaged hastily through his pockets, fished out the capsule and held it in his fingers. Lykoff was talking with Gargarin; he saw everything but spilled not a drop of the liqueur as he poured.

"What dat you say?" Zack leaned closer to the beggar and asked again.

"Zack," repeated the beggar; but ten goldpieces were assurance enough. Zack reached for the coin. The beggar's long, lean fingers clinched upon it; the hand was sinewy—the fingers made of whipcords and whitleather. The beggar nodded toward the capsule.

"Huh!—you want dis here pill? Sholy, sholy."

Zack dropped the capsule into the beggar's hand, which transferred it instantly to the beggar's mouth. The left hand loosed

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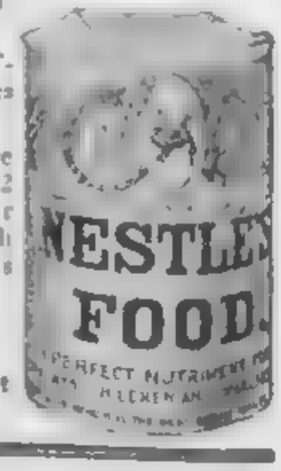

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its gold. It was a wide-open transaction, conducted under the electric lights. Lykoff did not tremble as he raised the liqueur to his lips. As yet Gargarin had no suspicion.

Zack stepped inside to a brighter zone of light, counting his money as he came, biting it with his strong white teeth. He hadn't an idea whether it were good or bad, but he had once seen a white man testing gold money in that way. The beggar moved off very slowly—as a cloud dissolves. A quick-stepping European came toward the hotel. The beggar straightened visibly, stood erect for an instant, then relapsed into senility. That movement betrayed him to Gargarin. The Bloodhound sprang up, overturning his chair. At his signal, two men who sat in the corner leaped to their feet; another pair came running from the servants' café; and yet two others from across the sands.

The beggar saw them all. He dropped his staff and shook off his rags, revealing a slender body, lithe as a reed, surrounded by men who closed in upon him.

Gargarin rushed across the room and vaulted the partition. Then the beggar moved. Swiftly he crossed those shining spaces of sand and vanished into the yawning cavern of an alley. A naked man, the color of the night—like a night-bird he had disappeared. The chase disappeared behind him, a silent chase of close-lipped men, darting as swallows dart into the black mouth of a chimney. They were gone. For a moment Lykoff stood beside his table and watched those flying figures in the dark. Then he settled down again to his liqueur.

Old Reliable stood dazed. "Dar now! Don't dat beat de Jews! Dat beggar nigger sho did arrive away from dis hotel in a hurry."

There was no outcry, no confusion, except the overturning of Gargarin's chair—which attracted no attention. Old Reliable chuckled to himself: "Huh! Swallowed dat pill; den lit out like a rabbit in a sedge fiel'. Dat must 'a' been a runnin' pill!"

The British officers had gone inside the hotel. Colonel Spottiswoode strolled toward Zack, where he stood with mouth wide open. "Well, Zack, how do you like this town?"

Zack slipped that easy money into the bottom of his pocket and chuckled. "I never see so many niggers wid so many diffunt kinds o' nightshirts on."

The Colonel laughed. "We're going to a country where they don't wear anything at all. You'd better be getting ready for the train."

The Colonel looked round to see if any one observed him before trying to use his first lesson in Arabic. Then he clapped his hands and called: "*Wahid!*"

"Here, effendi." Mohammed ran from across the street so promptly that Zack was delighted.

"Come." The Colonel turned into the hotel with his servant. At the door he stopped. "Zack, call your man and get all the baggage ready."

Zack adjusted the lapels of his coat and glanced across to the café where Said was sitting, doing nothing. It would be so much fun to stir him up. He was mightily tickled with the idea of calling a man who had to come. Zack Foster liked this town. Just as the Colonel had looked round him, so did Zack, to be sure that none of his white folks were noticing. He grinned and grinned; then wiped the grins off his face with a big, rough hand. Pitching his voice at the full, he leaned over the low partition and yelled: "Whar he?"

"Here, effendi." Said bowed before his master. Zack wanted to laugh, but received his servant with impressive solemnity.

Nobody looked at him; he was not getting his due attention. Zack took out a broken cigar, licked it all round so that it would draw, then fired up. "Come 'long, nigger," he ordered; and puffing like a switch-engine Old Reliable entered the hotel.

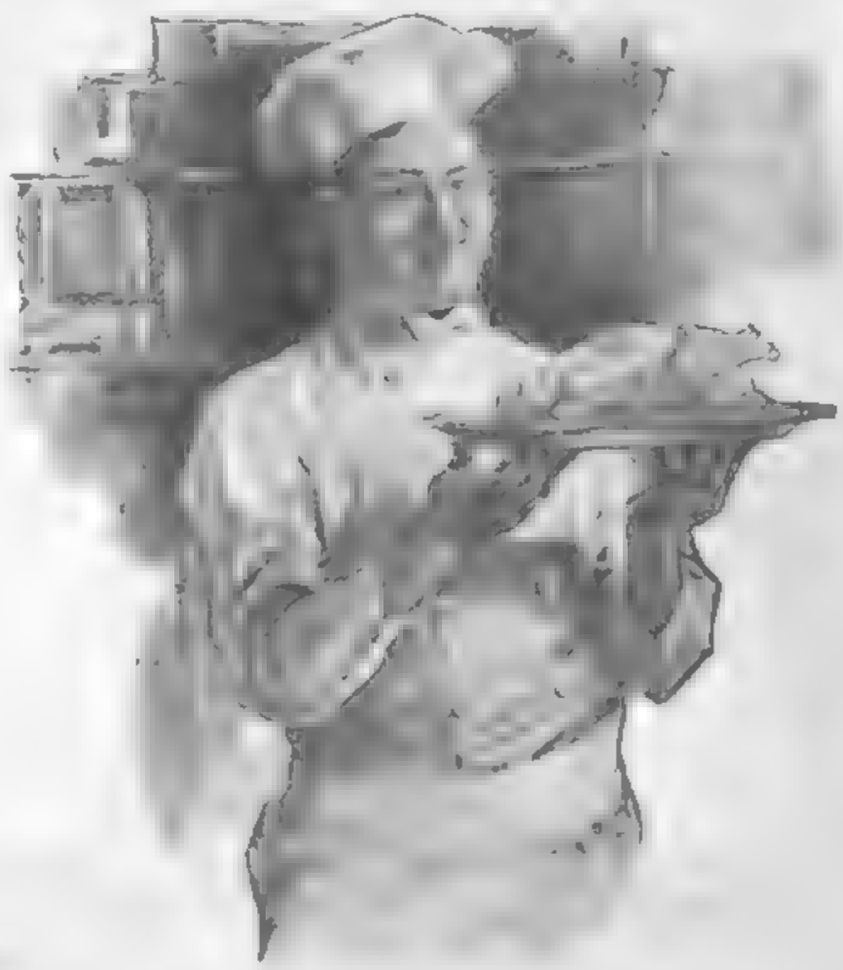
(THE END)

Dramatizing Ibsen

ELMER HARRIS, the New York playwright, was talking to a friend about Augustus Thomas, when he happened to remark that Mr. Thomas was dramatizing Gibson's pictures, The Education of Mr. Pipp.

"Huh!" grunted the other incredulously. "He can't dramatize them."

"He can't, eh?" retorted Mr. Harris. "If he wanted to that fellow Thomas could dramatize Ibsen!"



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The corporation has establishments in various cities, and it has organized a committee made up of engineers and superintendents who are located at different points. Each individual member of the committee is expected to be in constant touch with all the employees, big and little, in his particular district; and, on the other hand, it is well known by all the employees that the system exists, and they know who the local member of the committee is. Each committeeman is expected to discover ideas; each employee is expected to tell his ideas to the committee. And if, from suspicion or any other cause, a man with an idea prefers to send it to the secretary of the committee rather than submit it to the local member, there is no objection whatever to his doing so—the important thing is to get it before the committee.

The committee meets at regular intervals at this or that point and takes up for consideration every suggestion that has come in. The pros and cons, the good points and the bad, are thoroughly gone over. With some of the ideas, a single objection may be so obvious as to be fatal; with others, there must be long and careful consideration; with yet others, there is little or no doubt from the beginning that the verdict will be favorable.

Whatever finally seems good to the majority of the committee is given a commendatory vote, and the management is fully informed as to the supposed merits of the new idea. A sum of money, as a direct reward, is at the same time voted to the originator, the amount depending upon the degree of merit and originality shown and the importance of the improvement. The money given is not the whole reward, however, nor is it even the best part of it; for every man who has an original suggestion accepted and adopted knows that his chief reward is to come from having attracted the attention of his superiors, who will henceforth be watching him, ready to encourage and advance him as rapidly as he can make good.

The Idea and the Ideal Man

If the idea is patentable the corporation sees to getting the patent, which is granted in the name of the successful man, but at once assigned by him to his employers.

It has been only a few years that this system has been in operation, yet already a very considerable number of improvements have been passed upon favorably and adopted. And the employers and employed alike understand that the keynote of the system is benefit for both sides. On both sides there is the enlightened selfishness which, as some writer has remarked, is at the foundation of so much of the world's advancement.

Every great corporation, every well-managed corporation, is just as eager to find new ideas as is the corporation whose system I have described, though I do not know of any other that has a system of discovery and encouragement quite so far-reaching, so shrewd and so efficient. And that the great employers attach such value to the thinking up of ideas points out that there is no better way of advancing from unimportance to importance, or from importance to greater importance, than by showing your employers that you are a man of originality.

Nor does all this point out advantages for employees alone. It points out, and very strongly points out, that there is no better way for a small corporation or small business house to put itself on the road to becoming a large one than to begin this systematic recognition and encouragement of ideas among those in its employ. If employees of originality are kept pleased and satisfied they will remain with the house instead of becoming restless and leaving; and the house will therefore secure for itself that most important of all assets, the loyal service of men who can think. The originality of one will induce originality in others, and ambition and emulation will prove potent factors. Any employer who feels that his house is not growing as it should can do no better thing than imitate the big and successful men in seeking out ideas.

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It used to be that if a man thought of an invention he feared to let any one know of it because of the danger of his idea being stolen—as, indeed, too often it was. And so the man would work out his idea in secret and send it to the Patent Office—perhaps get a patent and perhaps not; and, even if successful there, likely enough he would find himself in possession of something that was quite impossible for him to handle to advantage. And very often, from the need of unattainable money and special apparatus, the inventor was unable to pass through even the initial steps sufficient to construct his model and present it at Washington for judgment. Often, too, an idea is not a new thing in itself, but an improvement or adaptation to be used in connection with something already in successful use. And there is many a good idea that is not even patentable.

Kidnapping the Brain Child

Such considerations, such discouragements, however, need not for a moment be thought of by the employee of an up-to-date concern, for it will gladly assume the general burden of managing the affair and let the employee get only advantage from it. And every well-managed house is particularly anxious to avoid the possibility that some one may filch an idea from the discoverer and proceed dishonestly to profit by it. That ideas were stolen—or, at least, that there was strong reason to believe that some ideas were stolen—was one of the facts that brought about the formation of the committee of superintendents and engineers; in the detail of its proceedings there is constant and special watchfulness for this possibility. And the reasons are obvious. It is not only because of a general desire for fair dealing, but because, by permitting the originator of an idea to lose credit and reward, the employer would be sure to lose his good will and the advantages that would come from continued originality; and would also be pretty sure to lose the man himself to some other house—all of which would be very bad business.

A great advantage that comes from the submitting of an idea to one's superiors is that it gives both employed and employer the chance to profit by collaboration. Many an idea is really only a germ and would not amount to anything without improvements from the cleverness of others besides the originator. In its first suggested form an idea may promise well, but at the same time be quite impossible from any practical standpoint. In such a case, if the originator is working it out entirely by himself the whole thing fails—no possible advantage can come from it; but if he can put it up to his employers—if they are up-to-date employers—they will not only see to it that his own advantage is secured, should it be a success, but they will do everything possible to make it a success by arranging for other brains to mull over it, and to plan and contrive and visualize. With capital behind them, several keen minds get to work upon the problem of putting the idea into its best and most practical form. Combined brains, collaborating brains, often improve a good thing and often make an impossible thing possible. And the final result, though owing primarily to the man to whom came the inception of the idea, is also owing to those who aided him and without whose aid the idea would perhaps never have been developed.

And another excellent feature about collaboration is that it is by no means necessary that the man with the idea, if it be mechanical or engineering, shall have the technical skill necessary to plan details or superintend experiments. If he is clear-headed as to his proposition and if he really has an inspiration he need only explain his inspiration, thus putting it on the way to

development by men who are masters of mechanical detail.

And, of course, this present-day way of doing it makes it possible to go ahead with good ideas in many a case where the originator, if compelled to rely entirely upon his own resources, would be hopelessly checked by lack of money.

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However, it should not for a moment be considered that new ideas must be inventions and nothing else. A new idea in bookkeeping may be discovered; a new idea for the collection of accounts; a new idea for the dressing of a show window; a new idea in office management; a new idea for the handling of men—it is immaterial what the idea may be. It may be an idea which involves the spending of tens of thousands of dollars in the manufacture and installation of new machinery, or it may be an idea that does not involve the spending of a cent. No matter what line a man or a woman may be in, there is always the possibility of improvement in it; and, what is still more important, there is always a chance to see a possibility of improvement in the position higher up at which the employee, whether big or little, is aiming, and which he will attain much sooner by displaying a practical knowledge of how it may be bettered.

It used to be that the whole duty of man, or at least of a business man, was comprised in the words: "Do your work well and your work will be appreciated."

The business world has gone far beyond that in the course of recent years. Not that it is any the less necessary that one shall do his work well. Of course one must do his work well if he wants to hold his job; but to get beyond that job, to reach out and get better and better jobs, one must not only do his work well, but he must do it better—that is to say, he must find improvements and be prolific in ideas and suggestion.

"If a man would make himself felt as an important and worth-while member of an establishment," said a Chicago merchant to me, "he must do much more than merely do his work in such a way as not to incur blame. He must have ideas about better methods, short cuts, clever contrivances, ways and means of getting results. He must stand for progress and for increase of efficiency. He must constantly be on the alert to discover new things for the good of the house."

New Ways to Tie Up Old Parcels

And I often think of a summing up by the general manager of one of the New York department stores. He was explaining how his establishment sought for and welcomed all sorts of ideas, and how it encouraged them by rewards and recognition; and he concluded with:

"Nothing is too small to consider. A saving on even the smallest things is likely to make a good-sized total by the end of the year. We welcome any idea, even if it is only how to tie up parcels better."

. . . . . .

"Whenever a machine can do the work of a man we put in a machine," said the superintendent of a big Pittsburgh concern. "In this lies the keynote of success in present-day manufacturing. The readiness or unreadiness to put in new machines marks the difference between success and the lack of it."

And, indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the readiness of the great concerns to go to immense expense to carry out improvements. Yet this does not mean that the successful manufacturer puts in new machinery carelessly, rashly, heedlessly, without much thought except that it is new. The constant tendency is strongly toward the new, but this tendency is as constantly kept in hand by sagacity and caution.

As to the means by which the tendency is kept under control, the big companies differ in details; but most of them follow substantially the same course. One of the very largest, after deciding that an idea seems good, has the whole matter figured over most carefully before the new idea is adopted; and the precise cost of the present way of doing and as precise as possible an estimate of the proposed new way are set down before the management for decision.

However, it is by no means even then a mere matter of which way is the cheaper by itself—the new way may in itself be much dearer; and the proposition for the management is to consider whether or not, on the whole, the change would mean advantage. As a matter of fact, the mere expensiveness of an otherwise excellent proposal is seldom a bar to its adoption by any good concern, for expensiveness is likely to be offset by general improved efficiency. And here, again, is where the small manufacturer who wishes to become a big one should follow the example of those who have succeeded—he should and must learn to look upon things large-mindedly; he must broaden himself; he must learn to know that money-saving and money-making often come from money-spending.

Every day somewhere, by somebody, a new idea is hit upon. Why should not you be the one to hit upon it and have the advantage of it? For, as already suggested, the idea need not by any means be mechanical, but may apply to any branch of your work or business. The important thing is to be on the lookout for ideas and to be able to recognize an opportunity when you see it!

As a preliminary to the thinking of the new and worth while, there comes the necessity of being familiar with the present processes that one wishes to improve; and this, whether the improvement is to be mechanical or of some other kind.

The Tell-Tale Furnace Smoke

A favorite dictum of the manager of a great retail house is that within three months any new employee ought not only to understand his own work thoroughly, but should also have a good knowledge of how the entire work of the establishment is divided up and carried on—a good idea of the divisions of the different departments and of the reasons for them. And this kind of seeking for information does not mean impertinently pushing into some one else's work, but merely such a legitimate thirst for knowledge as every factor in an establishment ought to have. "It is only the man who is holding down his job with one hand and reaching out with the other for a job higher up that I care anything about," I remember some one saying. "You must keep on advancing; there is no such thing as standing still—retrogression begins the moment you come to a stop."

If a man does not preliminarily soak in a full and comprehensive knowledge of his work he will find himself proposing something immature and absurd—something which could come only as a half-baked idea from one with half-baked knowledge.

I often think of one of the most ingenious men I know—a man who rose from one of the minor positions in his establishment to be the managing head of it. This particular establishment is a great mill. He is always thinking of some new way of doing a thing and always welcoming those who have something new to propose. So complete is his own knowledge that he can walk through the mill and see at a glance whether or not even the tiniest things are going properly. And his men love and respect him, for they know he is not a mere meddling martinet, but one who has thrown himself heart and soul into his work and is anxious to reward and advance all who will imitate him. I remember, as an example of his knowledge, that as he used to drive down to the mill from his home he could tell at a glance, from the degree of blackness of the smoke coming from the stacks, whether or not the furnaces were being fired properly or extravagantly, and later, on his regular morning trip of inspection, he would caution any foreman who had an improperly fired furnace in charge.

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An encouragement to any man with ideas that his ideas will be taken up and adopted, and a striking example on the part of one of the most powerful of corporations to all penny-wise and pound-foolish concerns, was an advertisement that appeared not very long ago in the trade journals offering valuable machinery at a ridiculously low price—though, as I happened to know, it had cost sixty thousand dollars only a few years before.

The point was that something new had been thought of; a man with an idea had shown how to put in something more efficient, and that necessarily meant the discarding of the sixty-thousand-dollar lot. The machinery had become superannuated from the mere fact that a man had come along with an idea—much, by the way, to the man's own advantage. So the orders of the general manager were:

"Advertise that stuff and send out personal letters to small manufacturers. Try for six months, but don't give it room longer than that; if it isn't sold in six months scrap it!"

For Your Health's Sake

—read in succeeding issues of The Saturday Evening Post our "Smoke Talks" on the ***wrong*** of ***strong*** Cigars.

Remember, that in choosing cigars the effects upon your nerves, your heart and your brain should be considered.

"Smoke Talks" will tell you

When To Smoke Mild Cigars
Why You Should Smoke Mild Cigars
How To Tell Mild Cigars
Where To Find Mild Cigars

THE MILD

Bob.t Burns

10c CIGAR

is best for your health

Made by STRAITON & STORM since 1857

Ask your Doctor

A Ten Strike

Samples from ten popular Whitman's packages gathered in

Whitman's Sampler

"Variety," we agree, "is the spice of life." This, then, is the "spiciest" package yet.

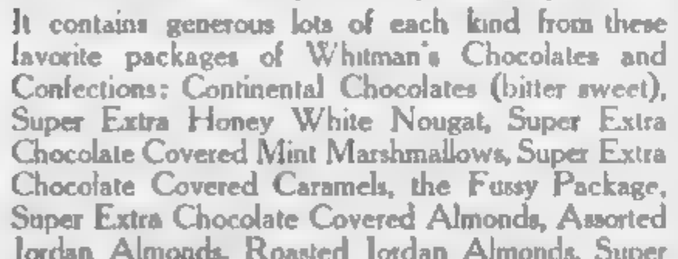
It contains generous lots of each kind from these favorite packages of Whitman's Chocolates and Confections: Continental Chocolates (bitter sweet), Super Extra Honey White Nougat, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Caramels, the Fussy Package, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Almonds, Assorted Jordan Almonds, Roasted Jordan Almonds, Super Extra Chocolate Covered Brazil Nuts and Super Extra Chocolate Covered Maraschino Cherries.

All these packages have hosts of friends, but very few know all of them. Here, in the *Sampler*, you will find old favorites and new delights. Then, when you want one kind alone you can get it in its own separate package.

Tipped in the package is a loose leaf describing each of the ten packages that is sampled.

The Sampler box is covered with a facsimile sampler in the quaint, old-fashioned needlework that has become the prevailing new fashion. All women appreciate its exquisite workmanship.

You can buy the *Sampler* for one dollar at the selected stores everywhere that we supply, by express, direct from headquarters. You can tell the store—usually it's the best drug store—by the sign:



Buy from your local agent. Where we have no agency we will send the *Sampler*, postpaid, on receipt of $1.25.

Write for a copy of our "*List of Good Things*" describing and pricing seventy sorts of sweets in sealed packages.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of
Whitman's *Instantaneous Chocolate*

THE WORD GENTLY SPOKEN

(Continued from Page 9)

is—wid his hat off whin he meets you an' the illegant turn to the tongue of him—an' that helpful too! Whin the plumbers was fixing me faucets yisterday I had to carry me wather from the hydrant in the coort; an' I was jest raising the pail whin Mr. Moggins comes up. 'P'mit me!' says he; 'an' he ups with the pail, for all I cud say or do, an' carries it in for me. An' 'Don't name ut,' he says; 'it's a pleasure!' If I could thrain Mike to conduck himsilf like that I'd ask for nothin' more."

Mrs. Moggins flushed with pride.

"Bill's cert'nly a-gettin' a steam-laundry finish on him," she said; "but somehow ——" She sighed.

"If he's the same man indures as he is out ——" insinuated Mrs. Clancy. "Some is not."

"Oh, Bill ain't no different," said Mrs. Moggins. "I ain't had an ugly word out of him sence I don't know when."

That was true. At times Mrs. Moggins' nerves impelled her to sharp speech in the hope of—as she put it—"startin' somethin'," but the more acid and unreasonable she became, the more soft-spoken and good-humored was her husband. At the close of one of these unequal passages, Mrs. Moggins jabbed a knife viciously into the butter, pried off a piece and told him to open his mouth.

"I want to see if it will melt or whether you'll have to swallow it whole," she said. "I'll bet my next new lid you'll choke on it!"

"If you'll excuse me I'd ruther spread it on a slice of bread, muh dear," answered Bill forbearingly. "If you don't mind I'll take a slant at the paper."

With which he settled back in his chair and began on the headlines. His wife went on with her supper without paying much attention to him, until a sudden and violent exclamation made her drop a fork to the floor.

"Whatcha know about that!"

"About what? What in the world ——"

"Listen here!" said Mr. Moggins rising: "'Con-ductor a Chester-field. Willi-am Moggins Larded—Lauded—by Grateful Passengers!'"

Mrs. Moggins snatched the paper from his hand and read:

"The pink of politeness, the perennially blooming crocus of courtesy, the mold and form of affability and the shining pattern and example to all street-car conductors is, beyond cavil or question, Conductor William Moggins, who gathers in nickels and transfers on the Kedzie Avenue line. This is the unanimous verdict of the patrons of the aforesaid line and it was confirmed today by the careful observation of a Tribune reporter. Between Lake Street and Sixty-third Street, Mr. Moggins said 'Thank you!' thirty-two times; 'If you please!' thirty-seven times; 'No trouble, ma'am!' fourteen times and 'Excuse me!' forty-three times.

"He carefully refrained from exhorting passengers to 'Step lively!' and he left the platform five times to assist those whose infirmities or tender age required assistance. He explained the impossibility of riding forward on a backward transfer in terms at once urbane and convincing, and made the soft answers that turn away wrath to two of the species crank."

There was more of it, but the significant part of it was an interview with the superintendent, which the reporter had taken pains to secure.

"I am happy to say that politeness in our employees is the rule rather than the exception," Superintendent Rooksmith asserted. "At the same time," he continued, "I consider that Conductor Moggins is entitled to a good deal of credit; and the company is disposed to recognize merit in a practical manner whenever a suitable opportunity occurs."

Mrs. Moggins' eyes shone.

"Bill," she cried, "you sure done it!"

"Yes, muh dear," returned Mr. Moggins apathetically—"I've sure done it!"

Dilate as she would on the splendor of the prospect opening before him, Moggins could not be stirred to anything approaching enthusiasm. He went to bed rather earlier than usual and again his dreams were filled with oriental terrors. The "super" took to himself the bristling cat-whiskers of the Chinatown joss and, from

Sold in over 3000 Towns. Ask Your Dealer for them.

Ralston

AUTHORITY STYLES

There's a Ralston Shoe That's Built for You!

For you—if you demand ultra-smartness, if you like to be ahead of others in Fashion's Race.

For you—if you insist on conservative lines rather than extremes.

For you—if you seek comfort. Every Ralston Shoe is made on foot-moulded forms, to fit the human foot *correctly*—to fit YOURS from first to last—no "breaking in."

Our Booklet, "Style Talk," Free

Shows the requirements of the season's fashion in men's shoes for every occasion

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Babies Grow Stronger Adults Sleep Sounder

Fresh milk tastes better and digests quicker when it is perfected for human digestion with

Ridge's Food

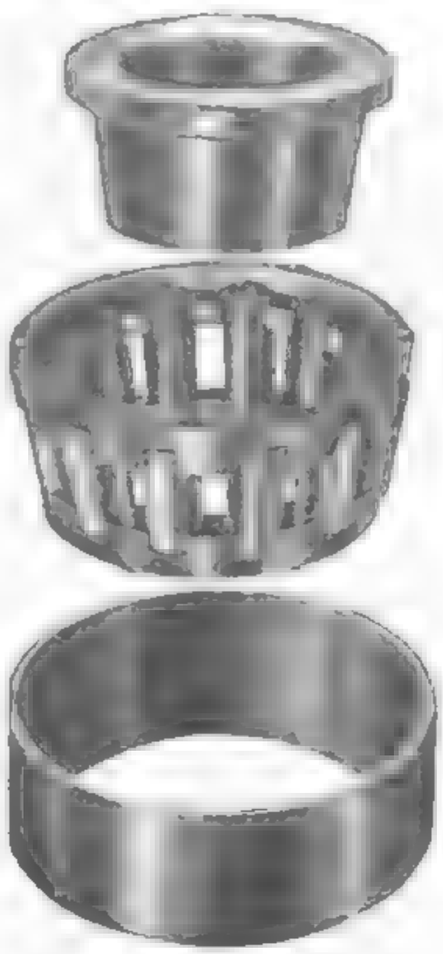
THE CORRECT MILK MODIFIER

Your baby should have fresh food as we [illegible] and since milk is the best part of baby's diet it is important that baby's milk should be fresh.

You can give your baby clean, fresh cow's milk [illegible] Ridge's Food the milk [illegible] Everything that is lacking in cow's milk to make it a perfect whole food for human beings is corrected by Ridge's Food. Ridge's Food and cow's milk are easily prepared and the improved flavor is marked. Ridge's Food is inexpensive and has been the standby of the doctors for 50 years.

[illegible] Free [illegible] We [illegible] sample anyway if you want it.

RIDGE'S FOOD CO
2 State Street, Boston, Mass



Standard Taper Roller Bearing

STANDARD

Is a saving of 75% in power worth while?

Standard roller bearings actually make possible the highest efficiency of the modern motor car.

This sweeping statement is warranted by the fact that Standard bearings are used by 97% of the automobile manufacturers in America.

These bearings, either of the roller or ball type, are of vital importance because of the extent to which they obviate friction at every load-bearing surface.

As compared with plain bearings—the ordinary journal, that is—Standard bearings produce a saving in power running in some instances as high as 75%.

To duplicate with plain bearings at all points the efficiency of a 30 H. P. car fitted with Standard bearings, would require approximately, a 90 H. P. engine.

Your bearings, therefore, play so important a part in power economy, that if you are wise you will scrutinize this feature even more closely than any other, in the car you purpose buying.

Far beyond the question of mere economy in upkeep and maintenance, you will consider the greater factor of safety.

You will see, in the Standard taper roller bearing shown above, the most perfect friction-saving and safety device for the equipment of a motor car's front axle.

Whatever the shock—however sudden the demand made upon these bearings—you will find them absolutely trustworthy.

Careful study of this subject will show you why the great preponderance of American manufacturers specify Standard bearings.

You will find in our little booklet: "The Road-Bed of Power" interesting and timely information on this subject. Ask for it.

Standard Roller Bearing Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.

his gilded shrine, issued order number 36,990, instructing all conductors to tie their pigtails with pink ribbons.

Mr. Moggins departed for his day's work in a depressed state of mind; and Mrs. Moggins, leaning over the iron-pipe railing to watch him descend the stairs, noticed that his shoulders were becoming bent.

v

IT WAS long before his usual hour when the Pink of Politeness returned to the McGonigal Flats, and there was nothing depressed in his air. His shoulders were thrown well back and his broad chest and square jaw were both thrust well forward; his feet came down solidly and with decision, and his little eyes rolled from side to side in the old manner until they lit on the janitor.

"Hello, Bill!" said the autocrat of the flats. "What's bringing ye home so early?"

Moggins glared at him.

"Is it any of your dog-rotted, blistered business?" he asked.

The janitor quailed before the baleful eye that challenged him.

"I didn't mean to butt into your affairs," he said. "I was just askin'."

"So was I!" said Bill. "You got your answer, didn't you?"

"Sure!" assented the janitor, moving away.

Mr. Moggins proceeded to the entrance of the building and there he was accosted by Mr. Clancy, his neighbor from across the hall.

"It's a celibrity you're a-gittin' to be, they do be tellin' me," said Mr. Clancy. "The 'crocus of courtesy,' I hear!"

"Sure!" agreed Moggins grimly. "Smell muh perfume!" And he advanced his clenched fist beneath the other's nose and shook it. "If you give me any of your guff, you flannel-mouthed harp, I'll make you think you're the night-bloomin' cereus of the casualty ward!"

Mr. Clancy began to remove his coat in a businesslike manner.

"Will we shtep up the alley or am I to spiflicate you right here?" he asked.

"Mike!" called a shrill voice from the upper landing. Mr. Clancy hesitated and resumed his coat.

"Yis," he responded. "I'm coming. I'll see you later, Mr. Moggins."

Moggins ascended the steps, and the Mold and Form of Affability followed him *au troisième*, stopping at his own door and kicking its panels so that the sleeping echoes were awakened to reverberating clamor.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Moggins.

"Don't for-Heaven's-sake me! Get out of my way and leave me in!" growled her husband, pushing by her.

"Well, you are perlite, I must say!" declared the lady, overtaking him in the kitchen.

"Perliteness be blasticated and skewidgered!" said Bill Moggins. "I don't have to be perlite. I've quit the company and got a job on construction, bossing a gang of Dagos; and I'm just aching to get at the macaroni-guzzling Guineas an' tell 'em what I think of 'em! Get supper on, you!"

But he grinned in the old way.

"And I don't know but what it's all for the best, after all," sighed Mrs. Moggins later. "It was all right for a change and in some respects I liked it; but if he'd kept on another month I know that Bill would have bust!"

Not So Helpless

F. S. HIGHT, the manager of the Willard Hotel in Washington, had a plumber at his house for several days plumbing around.

Hight noticed that the plumber had no helper with him. He talked to the plumber about this lapse, and called the attention of his own family to a situation that he had never observed before—a plumber plumbing without a helper. Also he spoke about it to various persons round the hotel.

Presently the bill came in. In it were charged, with great care and particularity, a large amount of materials, and then occurred this line: "For plumber and helper, $96.00."

Hight sent the bill back and suggested that as there had been no helper with this expensive plumber, it was his opinion that the bill was subject to revision in that item.

He received this reply: "*Dear Sir:* It is quite true the plumber's helper was not at your house, but he helped round the shop getting the tools ready, and so forth."

WHEN the car builder says to the tire maker "Don't talk quality to me, it's prices I want"—*you lose.*

The car builder who *buys* his tires on a price basis is *selling you* a *tire* that is *built to meet his prices.*

Remember—the car builder does not guarantee the tire on the car he sells you; his responsibility ends there—but yours begins.

Insist upon Diamond Tires on your new car before buying and you will get them. Diamond Tires are built and sold on a *Quality* basis only. Their first cost to the car builder is a little more than on other tires, because of the additional mileage and wear that we build into them. Start your new car out on Diamond Tires, and you'll stick to Diamonds ever after. That's the only way to cut ultimate tire expense to the lowest.

In addition to dependable Diamond dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

Bachelors' Friend HOSIERY

TRADE MARK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This new summer weight sock weighs less than ¾ of an ounce to the pair. But this is not the only reason why it is the leader among men's light weight hosiery. There is 100 years' experience in stocking making behind this hosiery. It is the very acme of men's footwear, because combined in it are the highest experience and the finest obtainable materials.

The high splicing of the heel and the strong reinforcement of the foot are obtained by cotton that costs $1.40 per pound. This means that, although it is doubly strong, it does not show above the shoe as in the ordinary stocking. Placing an electric light inside the stocking brings out the reinforcement that resists all wear. Yet there is none of the patched appearance that makes you avoid so many cheap stockings.

It is the gauziest, silkiest and most elastic stocking of its class, and by reason of its excellence of manufacture *we guarantee six pairs to wear six months.*

Latest improved features. Combed Sea Island cotton only used in its making. French welt—the best top ever put on a cotton sock. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines, which gives double wear.

You should know how much greater comfort there is in this sock. One trial will show you why it is demanded by discriminating buyers everywhere.

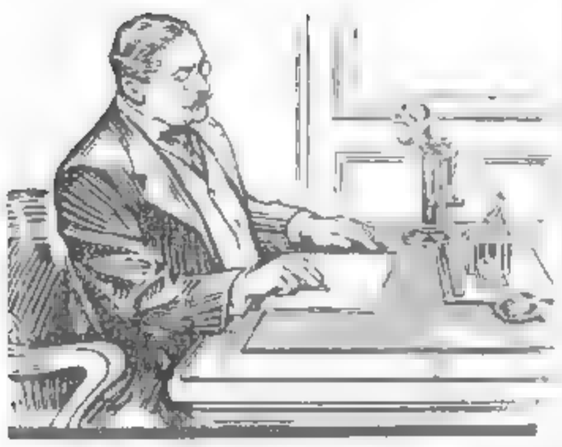
Electric light is necessary to bring out the reinforcement

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

Four Grades:
6 pairs, $1.50
6 pairs, $2.00
6 pairs, $2.50
6 pairs, gauze weight, $2.00
Six pairs guaranteed to wear 6 months.

No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.



Have Stationery of Uniform Quality

Year in and Year Out

It is as important to Standardize the paper with which you do business, as it is to strike a Quality Standard for your Manufactured Goods.

Look for the "EAGLE A" Water-Mark

It's a Good Habit

To Standardize your Stationery to the utmost of efficiency:

To use a Bond Paper which will lend prestige and dignity to your business, specify—

COUPON BOND

The De Luxe Business Paper

The real significance of "EAGLE A" Water-Marked Quality is evidenced in this paper.

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HOW WE GROW DEAF

(Continued from Page 13)

absolutely untouched and as perfect as ever. So that, if we can only get sound waves to reach the internal ear by some hook or crook, it can still hear them. The easiest and, so to speak, the most open route for sound waves to reach the nerve of hearing is, of course, through the ear canal, the drum and its bones; but luckily this is not the only channel.

Just as soon as sound waves are loud enough to jar through the bones of the head, they can reach the nerve of hearing and be heard, though the ear be completely blocked. Upon this fact depends the usefulness—unfortunately not very great—of the various trumpets, tubes and fanshaped hearing instruments. Some of these are pressed into the ear; some rest upon the upper front teeth if these be still our own; but all such appliances help chiefly by virtue of the fact that they collect sound waves and communicate them directly to the bones of the head and through them to the nerve of hearing.

The eartrumpet assists the hearing partly by the size of its mouthpiece or bell, which collects the sound waves and somewhat magnifies them, and partly by its pressure on the ear which brings the instrument into direct contact with the bones of the head. The speaking tube is more effective yet, because the lips of the speaker are held so close to its mouthpiece that the vibrations of his voice are communicated directly to the walls of the tube and carried by them to the bones of the deaf person's head and thus to his nerve keyboard.

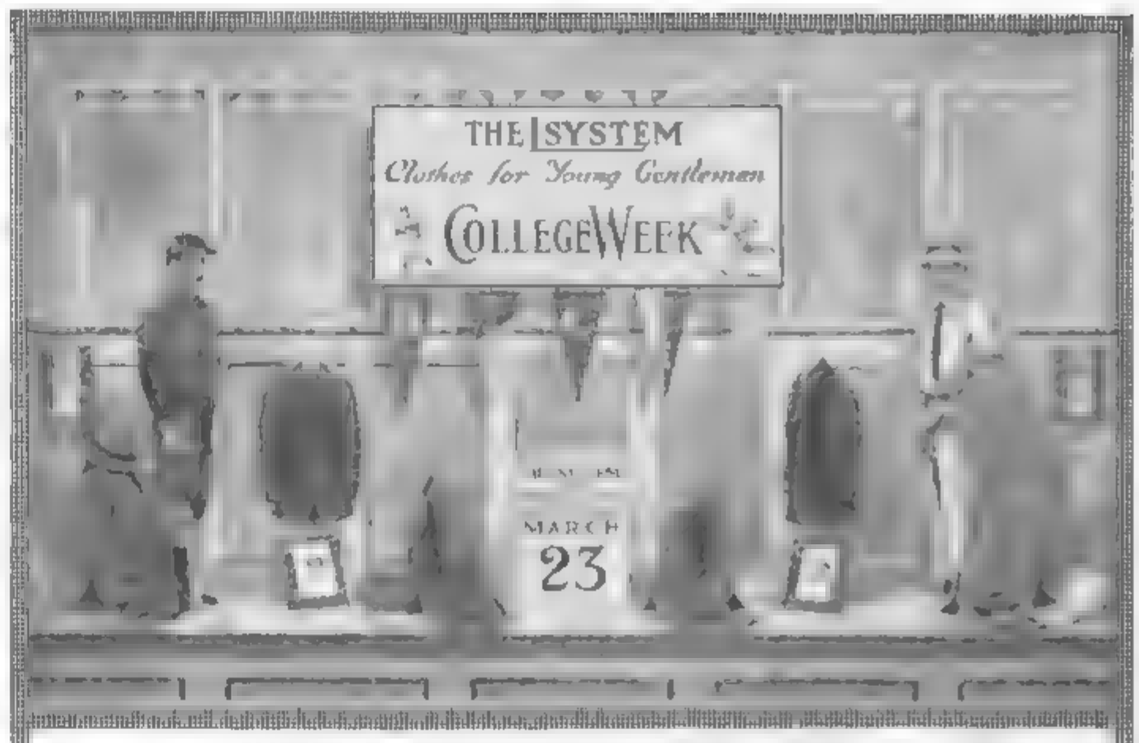
It is impossible to say even approximately how frequent deafness is in the community—partly for the reason we have just been considering, that so few cases ever reach the extreme or disabling stage, and partly from the fact that Nature with her wise and kindly foresight has provided us in advance with nearly three times as much hearing as we actually need for ordinary purposes. It is a matter of common observation in the consulting room, or in the clinic at the ear hospital, when patients come in complaining that they think they are "beginnin' to get hard of hearin'," that they have usually lost from one-half to two-thirds of their normal hearing. They can barely count the ticking of a watch at eight or ten inches, for instance, which they should hear at forty inches.

Mistaken Ideas of Cleanliness

There is this consolation, however, that, if we can succeed in improving the condition of their drums up to where they can hear the watch at fifteen inches, they have regained all the hearing they need for practical purposes and will consider themselves cured. This margin gives us a valuable means of warning in advance; and if any one over forty has the slightest doubt or suspicion about his hearing it is not a bad idea for him to test it occasionally by the simple process of trying how far away he can hear his own watch tick, which usually should be about thirty inches, the distance varying with the loudness of the ticking.

If a systematic test were to be made of, say, a thousand persons of fifty years of age and upward, it would probably be found that most of them had lost some of the surplus or keener edge of their hearing; but very few of them would probably ever have recognized the fact. Those who had lost enough of their margin of hearing to make it obvious, either to themselves or to their families, that they were becoming deaf would only be a moderate-sized group; and, even of these, probably not more than one in ten would have lost enough hearing to make it a matter of grave inconvenience or even serious annoyance to them, while not more than one or two in the thousand would have become "stone" deaf. So, though the outlook for complete cure of one who has begun to grow noticeably deaf is not encouraging, the prospects of his being spared the graver and more disabling degrees of loss of hearing are very good.

Though little need be said about the forms of deafness due to disease of the two extremes of the hearing apparatus—the external and the internal ear—yet there are a few facts of practical importance about both. First and briefest, the almost sole condition of the outer ear which seriously interferes with hearing is wax. This curious,



Look *for this* College Week Window in your City.

Saturday to Saturday March 23rd to 30th

THIS is to be the one big week of all the year.

In every city in America one clothier catering to young fellows who hate the ordinary and love the extraordinary, will conduct an exposition of Spring models of

THE SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

¶ Send 24c. for a new set of College Posters or 2c. for Spring and Summer 1912 Style Magazine

THESE are clothes of excellent style and supreme tailoring—clothes with a "punch"—clothes which are making the custom-tailor scratch his head. Each model is shown in fabrics which back up its style—fabrics deftly woven from all wool yarns—fabrics which tingle with life. These are the garments which are going to be on your back if you're "right." Be good to yourself. See them. A minute of "look" is worth a year of talk.

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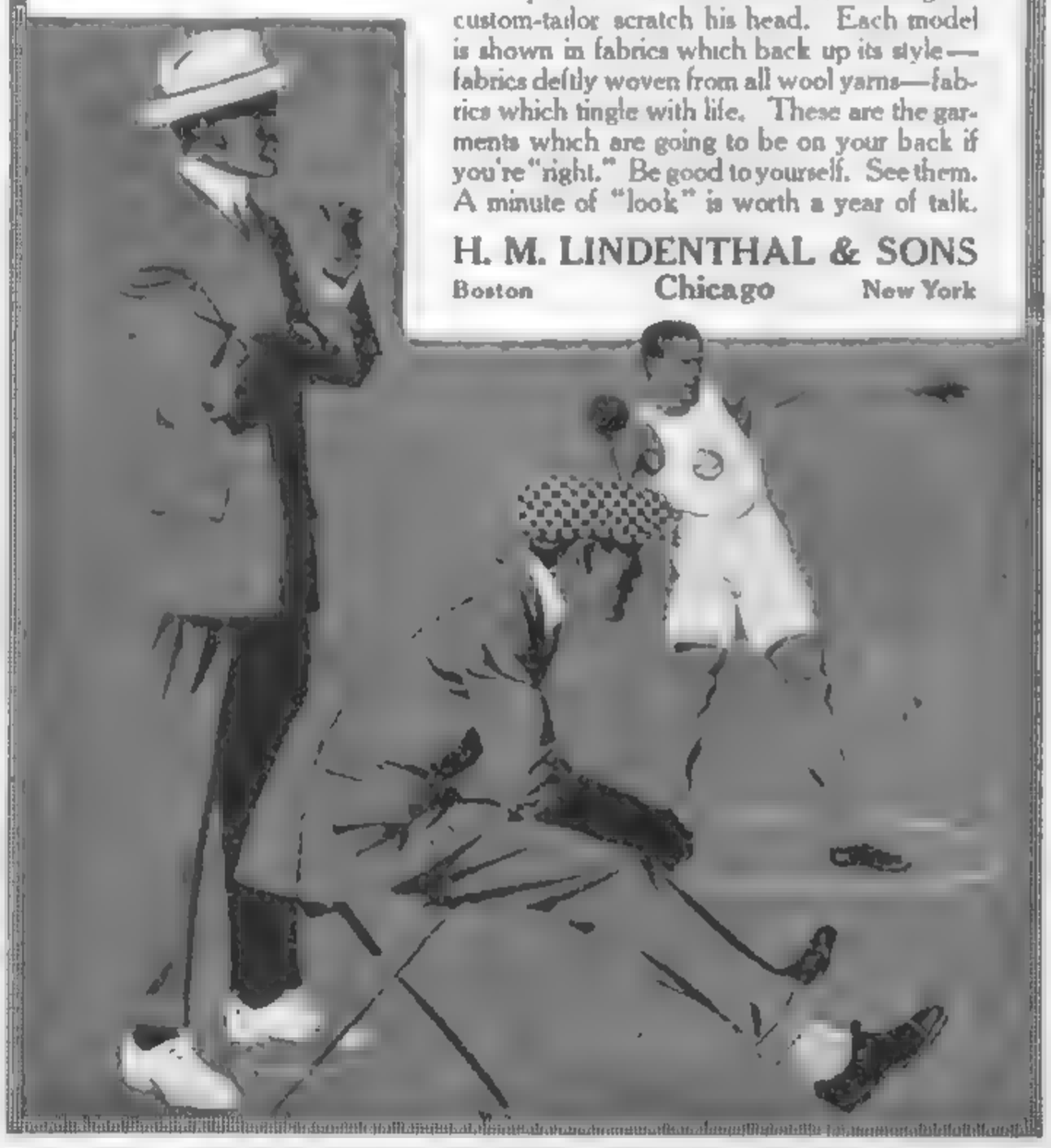

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

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This famous tobacco has been aged two years—"Time" has produced a remarkable mellowness—perfect smoothness. "Time" has eliminated all harshness—developed the rich, smooth flavor.

An ideal pipe tobacco for busy men—seems to help you to accomplish more. Try it—learn what a real *smooth* tobacco is like.

SPAULDING & MERRICK

(Block owned by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.)

At All Dealers

half-oily, half-gummy substance is the natural secretion poured out by glands in the skin of the outer ear, which resemble the sweat-glands over the remainder of the body. The secretion's utility is, first, to keep the skin properly lubricated, supple and waterproof; and, second, by its gradual outward flow to carry out of the ear canal and deposit in the bell of the outer ear such dust, lint, bacteria, and even tiny insects, as may have been blown into the canal. A considerable amount of wax in the canal of the ear is absolutely necessary for its health and safety, and the main thing to remember is that the wax is to be strictly and absolutely let alone until it has flowed out into the hollow of the outer ear, where it can be wiped away with a cloth over the tip of the finger in the ordinary toilet of the face and neck.

It is not until the flow of the wax becomes checked in some way and begins to dry and pile up in large masses in the ear canal that it causes any trouble whatever with the hearing.

The two most common causes of this damming up of the wax are: first, middle-ear disease, which in some curious way appears to alter the chemical character of the secretion of wax in the outer ear: second, meddlesome interference with the normal and necessary amount of wax in the ear under mistaken notions of cleanliness, such as endeavoring to scoop it out with the twisted-up corner of a towel, or even with one of those inventions of the Evil One, the earspoon or earpick. The homely advice of the old German proverb is thoroughly sound and reliable: "Never clean your ear with anything smaller than your elbow."

A Tough Member

The proper method of removing wax is simplicity itself—gentle syringing with plenty of warm water through a syringe with a long and properly curved nozzle; but this should never be undertaken by any one but a physician, as the damage that may easily be done to the delicate tissues of the drum is far greater than any that will result from leaving even the largest plug of wax in place. The actual plugging effect of wax in producing deafness is very much less than was formerly supposed as, unfortunately, when the physician has syringed out every particle of wax from the ear he often finds a thickened and distorted drum behind it, which was causing two-thirds of the hardness of hearing.

We may relieve our minds of one dread of the future. Not only is the nerve of hearing exceedingly well protected against disease or injury but it is astonishingly enduring and tough and fatigue-proof in its own proper business, so to speak—that of receiving and responding to the sound waves. Not even the horrible racket and cacophonous noises of modern civilization can injure it in the slightest degree; and there is no danger of our being deafened, except momentarily and metaphorically, by the whole Wagnerian overture of city life, with all its accompanying clanging and shrieking, rattling and roaring, hammerings and explosions.

Legend and fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no authentic instance on record of deafness produced by noise no matter how loud or how maddeningly incessant. The only apparent exception is that the discharge of a cannon or an explosion of dynamite may rupture an eardrum; but this is simply due to the direct violence of the explosion and has nothing directly to do with the noise of it. Like other ruptures of the drum, recovery is usual; and such impairment of hearing as may result is due to the damaged condition of the drum.

The most citified civilized man, provided he has escaped middle-ear inflammation, has just as keen a sense of hearing as the freest and wildest savage, the only difference being that the civilized man does not know how to interpret every faintest whisper and sound as does the Indian hunter, for instance. Even an engineer could beat an Indian in delicacy of hearing, when listening to discover whether his engine was running properly at every point.

The Appreciated Candy

CHOCOLATES

"To Suit Every Taste"

Six Johnston Favorites, each with its own individual charm but all alike in one supreme *quality*.

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams
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Original Dutch Bitter Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send any of the above 60c or $1.00 packages, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order. The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

SAMPLE BOX

For five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous free sample box of any 4 the Johnston flavors.

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To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 99, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

This is a Guaranteed Advertisement

We guarantee our clothes and we guarantee our advertising

Note to the Reader: To you, and to every other reader of this page—of whom thousands will wear Kirschbaum Clothes this season; to the publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and to every retailer of Kirschbaum Clothes—*We guarantee* the **ACCURACY** of every statement made herein; or otherwise appearing in our announcements.

Here are our Reasons (and why we put this "footnote" at the *head* of the page): Because, in our advertising, we deal only in **FACTS**; and, because we want to *emphasize the importance of these* **CLOTHES FACTS** to you, and to everyone who is party to this announcement or is interested by it—these facts of (1) All-wool and (2) Thoroly-shrunk Fabrics; of (3) Hand-tailoring; of (4) Authoritative Styles, of (5) Unsurpassable Value. We want **OUR FACTS** to impress you as no advertising claims have ever impressed you before; therefore—We guarantee this advertisement, with the intent of the same force and effect as tho it were a legal contract personally signed, sealed and delivered. And we ask you to hold us to strict accountability for our statements when you buy and wear Kirschbaum Clothes.

A·B·Kirschbaum & Co.

Cherry Tree Brand

All-Wool Clothes

When the clothing store man points to the label, and says: "This is a Kirschbaum suit," he knows that the suit is ALL-WOOL and a *safe* suit for you to buy.

The fabric used for every outgarment and every suit—barring mohairs, sold with the Kirschbaum label, is *pure wool* and *all-wool*.

Let us tell you how we know; how the retailer knows; why YOU can be sure

We might go by our own expert judgment—as the result of our over a half-century's experience in handling woolens.

But we do nothing of the sort. We accept no one's opinion in any matter so vital to the clothes-wearer and to the Kirschbaum reputation.

We chemically test every piece of goods, in a laboratory installed for the purpose, in the Kirschbaum factory. First, in the mill-sample; and, again, when the roll of cloth is received in our examining room. Thus we make sure that no fabric with the slightest cotton trace can reach our cutting tables

That You are getting an ALL-WOOL suit, when you get a suit with the Kirschbaum label.

And It's Thoroughly-shrunk All-Wool

Your Kirschbaum suit will give you the service you have a right to expect—because it is not only ALL WOOL but *thoroly shrunk* all-wool

Our fabrics come from the mills already shrunk. Here again to *make sure*—to be certain that each piece is thoroly shrunk, *we reshrink it*. We use the most thoro shrinking process ever invented—the original London process—and we know that there is no shrink left in a piece of cloth when it goes to our cutting tables.

So, your Kirschbaum suit is ALL-WOOL, *shrunk* and *reshrunk*: A vital point—for the lasting excellence of the work of designer, cutter and tailor depends on the fabric.

Hand-tailored

Each Kirschbaum garment is hand-tailored in every essential part—precisely the same as custom tailoring of the better kind. The shape is needle-moulded into the all-wool, reshrunk fabric; and the coats are built on a solid foundation of finest hair-cloth and shrunken (linen) canvas. The hidden parts are carefully finished: inside seams are turned and serged, etc

There is a refinement of detail—an air of tailoring thoroness, in Kirschbaum clothes, that is a source of gratification as long as you wear them

Authoritative Style

The Kirschbaum Tailor Shops are the birthplace of new styles. This half-century clothes industry is world-wide in its reach and in instant touch with every development in men's fashions.

All clothes sellers know this. Kirschbaum creations are watched for by the clothing interests of America as your well-dressed Englishman observes the wardrobe of the King

The man in Kirschbaum clothes is in a position of style leadership wherever he may appear.

"Kirschbaum's, the Best Clothes Shops in America"

That is the opinion of a "business engineer." One who is familiar with clothes manufacturing establishments everywhere. This expert was employed by us to show ways of bettering our product. He said, "I have never seen anything so good; I know of no way to improve what you are doing."

In three years the sales of Kirschbaum clothes have increased two millions of dollars. In this period, for every dollar spent in advertising we have spent two dollars in improving the clothes.

The Kirschbaum Warranty

We guarantee our goods to the dealer and his customer. If anything goes wrong, we will make it right. Should you find any imperfection in the cloth or tailoring of a Kirschbaum hand-made garment, it may be returned and the money will be refunded

A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

The House with the All-Wool Policy

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Art Calendar Free to Post Readers

Write for Fashion Art Calendar. Exquisite color reproductions of oil paintings of scenes in Rome, showing the men's styles for spring and summer. Sent on mention of The Saturday Evening Post.

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The Reggy $22 Special

Here's the suit to buy for Easter. In fabric, we recommend one of the new, alluring grays.

If you wish to ginger-up your appearance this spring so that you will look like Young Mr. Somebody, here's the model that will do it! The "Reggy" of the Kirschbaum famous "Yungfelo" clothes—the snappiest young men's garments made in America. See our new shades of gray; and the beautiful, rich tans and browns: patterns and colors you will find only in "*Yungfelo*" clothes

Ask your dealer. Look for the Kirschbaum "Reggy" label

Other "Yungfelo" models, $18 to $35

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$18 Special True Blue Serge

You stick to serge for Summer? Good! But you don't want any ordinary serge, no matter how the tailor has cut it. Just let us tell you about Kirschbaum True Blue Serge, and see that you get it when you buy. A result of careful blending and softness, deep and rich in color. Will not fade, and is to be produced alone by the Kirschbaum refinishing process and to be had in suits only under the Kirschbaum label.

Guaranteed not to fade a shade.

"True Blue" Special Serge at $18, as illustrated
Other models up to $35

Look for the Kirschbaum "True Blue" label.

Seek out the most progressive clothes merchant of your locality and ask to see these Kirschbaum Guaranteed Hand-Tailored All-Wool Clothes

GENERAL ROOFING, U. S. A.'s
Largest Manufacturer
Roofing and Building Papers

The General says:

—"The users of modern easy-to-lay Ready Roofing are saving thousands upon thousands of dollars."

Certain-teed Roofing

Quality Certified — Durability Guaranteed

Made in Shingles as well as Rolls

Certain-teed **Roofing** is rapidly replacing wood shingles as well as metal, tin and gravel roofings, because it is easy-to-lay, it is guaranteed for fifteen years and it costs less.

There are millions of Rolls of ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** now giving satisfaction on residences, bungalows, barns, garages, factories, farm buildings and warehouses.

Your lumber, hardware or building material dealer will be glad to furnish you with ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** bearing the 15-year guarantee ***Certain-teed*** label shown in illustration.

Order from your local merchant—he is backed by the "General's" three big mills (the largest Roofing Mills in the world)—he will furnish you ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** at the lowest prices, with the manufacturers' quality guarantee, and thereby save himself as well as you the trouble and expense incident to uncertain kinds of roofing.

If you contemplate building or renewing an old roof—write for our book BQ 1— "How to Build for LESS Money"

General Roofing Mfg. Company

York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill. East St. Louis, Ill.
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Get your next Suit of a Merchant Tailor and know the satisfaction of having clothes fitted to you in the making.

Select "Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics and enjoy the exclusiveness of patterns never seen in ready-made clothing.

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No "rubbing-in" with the fingers is necessary—and you have your choice of method — stick, powder or cream. Always a plentiful, softening lather — always a comfortable shave with Colgate's.

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School of Applied Art

Year Book free.

526 Applied Art Building Battle Creek, Mich

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 14)

the case and the doddering and finger-mumbled protests of Mr. Wilmerding was so violent as to seriously interfere with her heart's action.

Lanier's incisive manner changed with startling abruptness. He leaned forward still farther and his intent gaze fairly swam in her ultramarine eyes.

"And in spite of all that," said he, "I know perfectly well that you acted from the very best of motives and never dreamed of being unjust and unkind. I didn't know it at the time, but I know it now—since I have had the honor of meeting you. It is all clear enough, and the only wonder of it is that I didn't see it in that light before. And yet I doubt if you could ever guess why it was that you did what any reasonable person would call a dishonorable thing, and never yourself saw it in that light." His sudden smile flashed out at her.

"Why——" she began rather dry-lipped, when he interrupted.

"I don't intend to tell you; I don't know you well enough. But I do know, even in this short time, that it would be quite impossible for you to do anything that wasn't based on a good, sound, conscientious motive. Since I walked through that door I've come to realize that I made a very unfortunate mistake in trying to revenge myself on the Chimney Corner. Oh"— he made an impatient gesture—"why couldn't you have set your dignity aside for a few minutes and sent for me in the first place? You'd have found me sympathetic, just as I find you, underneath your oversense of obligation to effect the impossible, and a few minutes' talk with you would have been enough to have cleared me out of the place. And I'm so glad you didn't."

Mrs. Wilmerding roused herself with some obvious effort. Her face was flushed and her general expression slightly dazed. But a certain insistent idea had fastened itself in her head, and she obstinately refused to go on with the argument until this had been made clear.

"Before we say any more," said she with an attempt at her habitual self-possession, "will you please be so kind as to tell me why—how—that is, what you said a few minutes ago"— the poise crumbled a bit round the edges— "about knowing me well enough to be sure that my act was not—was—justified?" She paused helplessly.

"No," said Lanier curtly, "I won't. I'd have to have your friendship and your confidence to tell you that. Let me say this, however—I believe you to have acted from the very best of motives, and I am sincerely sorry for the annoyance I caused you in anchoring off the reading room."

Mrs. Wilmerding passed her hand across her forehead.

"Are—are you going to stay where you are now?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What if—if I asked you now to go away? You say that you would have done so at first; why not now?"

Lanier made a gesture of impatience.

"It's different now. I can't see how I'm bothering anybody where I am. At first, two weeks ago, I could have gone without interfering with my work. Just at present I'm in the thick of it—right at the most crucial stage. To change my location would mean a serious break; getting a tug and hunting a good surrounding, and all that. It might be fatal to the piece."

Mrs. Wilmerding drew a deep breath.

"You have been very generous," said she. "Don't think me unappreciative. But I have the interests of the Chimney Corner very deeply at heart, and I can't help but feel that you are a—a very disturbing factor——"

"But how?" he demanded. "I'll not come ashore here—unless you ask me to. What harm can I do? Why drive me away? You are a literary woman; why not be friends and sympathetic? You might come aboard some day and see my stage set and hear the music and the libretto and give me a bit of criticism. It's all for art and beauty—and the things that make life worth while. Must I go?" He rose from his chair and took a few short, impatient steps. "Because I will if you absolutely request it." And he turned on his heel and looked at her keenly.

Mrs. Wilmerding turned to him a very troubled face. It had occurred to her

Queen Quality tastes fine

SOME tobacco is so strong it will push your hair out by the roots; other kinds are so steamed and weak and tasteless that you might just as well go back to the corn silk of your boyhood.

We make Queen Quality for the fellows who want it just right.

It is convenient to use, burns freely and tastes—well, it tastes so good that a new word ought to be invented for it. To smoke it is to be kissed by my "Lady Nicotine."

A big blue bag of it costs a nickel. Get it today at your dealer's; then you'll sit down and write to us and say ***"Why didn't you tell me about this years ago?"***

F. R. PENN TOBACCO CO.
American Tobacco Co., Successor

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The Real Man's Smoke

The open country is at your door. All its benefits are yours when you ride a motorcycle.

The Indian Motocycle

"Count the Indians on the Road!"

YOU need no mechanical skill to ride the Indian. Anybody who has ever ridden a bicycle can master this machine in five minutes. You need only to become familiar with the control devices, and in the Indian these are very simple. A twist of the wrist applies and releases the power. Complete speed control is assured at all times.

The Indian is capable of any speed you like, from 4 to 50 miles an hour. The Free Engine Clutch and improved Hedstrom Carbureter enable you to drive your Indian at a walking pace amongst traffic. Has the reserve power to carry you over the most mountainous and sandy roads. As for speed, the Indian holds all American official speed records and moreover all the F. A. M. championships, the trans-continental record and all economy class records save one.

There are 14 important improvements in the regular 4 H. P. Single Cylinder and 7 H. P. Twin Cylinder Indians for 1912.

4 H. P., Single Cylinder, $200
7 H. P., Twin Cylinder, $250

If you intend to purchase an Indian this season, place your order with any one of our 1,200 agents NOW, to avoid disappointment in early delivery.

Learn more about this wonderfully useful machine. Write today for new 1912 catalogue. Mailed free to any address.

A Few Indian Records

One Mile — 41 1-5 Seconds

Five Miles — 3 Min. 20 1-5 Sec.

Ten Miles — 7 Min. 1 4-5 Sec.

Fifty Miles — 36 Min., 41 4-5 Sec.

One Hour — 83 Miles, 133 Yards

Economy Record — 51 Miles, 1,400 Yards

Trans-Con. Record — San Francisco New York — 3,741 Miles — in 20 d. 9 hrs. 1 min.

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within the last few minutes that through her particular efforts the colony was driving away, or was trying to drive away, the most interesting personality that it might hope to have. In fact, it flashed across Mrs. Wilmerding's mind that perhaps she was in a position to drive away the only interesting personality that the colony might ever hope to have. And the worst of it was that this personality had suddenly become extremely interesting to Mrs. Wilmerding herself.

"There is no doubt that we owe you something," she said. "Stay by all means, if you like. And—and perhaps you will come and dine with us," she added.

Lanier smiled. "Thank you," said he; "but I shouldn't think of abusing my privileges. Besides, just now my work is absorbing all of my time. As soon as it is finished I'll clear out. Meanwhile, I mean to confine my shore exercise to the other side of the inlet. And if you or any others of my late enemies can find time to come out aboard my old hulk I shall take great delight in showing you how comic opera is made and I shall hope to get a valuable criticism. You see I'm not doing these things for money. I've always had enough of that for my modest needs. I'm trying to contribute to the joyousness of life—and its beauty. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll go. Thank you so much for your kindness and your tolerance." And he looked at her with his wonderful smile.

Mrs. Wilmerding rose and stood for a moment facing him. Her soft cheeks had a high flush just beneath the eyes: one of those flushes that go with a certain mistiness of the eyes themselves and are sometimes to be seen on the faces of young girls at the opera. Lanier's last words had stirred Mrs. Wilmerding's protective instinct, one might almost say her maternal instinct. After all, it occurred to her, he was still very young—a vast six years her junior—and she felt that he must lead a very lonely and friendless life. It is doubtful if there was a person within a radius of a thousand miles who was less lonely and friendless than Lanier. But the idea pleased Mrs. Wilmerding and seemed to present the situation from an entirely different point of view.

Stepping toward him, she impulsively held out both hands, looking at him with her pretty head tilted slightly backward.

"Through my fault the colony has made a great mistake," said she. "I am sincerely sorry. Will you forgive me?"

Lanier was touched and surprised. Without answering he took the two proffered hands in his, bowed over them and then, meeting impulse with impulse, brought them together and touched the back of the uppermost with his lips. An early European education had given a semi-Continental flavor to Lanier's manners, and there was probably but a single person in the colony who would have criticised the graceful act. Unfortunately, however, this one person was at that very moment passing the open French windows that gave on the veranda. The next instant his shadow fell across the tableau. Mrs. Wilmerding snatched away her hands and Lanier looked up to see a tall young man, with very black hair and an angry face, standing on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, and glared at Lanier.

The color flooded Mrs. Wilmerding's face. "I must say, Ravenel, you are rather inconsiderate to startle one so."

"Sorry," he answered. "I was on my way to the reading room and I stopped to see if you were coming down for tea."

"Very well," said Mrs. Wilmerding impatiently. "Go on slowly and I will overtake you."

Ravenel hesitated for a second, then with a rather sulky, "Sorry to have interrupted you. Thought you were alone——" ducked his glossy head and withdrew. Mrs. Wilmerding turned to Lanier. Her face was flushed with annoyance.

"That is Ravenel O'Sullivan," said she. "I did not present him because I was displeased with his behavior. I'm afraid he didn't learn very good manners at college. Informality is sometimes carried a little too far in the Chimney Corner."

"That is apt to happen where everybody is so well acquainted," said Lanier casually. "Goodby, Mrs. Wilmerding."

He left the house and started to walk slowly back to where he had left his boat.

"H'm——" he said to himself as he strolled along. "Jealous cub, young Ravenel—h'm!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vantine's Oriental Silk Auto Veil $2.50 Postpaid

Made of genuine washable silk, 27 inches wide, 2⅓ yards long—comes in fourteen impeachable shades—durable and wearworthy to a degree almost unbelievable. Re-acts to its former smoothness after your trip, without apparent crease or wrinkle.

Folded, wrapped and boxed in the most artistic Japanese way and comes to you direct from the Orient via Vantine's for $2.50 postpaid.

Another Teasing Throw

The Vantine Scarf, one yard and a quarter square, washable Oriental Silk, weighs less than one ounce. May be ordered in any of the nine fashionable evening shades. You can fit in your mind its many and various dressy uses.

Neatly folded in hand decorated Japanese Scarf Box, $1.50 postpaid.

Ladies' Silk Neck Scarf, crêpe and chiffon, Persian and floral designs. Over 75 different styles from $1.25 to $9.50 each.

BY MAIL.

Vantine's
The Oriental Stores.

Broadway and 18th Street New York

Stores at Boston and Phila. Pa.

FOR AUTOS

If it were possible to make Panhard Oil better, we would do it.

PANHARD OIL

Insist upon getting it. It is the result of 35 years of knowledge and experiment. Refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Will not carbonize unless fed too freely. Sold in checkerboard gallon and half-gallon cans or in bulk.

Write today for our booklet "Motor Lubrication." It tells what grade of oil to use for every engine. Sent free for your dealer's name

GEORGE A. HAWS, 76 Pine Street, New York City

Dealers: Write for our special co-operative plan.

FOR MOTOR BOATS

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

A New Book [illegible] 10c

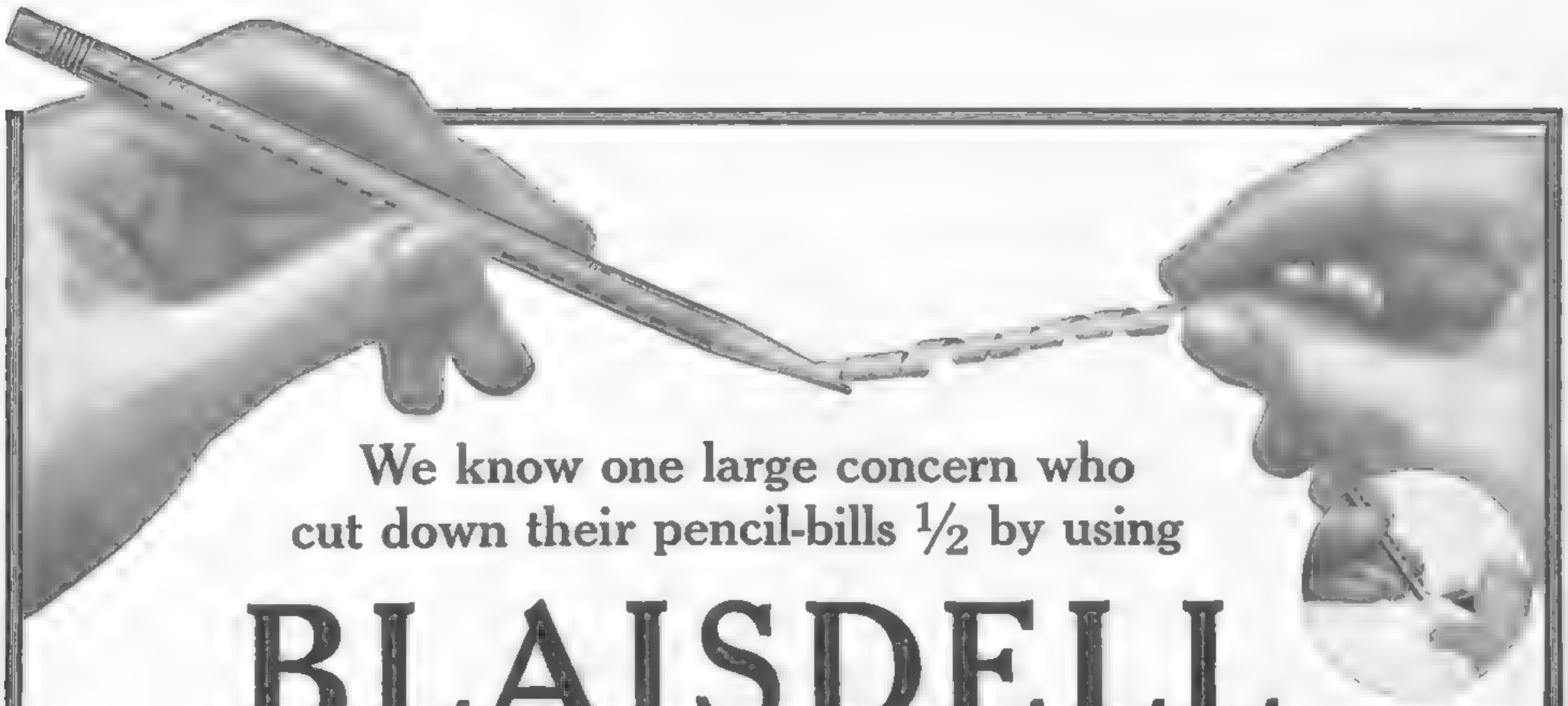
M. L. KEITH

480 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your [illegible] Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through [illegible] Write today for [illegible]

TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
503 Bedford Bldg. Chicago 29 Broadway New York
1084 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.



We know one large concern who
cut down their pencil-bills ½ by using

BLAISDELL
Paper Pencils

This concern used 436,800 pencils a year. And Blaisdell Pencils mean even a bigger saving in time and patience. No whittling needed to point them. No delay. No soiled fingers. No wasted points. Just nick the paper, pull off a little strip, and there is your new point. Start it with a pen-knife or a pin or any sharp point. It all takes less than five seconds. And you can use Blaisdell Pencils clear to the end.

They Are Made For Every Use

Blaisdell Standard Black Lead-Pencils
are filled with best Bavarian graphite, *in all degrees of hardness;* strong, smooth, free from grit—the best pencils made for stenographers, book-keepers, clerks, reporters, phone operators, and for general use (with or without rubber tips).

Blaisdell Copying Pencils
(Indelible) are the best quality and the cleanest pencils for their purpose.

Blaisdell Colored Crayon-Pencils
are made in nine colors besides black; and with large leads for checking, and general marking, and special leads for marking on china, glass, metal, etc.—*the only practical pencils for this use.* The Blaisdell Blue Pencil No. "151" has a larger sale than all other blue pencils combined. Good stationers carry Blaisdell Paper Pencils.

Some Low-priced Blaisdell Paper Pencils

At One Cent	*At Two Cents*	*At Three Cents*
Lead Pencils Nos. 177, 178, 179	Lead Pencils Nos. 520, 525	Lead Pencils Nos. 562, 563
Polished colored wrappers. Inserted rubber tips	Polished colored wrappers. Silver stamp. Nickel sleeve, rubber tip.	Polished [illegible] Nickel [illegible] Checking Pencils Nos. 333 334 335 339 [illegible]

And others at higher prices.

If you can't find exactly the kind you want write to us and we'll see that you get it. If you have a dozen clerks or more in your employ, it will pay you to fill out and mail the coupon below. We will send you Blaisdell sample pencils free; together with some facts and figures that will surprise you.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Please send us **Blaisdell** sample pencils for the following uses:

We employ _____ clerks and operators. We specially want (indicate colors and hardness preferred)

Firm Name _____

Address _____

AMERICAN MOTORS COMPANY.

Comparative Sales

July 1911	over July 1910	Gain 59%
Aug. 1911	over Aug. 1910	Gain 220%
Sept. 1911	over Sept. 1910	Gain 138%
Oct. 1911	over Oct. 1910	Gain 102%
Nov. 1911	over Nov. 1910	Gain 82%
Dec. 1911	over Dec. 1910	Gain 236%
Jan. 1912	over Jan. 1911	Gain 371%

For first seven months this fiscal year Gain 161%

We hereby certify that the above is true and correct.

A. J. Nursing, Chief Acc't — J. D. Bright, Treas.

The American Underslung

A Remarkable Example of Cause and Effect

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten pathway to his door."—Emerson (?)

THE above figures tell their own story. This concrete evidence is mighty good proof of this car's rapidly increasing popularity. No other high grade car in the world can show such unusual strides.

This *must* mean something and is worth your most careful consideration.

The "American" is the *pioneer* advocate and supporter of the underslung principle of automobile construction.

We have stood firmly and patiently in support of a principle materially different from the conventional. We were sincere in our conviction that the "underslung frame" was right; that time and effort would reveal its many virtues, and WE WERE RIGHT.

Its present and fast increasing popularity is the *real proof*.

It is the one practical departure from the beaten path of conventionality and is the *proven one*.

The people like it; the world's best engineering talent say it is right. Seven years of constant and successful use has proven its merits. Therefore, IT MUST BE RIGHT.

The low center of gravity means *SAFETY* and *added comfort*.

The straight line drive means *less wasted power*.

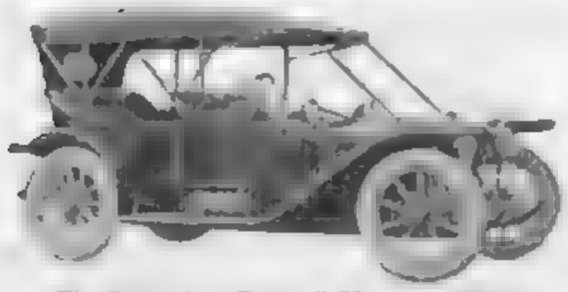
The larger wheels mean *easier riding, tire economy* and *maximum road clearance*.

The underslung frame permits the *direct* and *practical* introduction of all these distinct advantages.

Then, too—the high quality of materials and labor used, the infinite care observed in building the AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG means maximum service, minimum expense and all the joys and satisfaction that go with the ownership and use of a truly good and high grade motor car of MARKED INDIVIDUALITY.

We can't tell you the whole story here, but will gladly send some very interesting matter to your own fireside for the asking. Write us.

Made in Indianapolis by **American Motors Company** "Builders for the man who cares."



The "American Tourist" (Type 34) $2250

Four passengers. Wheel base 118 in.; tires, 37x4 in.; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, dash lights electric, [illegible] one extra rim; shock absorber; robe rail, foot rest; horn, jack, tools and tire-repair outfit

The "American Traveler" (Type 56) $4500

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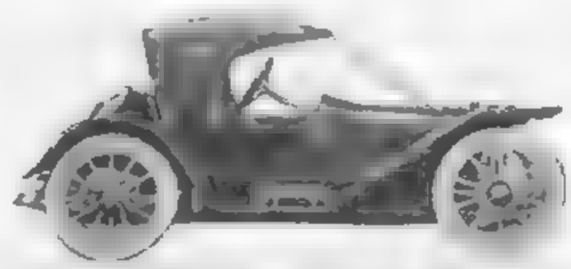

The "American Scout" (Type 22A) $1425

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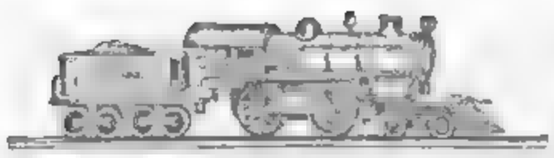


For Boys' Birthdays

Fun and pleasure in heaping measure is in store for the boy who owns an Ives Miniature Railway System.

They are more than playthings. They develop the youngster's mechanical ingenuity and interest him in geography. He learns about states and cities through which the railroad can be imagined to pass.

IvesToys

An Ives Train makes a dandy gift for your boy's birthday. If he already owns a Train, give him more cars, trackage, stations, turntables, semaphores or bumpers.

The guarantee of the oldest and largest miniature railway manufacturers in America goes with every Ives Train. Look for the name Ives on each piece.

Leading toy, hardware and department stores sell Ives Trains (mechanical and electrical, costing from $1 to $25). If you cannot buy them in your town, write us.

Boys: Send for our new story booklet, "How Six Boys Built a Railroad." Mention the name of your toy dealer.

The Ives Mfg. Corporation
194 Holland Ave.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Established 1868

BARKER BRAND
TWO FOR A QUARTER
WARRANTED LINEN
COLLARS

are finer and stronger than cotton collars, wear better, and sell for the same price—TWO FOR 25c. They are made of pure sun bleached Irish Linen, in many [illegible] styles and in quarter sizes, and are guaranteed strongest "WARRANTED LINEN."

A New Idea—[illegible]

Wm. Barker Co., Makers
Troy, New York

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest
For Only 10c a Year

[illegible] from moths
BEAUTIFUL BOOK SENT FREE
[illegible] many handsome styles
[illegible] free trial
Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept. 75 Statesville, N. C.

A REBUILT LIFE

Continued from Page 6

"So, for the last three weeks of that vacation, I worked like a horse myself and had those two boys working with me the same way. I found I was making more money than ever, though you might not think it much after all. When school took up the boys had to go; but I made an arrangement with them to keep on working for me Friday afternoons and Saturdays.

"I just had to have regular help and kept on trying until I found it. This time I got hold of two middle-aged colored men who had been housemen for a while when they were younger. One was laid up with rheumatism too much to hold a steady job as houseman; the other was such a hard drinker that he always stopped working for two days after pay day.

"Both men were fine workers, did what I told them and did it well when they did work. My rheumatism man worked whenever he could; sometimes for two weeks he wouldn't miss a day, then he might drop out for three or four days at a time or average two or three days a week for a while. The other man I could count on usually from Tuesday morning until Saturday night.

"I got to depending on them more and more actually to do the work, spent more time getting orders and showing my men what I wanted done; for on Friday afternoons and Saturdays, with the two boys, I had four hands, you see. Saturday is the housekeeper's day—nearly everybody wants things to look clean on Sunday; so on Saturdays I usually had work enough for them all.

"Whenever one of my men was off and I needed an extra man, or more work came in all at once than they could do, I always turned in and worked with them just as hard as ever. I tried to bunch the work as much as possible, to get all the work I could in a certain good residence part of the town, where it would be fairly near together—especially when I had the four hands working—so as not to lose much time in getting round.

"It was a good residence section—not the richest or most fashionable, but a moderate-priced residence section where the people kept only one servant, who was not expected to do outside work. There are thousands of homes like that in any town."

New Fields for New Hands

"I usually worked them in pairs—the two men as a pair and the boys as another, but I never worked the white boys and negroes on the same job. When two worked together they got to working against each other almost before they knew it, to see which could do the best or most work, which was the better man or classiest cleaner.

"I noticed that pretty soon, and took to offering a prize of a half dollar extra to the one of each pair who did the best and quickest work. That half-dollar prize was worth at least two dollars a pair to me every week. If you have ever worked men you know how that is.

"I couldn't keep all the work absolutely bunched, and before the winter was over I bought a second-hand bicycle for a few dollars. Bicycle riding may not be stylish, but I wasn't out after style and it is certainly useful. That wheel helped me get a lot more work and oversee a lot more than I could possibly have done walking.

"Early in the winter I had gone to board with an old couple who owned their little home but lived mostly off his pension. It wasn't much of a place; in fact they lived in a narrow little street, with a two-foot sidewalk that is almost an alley—and they lived plain. They did not charge me much board. It was near that part of the town where my work mostly was, and they were honest and kind.

"Say, do you know that being kind is a whole lot? It means everything to a man when he is sorter broken down and alone and without folks. The table fare was plain but it was well cooked, and the little cottage was always clean—and, best of all, they always seemed glad to see me come in and were interested in me and my affairs without being meddlesome or nosey. Then, too, there was never any quarreling; it was peaceful and restful to get in at night, like a sure-enough home."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Two Points to Remember about Ireland's Gloves

1st. They have a written guaranty of quality and wear.
2nd. They are better than the guaranty.

Two Points to Remember

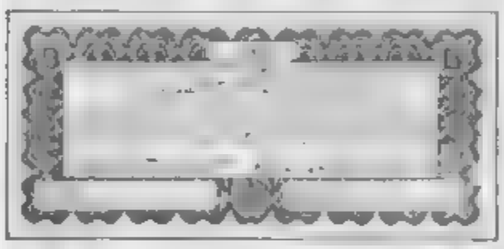
In other words our bond which insures the gloves against *any* defect states the very minimum of service that the glove will give. We do not know how to guarantee the beauty, the distinctiveness or the style of these gloves—but you can see that when you buy them, because all these features are embodied in them.

IRELAND'S
GUARANTEED GLOVES

We try to make Ireland's Gloves for Men, Women and Children the very best gloves in the world.

The material we buy is the finest obtainable—no gloves at any price can be made of better leather. The cutting, shaping, stitching and embroidering are done by skilled experts. When finished, every detail of workmanship must be correct or the glove will not be guaranteed—will not go out bearing the name "Ireland."

Ireland's Guaranteed Gloves are made in four leathers, Mocha, Cape, Glacé, and Chamois—from $1.50 upward. The guarantee slip in the glove and the monogram on the clasp will identify it as Ireland's.



Write for the Book, "The Story of a Glove"
It will interest you. We send it to you free if you tell us the name of your glove dealer

IRELAND BROS. 30 State Street Johnstown, N. Y.
New York Sales Department
With A. M. Tuteur & Co., No. 41 East 17th Street

To Dealers: We will send you sample pairs and explain our workable selling plan if you write us.

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

A Guaranteed $20 SUIT to your measure for $13.50

DON'T buy a Spring suit until you send for the BELL TAILORS Catalog and learn the way to secure the finest New York custom tailored clothes at a saving of at least one-third.

We deal directly with you. We have no agents—we have no representatives of any kind. Our direct method enables us to make to your individual measure a guaranteed $20 suit for $13.50. Take your own order—save this $6.50. We guarantee to fit you perfectly. Any one at home can take your measure as expertly as a skilled custom tailor.

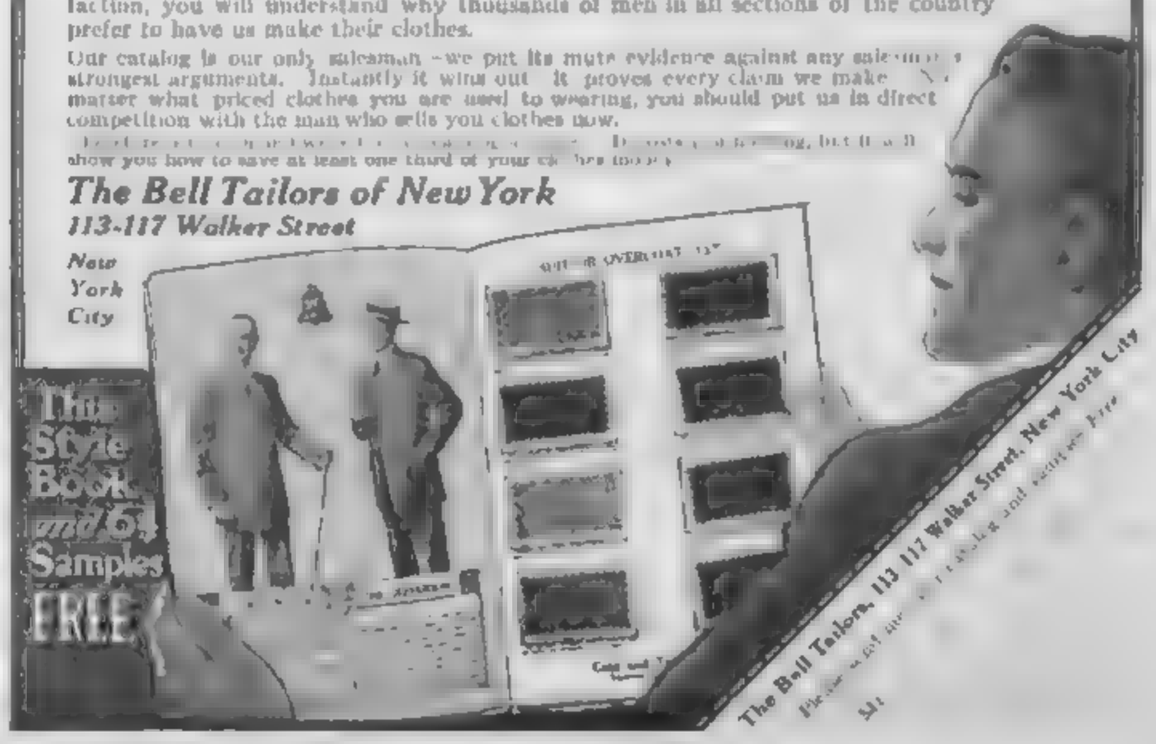
Spring Style Book—64 Samples—FREE

When you see the 64 rich sample fabrics; when you look at our portfolio of smart New York styles; when you compare our prices and read our broad, liberal guarantee of satisfaction, you will understand why thousands of men in all sections of the country prefer to have us make their clothes.

Our catalog is our only salesman—we put its mute evidence against any salesman's strongest arguments. Instantly it wins out. It proves every claim we make. No matter what priced clothes you are used to wearing, you should put us in direct competition with the man who sells you clothes now.

[illegible] book, but it will show you how to save at least one third of your clothes money.

The Bell Tailors of New York
113-117 Walker Street
New York City



Ever-Ready Safety Razor

$1 Complete

The EVER-READY is **right** or we will make it right with you. Your Dollar back for Razor back. We say it is the best razor that ever touched your beard, and if you don't say so after trial, the Dollar is yours.

Our guarantee is absolute—ten year guarantee for the frame, a guarantee for each blade in the Dollar outfit, and a thorough guarantee of satisfaction for the entire razor.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

Every blade a wonder. Sold by Druggists, hardware stores and general stores in your town. Do not ask for a Dollar Razor, but the EVER-READY, with 12 blades—the razor 3,000,000 men are using.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Herald Square, New York

With 12 Blades

WHY WE NEED A MERCHANT MARINE

(Concluded from Page 7)

these results—they were simply the course of a new development; and, instead of following the sea for adventure and wealth, the East began to go in for culture and art, and that sort of thing; and the first thing the nation knew it wakened up without any merchant marine at all. It was simply a phase of development; and now we are entering on another phase."

"Discriminatory duties!" said Secretary Sharwood, of the Maritime Exchange, Philadelphia. "Ah, there is dynamite in that suggestion—dynamite that might hit us harder than any of our rivals. The Maritime Exchange here put itself on record on that subject twelve years ago; and we have never had any reason to modify the conclusions reached at that time. We said then that this would be disastrous to American shipping and would encourage importations into the United States by rail and thus build up foreign steamships and drive traffic from American roads to Canadian ones. It would mean the abrogation of thirty-seven treaties with foreign nations and upset trade with every great nation in the world. Should foreigners retaliate by taxing goods sent to their countries in American vessels, that would more than offset all gain—for our heavy sea cargoes are eastbound, not westbound."

"Such duties are so dangerous as to be out of the question," said a leading official of the New York Board of Trade. "They would simply force an international trade war and destroy our foreign markets."

Discriminatory Duties

"Suicide—sheer suicide!" said the American agent of several foreign liners. "We can't do it without cutting our own throats! This whole merchant-marine question is simply part of the larger question—America at the parting of the ways! What is she going to do about it? We slapped Canada's overtures in the face for twenty years; then when we were ready for broader trade relations with Canada you know what happened. Suppose we put on discriminatory taxes against British vessels to our ports, how long do you suppose it would be before a preferential tariff scheme would bind colonies and mother country together with a stone wall round them against all our imports?

"Do I believe in the United States going on contributing billions to the marine supremacy of other nations? No—never! And that is just the point. We have been trying to fence the ocean with protection for fifty years. What is the result? We have almost driven the American flag from the sea. Give us free ships—the right to buy ships in the cheapest market; give us free tolls, international and domestic—the railroads were given land, why should we not be given free tolls?—give us a free sea; and this country would not stand second in maritime supremacy to any nation in the world! We pay higher wages, but we save in efficiency and machinery. Untie our hands; throw aside these hampering laws—and we'll build up our marine as we did a century ago. When we have a merchant marine of our own we, and not foreign nations, will reap the benefit of Panama. We will profit from the enormous outlay on harbors. We will save for this nation the millions now going to foreign carriers."

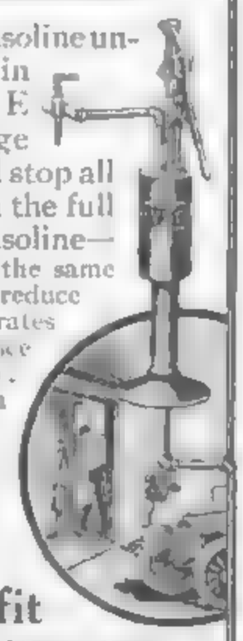
"What has caused the decline? Why has not Philadelphia the sea commerce of the Clyde? It is too complex for me," said an officer of the Philadelphia city docks and ferries. "But this I know: Though we think we have spent so much on our harbors, our spendings are small compared to the outlay of other nations for maritime trade."

Later, a secretary of the department sent me this compiled statement of the cost of harbor improvements here and abroad:

New York—population four millions—to date	$100,000,000
Liverpool—population half a million—to date	200,000,000
San Francisco—population half a million	50,000,000
Hamburg—population half a million	125,000,000
Boston—unfair to give population, as suburbs are not included	15,000,000
London—population seven millions	100,000,000
Baltimore	12,000,000
Antwerp	95,000,000

Gasoline Waste Eliminated!

STORE *your* gasoline underground—in a WAYNE Gasoline Storage Outfit and you will stop all leakage; maintain the full strength of your gasoline—get more miles from the same number of gallons—reduce your fire insurance rates—and materially reduce your cost of gasoline. Turn your loss into a profit with a



Wayne Gasoline Storage Outfit

Saves You From 20% to 30%

The WAYNE Pump is absolutely accurate, rigidly tested and inspected. WAYNE Underground Tanks are made of best grade of open hearth steel, riveted and soldered, finished in three coats of rust-proof asphaltum paint. They are leak-proof and evaporation-proof.

Write us today for illustrated bulletins. We make an outfit that will just fill *your* requirements. Storage outfits for factory and wholesale purposes designed and built.

Wayne Oil Tank and Pump Co.
Department 10 Fort Wayne, Indiana

The Interlock
WINTER UNDERWEARS

"Singularly soft and soothing"

Ask your dealer *now* to be sure to have the lightest-for-warmth Interlock Underwear for you early next Fall.

For men and boys—50c and up.
For infants—25c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for Interlock Underwear.

Write us for booklet and sample
General Knit Fabric Company Utica N Y

Icy-Hot

CARAFES and BOTTLES
Keep Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours
Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

An ICY HOT *Carafe or Bottle*

An Everyday Necessity

Icy Hot Bottles and Carafes keep drinks ... sanitary. None other just as good yet ... more than the ordinary. Look for name ICY HOT. At all dealers. Write for free booklet.

ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Dept. B, Cincinnati, Ohio

PATENTS
SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business; build up quickly; ... new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati

Go to Europe at Our Expense A few tours to organizers of small parties. Write today for plan and programs. Also Holy Land Tours. Splendid values. Cash commissions. *UNIVERSITY TOURS, Box SP, Wilmington, Delaware*

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That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
RICHARD B. OWEN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

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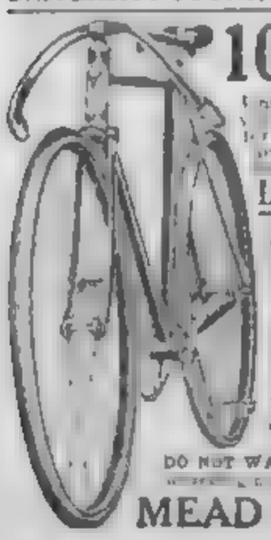
PATENTS
INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE ... method in securing Patents. So will you eventually. Why wait? ... FREE book. WM. P. JONES, 601 G St., Washington, D. C.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL



We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States without a *cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days' free trial from the day ... suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim ... wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for *not one cent*.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. Buy direct ... grade models with Puncture Proof tires, Imported Roller ... cheaper than cheap mail order bicycles, also reliable medium ... unheard of low prices.

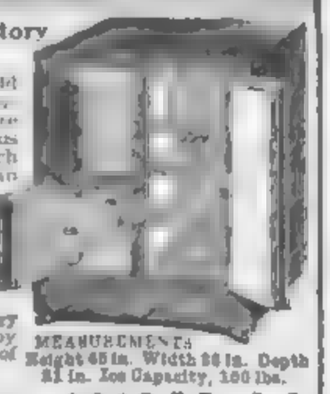
RIDER AGENTS WANTED ... sample Ranger ... You will be astonished at the wonderful new plan and special offer we ... Write at once. ... DO NOT BUY A BICYCLE ... BICYCLE DEALERS ... SECOND HAND BICYCLES ... $3 to $8 each ... TIRES, COASTER BRAKE ... half usual prices ... DO NOT WAIT ... Write at once

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior is solid oak, ... lined with the famous opal glass, 7 18 inch ... "Better than ... Opal glass is the ... washed as a pane of glass. Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given by our exclusive system of construction.



MEASUREMENTS
Height 65 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

Conforms in every respect to the high standards set by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., manufacturers for over 60 years. The name back of this refrigerator is the highest insurance of its quality. Our Money-Back Guaranty. Your money refunded if the Wickes is not exactly as represented. *You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at wholesale factory prices.*

The Exterior German-Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . **$45**

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog
It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
(Established Over 60 Years)
Dept. 35, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Dept. 35, 20-36 W. 32d St., New York
130-134 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio (19)

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive ... Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 804 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons ... the Short Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.
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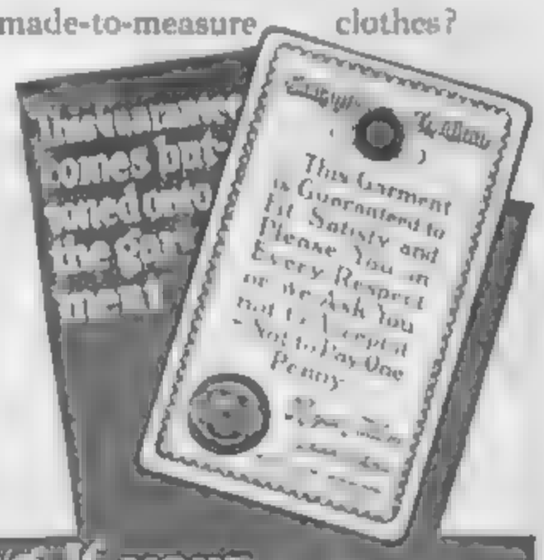

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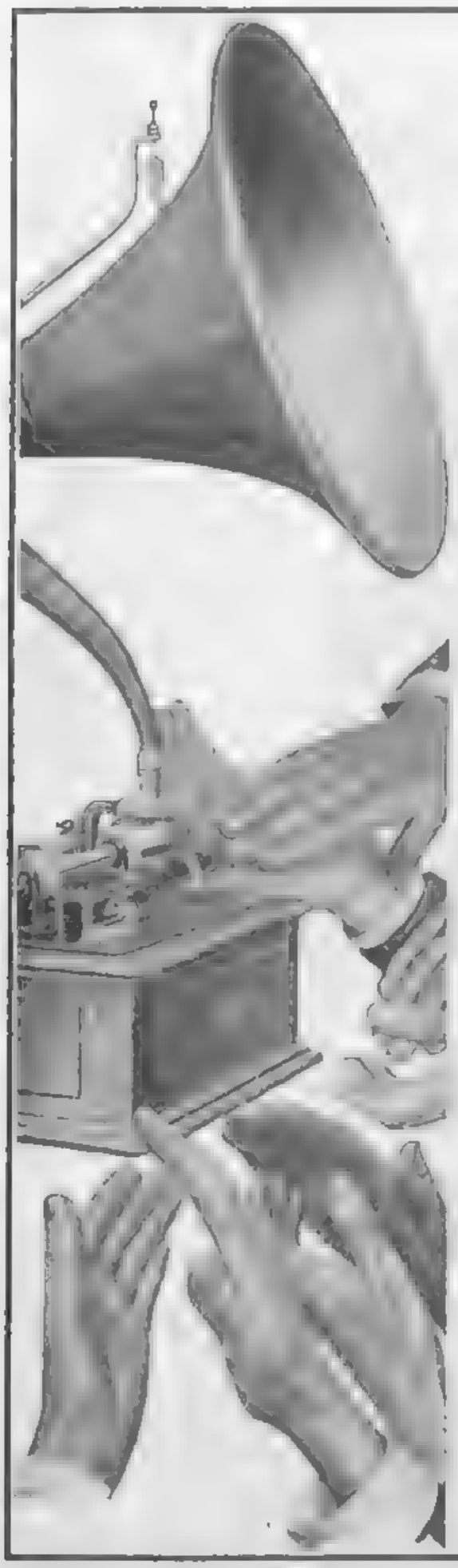

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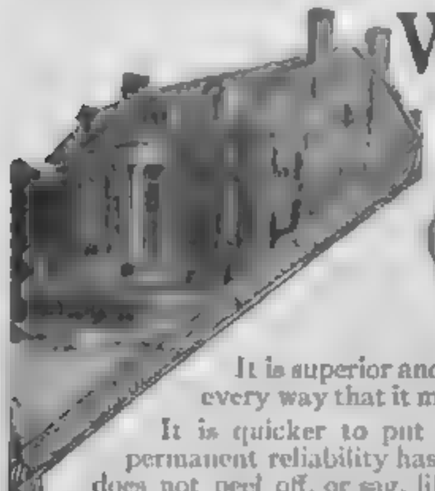

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 21)

two planets cannot revolve in the same orbit. Two lions at meat in the same cage have been known to create a scene by tearing each other's manes in an argument. A lion may eat with his knife and still be welcomed in the circle—not because he is of it, you understand, but because he is "so interesting," don't you know? He is the freak that they examine between courses.

Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's festival would have no place here but for the fact that Jim Bone had progressed so far in the scale of things that he became the lion of it. And he sustained the rôle with a ripping sincerity that thrilled and delighted his hostess, and that bade fair to win him a place at her very dinner table. You may permit the celebrity within your gates to insult you upon the same amiable principle that the king's fool enjoyed the impotent privilege of speaking the most offensive truth to his royal master.

Young Fanning-Rucker had strenuously opposed his mother's determination to include Jim Bone on her guest list for this occasion. Young Fanning-Rucker was not in a position to go into the particulars of his objections, not the least of which was a large boot-sole-shaped bruise in the small of his back. He refused to admit, even to himself, the annoyance he had experienced frequently of late at seeing Jim accompanying Sylvia to and from Amy White's house and escorting her to church.

"I tell you, Mother, he is a brute," he exclaimed with some heat, when he discovered her intention.

"We are all brutes, Fanning, at bottom," said the old horse-faced cynic, flattening her wide nostrils with an ugly smile as she poured her son's breakfast coffee.

"I have sometimes suspected that I smell a little weasel smell about you. You make money so easily, my dear Fanning. It is another way of being a brute."

Her son blushed. There was no love lost between them.

"And he is really an outlaw," Fanning went on, after a self-subjugating pause.

"I can imagine nothing more delightful than a real live outlaw at a lawn party," she retorted. "Besides," she went on seriously, "he is today the most prominent man in this town and county. And to leave him out would be like leaving out the central figure of a picture."

"Don't expect me to be civil to him," exclaimed Fanning, in a perspiration of mortified pride.

"He'll never miss it, your civility, Fanning; it is too silky for a man anyhow. Bone will get most of his courtesies from the women. He's the kind of man women grow crazy about."

"I can't see why," said Fanning contemptuously.

"That is because you have the limiting sex of a man. But, somehow, you have missed the masculine keyboard in the development of your character."

A party on Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's lawn was like an expurgated picnic. The trees and grass attended. There were the same little summer clouds overhead that always threaten showers upon such occasions; but the people were not all there, and they were different—too old, too sedate. As Jim Bone advanced up the avenue toward the open gateway of the lawn he pushed his hat far back upon his head and looked over at the groups seated here and there in the shade. He thought they had the appearance of a Sabbath-school class that had grown stout and aged without ever getting out of the primer catechism. They sat so primly, as if they were still expecting the question:

"Who made you?"

And were prepared to answer as usual:

"God!"

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam!"

"Who was the first woman?"

"Eve!"—A chorus of children whose voices had changed into the guttural tones of age.

The women predominated. Only a few men stood herded in a little group near the gate, each with one leg set forward, each chewing a quid of tobacco and occasionally sneaking his head as far over his shoulder as possible in order to spit behind him, the ladies being in front. Colonel Lark, who wore a red tie and held his hat in his hand, appeared to be monopolizing the conversation. He was really prancing a little like a fat old dock-tailed cob, thus indicating that he was conscious of the distant female grandstand. The other men stood stolidly hip-shod, so as to speak with that deceptive listlessness that the married male so often shows in mixed company if his wife is present, and to which no married female would give in, no matter if it were possible to have half a dozen husbands present.

Aside from the row of elderly women already referred to, who held the catechism stare as they sat side by side in the shade of the veranda, Bone observed that most of the women present were gathered about a thin feminine wraith, who reclined in a wicker chair that was tilted far back upon the very heels of its rockers. This was Agnes Yancey. From being the least renowned member of Ruckersville society she had suddenly become the most conspicuous woman in it. It was known far and wide that she was about to have an operation. This was positively her last appearance before that event. Her head rested upon a pillow on the back of the chair with that wilted insecurity sometimes observed in a fowl afflicted with the disease known as the limber-neck. The folds of her white skirt hung to her beseechingly. It is queer, when you think about it, how the mind of a woman controls the set of her clothes. Many of the sex are destined to join that company of redeemed spirits whose feathers forever trail in the dust. Agnes, who had never enjoyed any particular distinction in the style of her gowns till this summer, during which she had at last yielded to the call of invalidism, now wore gowns that were as symbolic of backache and hysteria as Sylvia Story's were of health and passion and beauty. They laved her limbs like tears.

Jim, who feared a sick woman as he could not have feared a raging hyena, paused in the gateway. He was dressed "within an inch of his life," as the saying went in Ruckersville, which means that he had got the tops of his boots inside his trousers and that the latter swelled out accordingly. Their color was a light greenish gray, and the effect produced by his legs, therefore, was of two huge stalks of celery that had wilted halfway up to where the skirt of his black Prince Albert coat reached and concealed them. As a matter of fact he wore no vest, the weather still being, in his opinion, too warm to warrant this extra garment. He wore a white shirt and a green puffed tie around his standing collar, the points of which teased his chin on either side. He was shaved until his cheeks gave the impression of having received a red hardwood finish and, though a haberdasher might have questioned his style, no one could have questioned his effect. It was that of a moose, disguised in green breeches and a frock-coat, looking for a mate. And if he had used the retina of a woman's eye for a mirror he could not in his artlessness have produced a more thrilling effect upon the heart. The truth was that he had learned from Sylvia that she was herself to take some mysterious part at this festival, and he had togged himself accordingly. Sylvia did not tell him that never before had the social sheriff of Ruckersville honored her with an invitation, and she was very far from understanding that she owed it to his attentions. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had no objection to the girl, provided she did not rebut and marry her son. And since the rumor of Bone's attentions had reached her, she took this method of helping along their convenient courtship.

Still Jim hesitated in the gateway. The sight of Agnes with the women fluttering about her disconcerted him. He saw Mildred Percey seated beneath a tent-ly bedecked and highly decorated table, from which she was selling refreshments, and near by was the tent itself with the flaps of it discreetly buttoned together, but he could catch no glimpse of Sylvia. He was about to walk back as far as Amy's house and return with her, when Mrs. Fanning-Rucker detached herself from the circle around Agnes' chair, waved her hand welcomingly and advanced to meet him.

"Oh, Mr. Bone, at last we have captured you!" she said by way of greeting.

Jim said nothing. He was not a lady's man, merely always the lover of some woman.

He literally shook hands, which amused his hostess. She thought it was so simple.

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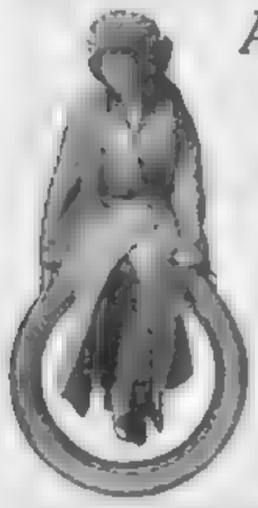

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As a matter of fact, it was an involuntary expression of ferocious impatience. His one thought was "Where is Sylvia?" and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from demanding his information.

"Here you have been in the town for nearly four months, turning it upside down; and this is the first time the ladies have had the chance to meet you," she went on, smiling at him.

"You forget Sylvia," he thought, but held his tongue. The fact is, he had his forelegs planted, and was sitting back upon his hindlegs—by the expression of his countenance—like a balking mule. He refused to understand that she was trying to lead him forward.

"Of course not everybody is here. I always reserve the right to be exclusive."

She designed this for a compliment. She dashed it into his face as if she were administering a restorative to a fainting person. It did attract his attention. He looked at her vaguely and wondered what she said.

"One has to be, don't you think?" she added with the air of rubbing his back and patting his flanks.

"Be?" he murmured in his deep raucous voice.

"Yes; I say one has to be exclusive."

Jim looked at her. He had not forgotten Sylvia. He resolved, so help him Heaven, never to forgive it if he had been deceived into coming there except to see Sylvia. But, throwing one arm around that thought to preserve it, with the other he shot a blow into the face of Mrs. Fanning-Rucker—figuratively speaking, of course—which gave her that impression of his ripping sincerity already referred to.

"It's owing entirely to who you are and how steady you can stand on your own pegs," he answered, looking at her with cool precision.

"Delicious!" she gasped, while she managed her smile with the dexterity of an old duelist who receives his opponent's blade upon his own with a clash.

At this moment the flaps of the tent were folded back and the figure of a girl dressed as a gipsy appeared in the opening.

The effect upon Bone was instantaneous and miraculous. If he had fallen upon his knees and kissed her hand Mrs. Fanning-Rucker could not have been more surprised than she was at the sudden metamorphosis of a boor into a barbarian gallant. He fairly cuddled under her wings as they now moved together across the grass. And nothing could have surpassed the wit and good humor with which Mr. Bone conducted himself for the next hour, during which time he met and squeezed the hand of every woman, old and young, upon the lawn. He showed a tender consideration for Agnes by fanning her with his hat brim, after she had endured the shock of being introduced to him. She parted her lips, drew her lids down till they showed only a three-cornered angle of each sad pupil, and could not resist confiding her ailment to him.

"It's my spine. The doctor says it isn't, but I know it is!" she murmured faintly.

He redoubled his efforts with the hat brim and looked distractedly for Tony, as a desperate man looks for some one to rescue him from a frightful danger or a hideous embarrassment. Mr. Adams was nowhere in sight.

"Did you ever have any trouble with your spine, Mr. Bone?" inquired the invalid. She had reached that stage of neurasthenia when a woman centers her whole mind upon her innocent vertebræ.

"Never!" he answered, turning furiously red, as if her question had stripped him stark naked in the presence of the company.

A look of deep disappointment passed over her face, as much as to say that again she had asked for sympathy and received a stone. She closed her eyes. He withdrew gently at this dismissal.

For some minutes he had seen Mildred Percey signaling to him from behind the refreshment table by waving a sheet of notepaper. He understood. It was her triumphant way of letting him know that she had finished another epitaph for the tombstones of the Confederate heroes. Nearly every day now she appeared in his office with two or three of these thin bugling verses. And even more than he feared Agnes' invalidism did he fear Mildred's poetic inspirations. He was beginning to understand them with all the horror a man has when, in love with one woman, he

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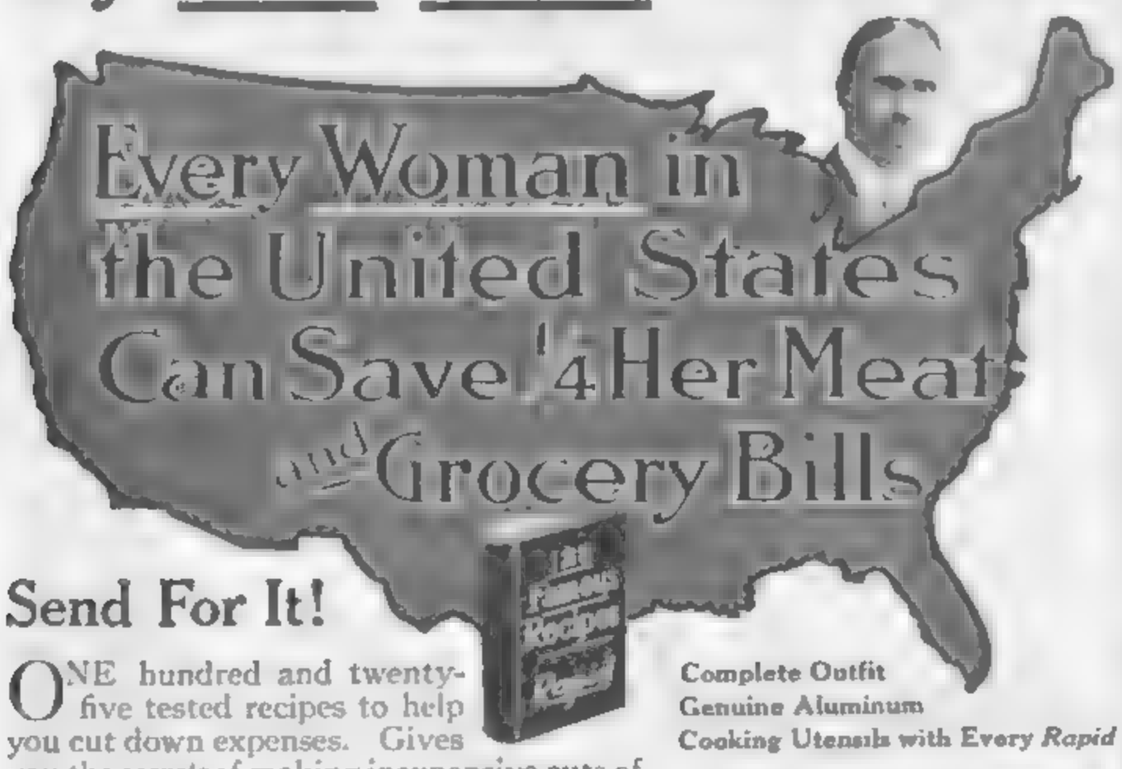

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feels the sentimental tentacles of another closing about him. He thought rapidly, with that double action of the mind that is peculiar to any person in a difficulty. He was resolved upon two things: first, not to approach in the company of any one else the tent where Sylvia was obviously engaged in telling fortunes; second, not to come near the refreshment tent over which Mildred presided, without an adequate guard.

This was more difficult to achieve than it seemed, for the tent was the center of much pleasant excitement. From the tail of his eye he had observed Fanning-Rucker conducting a constant stream of guests in that direction. But Mildred's table was far less popular. He was suddenly blessed with an inspiration, so evasive, so effective, that it would have done credit to a much more socially experienced person.

"Let's all have something!" he exclaimed to his hostess, sweeping out an arm that took in the various groups of guests scattered here and there, and wagging his head significantly at the refreshments.

The saloon vernacular of his invitation did not escape the lady to whom it was addressed. She was amused and delighted at the opportunity to swell the receipts for the U. D. C. fund.

She arose, conducting him here and there from one patch of guests to another, even as far as the row of old peony saints seated in the shade of the veranda.

"Come on, everybody! Mr. Bone is going to treat."

A few minutes later they moved across the lawn in the direction of Mildred's table, Bone stepping along a trifle in advance. He was like the nucleus of a comet, dragging its tail of fluttering, chattering femininity upon the ground. His voice arose, he guffawed, he whipped out compliments right and left so grossly masculine that they surpassed mere flattery. By the time they reached the table with its punch bowl of lemonade, its platters of cakes and decorations of candy boxes, he had "arrived" in Ruckersville, femininely speaking.

It was his purpose to drain the bowl and clear the table of everything except the epitaph. This was the first time the ladies of Ruckersville had ever experienced the thrill of being treated to more than one plate of ice cream by any man. They were not hungry, but they enjoyed the excitement of being the beneficiaries of masculine extravagance, which women are always glad to interpret as complimentary to themselves. The contagion of the gluttonous merriment they created was irresistible, and they were presently joined by the group of men who had till now held economically aloof. Colonel Lark engaged in a mild competition with Mr. Bone by presenting the ladies with the remaining box of candy. No one noticed that every time he took another glass of lemonade Jim invariably and instinctively felt with his booted toes for the foot rail that is fastened along the bottom of every bar, although he caught Mrs. Martin's eye fixed upon him severely and intelligently once when he held his glass up to the light and looked through it, from force of habit, before drinking.

Only a detective, or one of our new practicing psychologists, could have told that he had been making desperate but futile efforts to escape for some time when Tony Adams appeared in the gateway. These efforts became almost frantic when he discovered that he could not outwit the tender thanking intimacy of Mildred's blue eyes.

She had accepted the whole incident as his personal attention to herself. As Tony sauntered leisurely across the lawn, his eye fixed with amused astonishment upon Bone cavorting so noisily in the midst of so many women, he stopped, his face suddenly sobered. Then he started forward again with hasty strides, like a man who has received an inspiration order to hurry. The fact is that over the bobbing, beflowered garden hats of his captors Mr. Bone had sent his friend the "high sign" of distress.

"Tony," he whispered hoarsely as he met that worthy in front of the hedge behind Mildred's table, "corral these old heifers and hold 'em—if you have to lasso every one of 'em—till I get away!"

He disappeared instantly and completely from view. The hedge extended as far as the tent and completely concealed his flight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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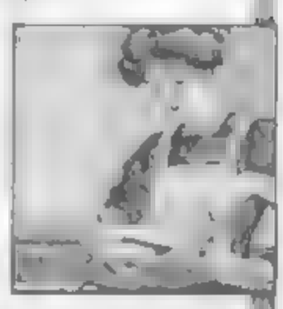

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The Pike line also includes the famous Pike Arkansas, Pike Washita and Pike Crystolon Stones.

Sold by hardware dealers everywhere, or sent direct

Send for "How to Sharpen"

[illegible] Tells how to [illegible] use for sharpening stones to get the best results. Write for this book today

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO.
3 Main Street Pike, N. H.

THE GREAT
DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER

Booklet Free. Every housewife should have a [illegible] on [illegible] Vacuum Cleaner [illegible]

Price, $16.00 Charges prepaid East of Rocky Mountains.

[illegible] and it thoroughly satisfactory.

AGENTS WANT [illegible] FREE BOOKLET

DOMESTIC VACUUM SWEEPER CO. 254 Masonic Temple, Peoria, Illinois

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into coat pocket without damaging. [illegible] Telescope. Silk trimmings. Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual [illegible] sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. [illegible] Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Panama Hats $1.00 and up.

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Brighter than [illegible] [illegible] Over [illegible] Very [illegible] Most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to obtain Patent" [illegible] Invent" sent free. Send [illegible] to patentability. Patent [illegible] sale at our expense. [illegible]

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DISSTON IS DISSTON

Through and Through

ONE OF THE BIG STEAM HAMMERS
POURING STEEL AT DISSTON CRUCIBLE FURNACES
ROLLING CIRCULAR SAW PLATE
PHYSICAL TESTING LABORATORY
CHEMICAL LABORATORY

JUST what does the Disston brand stand for when you see it on a saw or tool? The Disston brand is more than surface deep; its meaning goes through and through. Disston quality begins in the crucible, when the "mix" is made for the production of Disston steel.

Disston steel making experience dates back 57 years, to 1855, when Henry Disston, unable to obtain steel that kept pace with his improvements in saw manufacture, established his own crucible steel plant, the first of its kind in America. Then were made the experiments that resulted in his discovery of Disston steel.

Since that time, every advance in Disston methods, every Disston invention of improved machinery, every feature of manufacturing development that has made the Disston works the largest and its goods the most efficient in the world, has been founded on the quality of Disston Crucible Steel.

Even Disston could not make a Disston Saw or Tool out of any but Disston Steel

From the "mix" in the crucible, which is determined by analyses in the Disston chemical laboratory, through the melting in the great furnaces running night and day, where even the gas for the fires is especially made by Disston; under the big steam hammers and through the enormous rolling machines; through the dies that give first form to the saws or tools to be made; through the hardening and tempering processes which bring out the wonderful life of the Disston steel; through the scientific and accurate grinding operations under gigantic stones; through the skilled hands of the world's best tool makers, up to the finished article and the final branding—*all is Disston.* Starting with superior steel, through each step Disston superiority becomes more clearly marked until the final Disston product is such that for many years it has set the standard for the whole world.

Synopsis of Previous Advertisements

The Story of a Stone Wall

Appeared January 20th

Which told of the wall enclosing three sides of the 50-acre Disston Works, 2,000 feet long, seven feet high, built entirely of 20,000 discarded grindstones originally bought by the pound and worn down in the Disston manufactures in a few years.

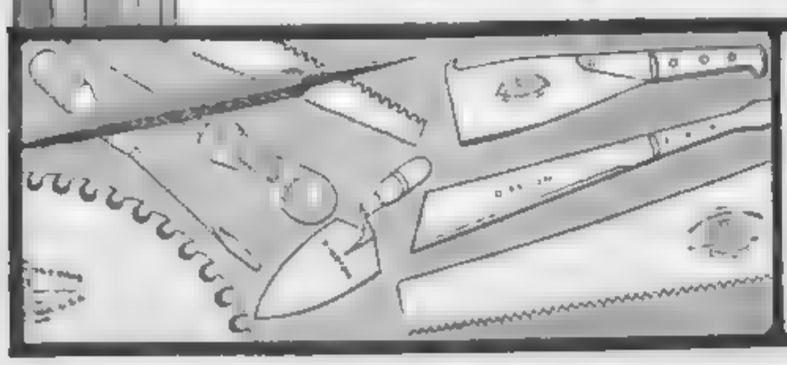
Over 50 Years with Disston

Appeared February 17th

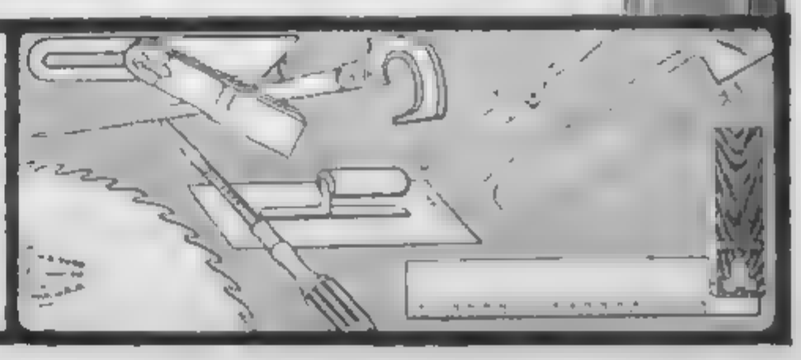
Which told of 21 men still in service who have been with Disston 50 to 62 years; 80 men, 40 to 50 years; 188 men, 30 to 40 years, 330 men, 20 to 30 years, 609 men, 10 to 20 years, and the 2,300 younger Disston tool makers, largely sons and grandsons of the veterans. A progressive organization of over 3,500 men thoroughly imbued with the Disston spirit and policies.

Whether you require a saw or a file, a plumb and level, a try square, or any of a hundred other tools, ask for a "DISSTON" tool, stamped with the name "DISSTON"

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Incorporated *Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel and File Works* PHILADELPHIA, PA.



DISSTON
SAWS TOOLS FILES
SOLD BY ALL PROGRESSIVE DEALERS



The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL *in the* WORLD

An Illustrated Weekly of Progress in Agriculture
The Exponent of the Best American Country Life

Its Appeal: ¶ This eighty-year-old journal is now being published under the Curtis imprint, which has made *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* the leaders in their fields. The scope of *The Country Gentleman* has been broadened to consider agriculture as both an industry and a trade, the vocation of a class yet the fundamental industry of the country upon which the prosperity of all manufactures and commerce depends. The universal appeal of things relating to the soil is due to the vital relation of agriculture to the business of every person whether he is working in the city or the rural community.

To Farmers: ¶ The vital questions in country life are national. They concern the safeguarding of fertility; the increasing of yields of crops and animals; the reduction of costs of production; the elimination of wastes in marketing; coöperation to guard the farmer's interests and increase his profits; the improvement of his home and community for his family. These questions are all resolved into the one problem of more intelligent farming in the broadest sense by the use of scientific principles combined with successful practice. Chief attention will always be given to the methods of the successful farmer and the careful investigator.

To Land Owners: ¶ Investments in land must be made to pay adequately and surely if capital is to be attracted to rural investments. The land operated by the tenant or the hired manager must be conserved and be made more productive from year to year. *The Country Gentleman* presents special studies and experiences on land investments, mortgages, the tenant problem and the question of the absent landlord.

To Country Bankers, Merchants and Tradesmen: ¶ The prosperity of the country town depends directly upon the community in which it is located. Good farming means good business. The progressive banker and merchant may do much to promote local agriculture. For him *The Country Gentleman* offers a survey of national conditions and methods not heretofore available. The farmer's part in legislation, the crops and the markets, coöperation and education in the rural community are vital to his business.

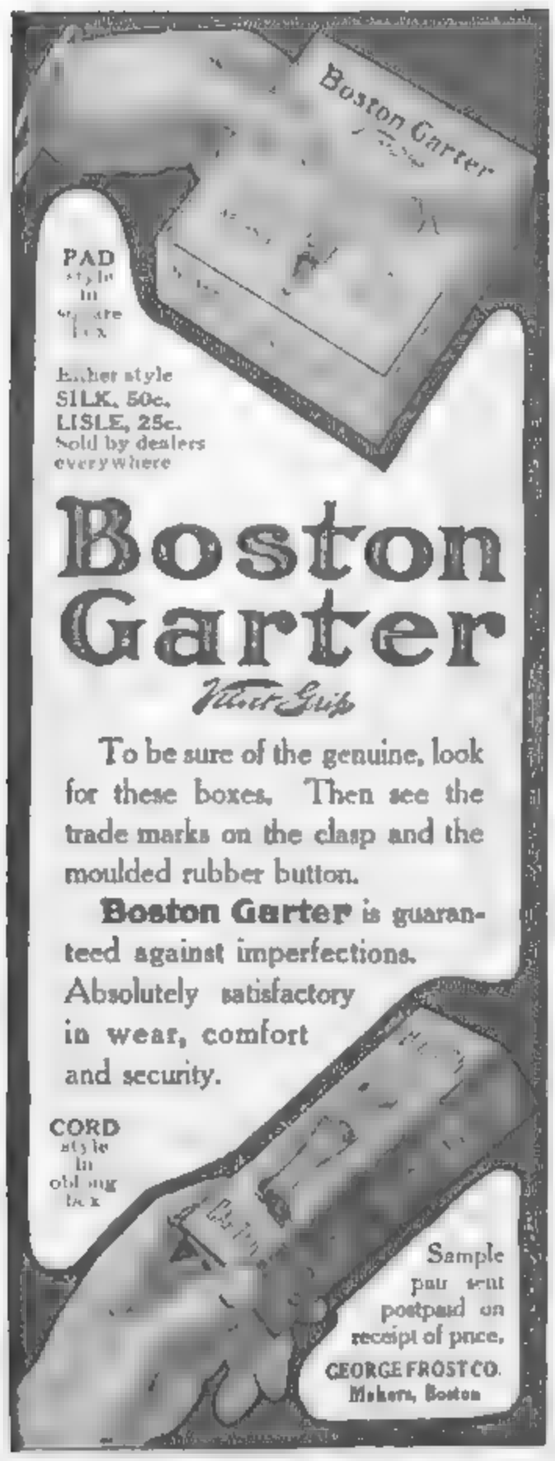
To Students of Agriculture: ¶ The appearance of a new generation of beginners in farming demands that a national journal combine in proper proportions discussions of fundamental principles and recent progress. The student will find in "The Advance of Agriculture" and "The Crops and the Markets"—regular departments—the survey which will develop his knowledge of the courses of change in methods of production.

To Suburban Gardeners: ¶ The man on a little land, whether supporting himself wholly or partly therefrom while engaged in city business, is often schooling himself for future country life. How a little land may be made to produce at its best is not below the careful study of the best minds. *The Country Gentleman* draws no line between extensive and intensive farming; both are necessary and inevitable in American agriculture.

The Country Woman: ¶ The needs of the rural home are urgent, and social problems in the country are demanding immediate solution. Much is being done, mostly by thinking women in the country who know their circumstances and the temperament of their people. Every issue of *The Country Gentleman* will present some of the ideas and experiences of such women. Both the problems of the country and the problems of the individual home will be covered.

Buy a Copy and Judge for Yourself. Inquire at any Newsstand, or of any Saturday Evening Post Boy.
Five Cents the Copy. One Dollar Fifty the Year

The CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia*



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

To be sure of the genuine, look for these boxes. Then see the trade marks on the clasp and the moulded rubber button.

Boston Garter is guaranteed against imperfections. Absolutely satisfactory in wear, comfort and security.

Another Baby Saved By Holstein Cows' Milk

A. M. Harney, Red Oak, Iowa, tells what Holstein Cows' Milk is doing for his baby:—

"Our baby has made splendid progress on the Holstein Milk. We are quite sure that had we not found out about the Holstein Milk, our baby would never have lived."

If you will bear in mind that the milk of the normal mother is the ideal food for her infant, you will readily see that Holstein Milk, its nearest substitute, is the only suitable milk for the "bottle baby."

Ordinary milk with its excess of butter fat is entirely right for the digestion of a young baby and the more delicate he is the fat instead of being assimilated for brain and nerve building, Holstein Milk is in the form of large fat globules which do not yield their cream to the baby's stomach but make tough greasy curds so the baby starves.

Send for our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," and let us know if your milkman cannot supply you with Holstein Cows' Milk.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
15-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

Here is the only conveyance designed for the baby that will permit the mother to take her child everywhere

Oriole Go-Basket

A combined wheelet, carrier, bassinet and jump[illegible]

If not at your Dealer's Write us for Catalogue and Great Trial Offer

THE WITHROW MFG CO
2745 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati O

THE LAST STAND OF THE BUFFALO

(Continued from Page 18)

There is also in Yellowstone Park a band of wild buffaloes estimated at twenty-five head. They are seen only at intervals in the most inaccessible places. Now and then a calf is roped and added to the captive herd. An effort has been made to entice the wild animals into the corrals, but without success. The only other herd of wild buffaloes on the continent ranges the uninhabited region west of Smith's Landing, on the Athabasca River, in Canada. Any estimate of the herd is the purest conjecture, as it has been preyed upon by wolves and Indians. The American Bison Society places its number at four hundred and fifty. Many believe this estimate to be too large by half.

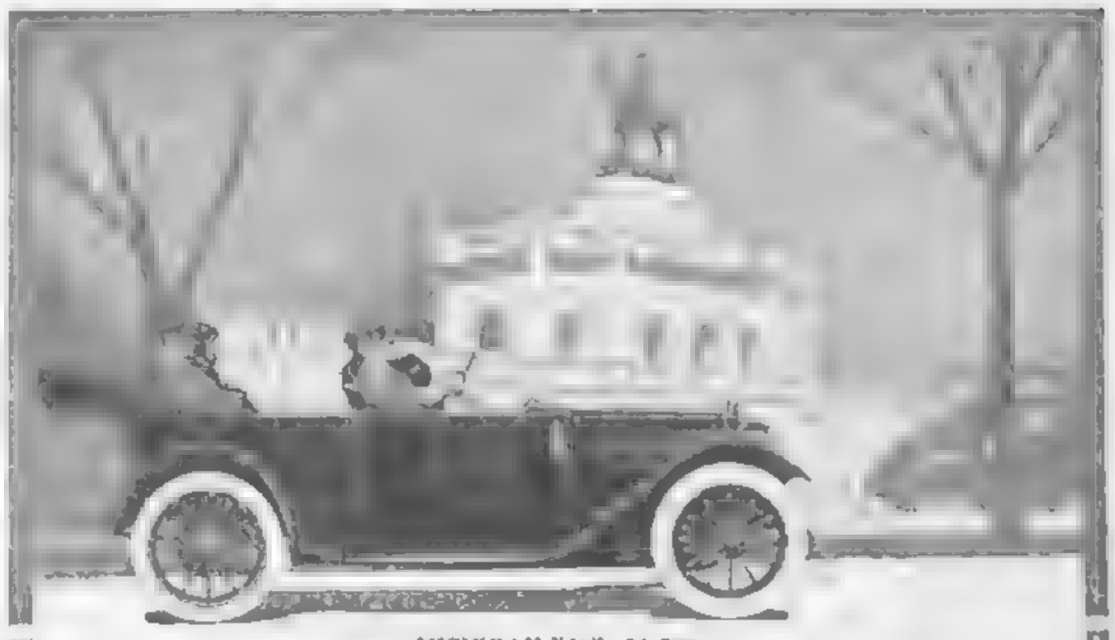
If the future of the buffalo in the United States is now secure it has been rendered doubly so on broader foundation lines across the Canadian border. Canada made history in the preservation of the buffalo when it purchased the Pablo herd in February, 1907. The price paid was two hundred thousand dollars. The number of buffaloes purchased was six hundred and fourteen. They ranged over fifty square miles in the Flathead reservation in Montana. It took three years to round them all up and deliver them, and the cost to Michel Pablo was forty thousand dollars. The Dominion Government established the great park at Wainwright for their reception. The park is of irregular shape, about twenty miles long by eighteen at its widest point, and contains about one hundred and seven thousand acres. The fence of woven wire surrounding it is nine feet high, seventy-two miles round and cost one thousand dollars a mile. It is paralleled inside and out by plowed fireguards twenty feet broad.

The Last Round-Up

At the time of its purchase the Pablo herd was by far the largest herd of buffaloes ever in captivity. Its rate of growth gives an idea of what may be expected in the great parks of the United States and Canada. Indian hunters on the Milk River captured four buffalo calves in 1873. They gave them to the priests of St. Ignatius Mission, in Montana, who kept them as pets. By 1884 they had increased to eighteen head. Ten were purchased that year by C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo, who were wise enough to realize that in a few years specimens of the almost extinct race would become of great value. In 1893 they purchased thirty more from "Buffalo" Jones, of Garden City, Kansas. When it was sold in 1907, thirty-four years after the capture of the four calves, the herd, which had passed into the sole possession of Pablo, numbered more than six hundred and fifty head. For ten years preceding the sale Pablo had disposed of fifteen or twenty head annually.

The round-up of the Pablo herd after its purchase by Canada was the last great buffalo hunt of history—a hunt without guns, but as thrilling as any buffalo hunt of early days. Two hundred cowboys and Indians led by Pablo himself and his Indian wife, a daredevil rider, scoured the range constantly. The buffaloes were accustomed to the daily sight of horsemen and at first it was possible to drive them, the cowboys nursing them along gently and being careful not to frighten or stampede them. They were driven a few at a time into a large corral on Pablo's ranch until a sufficient number for shipment had been collected. Then in bunches of seventy-five, hedged in by as many cowboys, they were driven twenty-eight miles to Ravalli, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, where they were crated and shipped to Canada.

Continual hunting, however, made the buffaloes so wild that it became impossible to drive them. Then the indomitable old half-breed decided to construct a big corral in the heart of the range, with fanlike fences spreading out from it. The site selected was a strip of land eight hundred acres in extent inclosed in a sweeping horseshoe curve by the Flathead River. Across the river a long open draw or coulée led away into the hills to one of the favorite feeding grounds of the herd. From the entrance to the corral booms were swung across the river, serving the purpose of waterfences. At the sides of the coulée fences were built, one eight miles long, the



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What You Get

After you've listened to all the big talk of automobile manufacturers—after all is said and done—what interests you most when you select a car is *what you get*. We claim—and we can prove it—that in the "Michigan Forty" at $1,500 you get more real value than you can obtain in any other car on earth. Figure it out. Here are the specifications. Compare them with those of any car at *anywhere near* the price.

Michigan

What You Get

Motor—40 horsepower. Four cylinders, 4¼ x 5¼ inches. Three-bearing crankshaft. Enclosed valves.

Self-starter—absolutely efficient. Light in weight. Non-injurious to motor

Dual ignition. Briggs guaranteed magneto.

Three-speed selective transmission

Three-quarter floating rear axle, possessing all the advantages of both full-floating and semi-floating types with none of the disadvantages of either.

Multiple disc dry plate clutch.

Frame—extra strong, 5-32-inch steel. Four inches deep, 3½-inch flange.

Shortsville wheels, 34 x 4-inch tires and demountable rims—just to make sure that MICHIGAN owners will not be bothered with that bugbear of motordom, tire trouble.

Fourteen-inch brake drums. One square inch of braking surface to every eight pounds.

White nickel mountings throughout

116-inch wheel base, long 50-inch springs, and luxuriously comfortable cushions insure perfect riding qualities.

A life guarantee on every MICHIGAN car—backed up by an old-established concern.

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In 1909 we started to build automobiles. Twenty-eight years of pleasure-vehicle experience had paved the way. And when we commenced to turn out motor cars, our 10,000 vehicle agents throughout the country were *ready* to absorb the new product.

Thus for distribution, which costs other manufacturers fortunes, we paid not one cent. And that is why we undersell.

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175 Lay Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

Send 10c for trial tube.
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ON OR OFF IN 5 MINUTES
Makes a Motor Boat of ANY Boat AND also "makes good" on shore

Here is the famous original Portable marine motor, now adapted for also running a hundred different small machines ashore. Simple—light—strong—SOLD ON THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL.

"PORTO" the Marine and Stationary Engine Combined—TWO IN ONE

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LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

Your Laundry

When it comes back all chewed up you lose both ways—the linen is useless, and in addition, you have the wash bill to pay.

Settle this question right *now*. Buy a LITHOLIN COLLAR and begin to live—look the part, the rest will be easy.

A LITHOLIN COLLAR, 25 cents, (worn every day) lasts two months, and a daily rub with a damp cloth is your laundry bill. LITHOLIN COLLARS and CUFFS are made in the fashionable shapes—dust and water proof—have that popular *dull linen finish* so seldom found in water-proof collars—turndowns have a "slip-easy" space for the tie.

IMPORTANT TO THE TRADE

The new Litholin packing is two dozen collars to the box—each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. The great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer is fully explained in our Selling and Distributing plan—write for it to-day. The old style packing will also be continued.

We also make a *two for a quarter* collar—particulars to the trade on request.

Buy a LITHOLIN Collar to-day and be convinced

COLLARS 25 CTS. CUFFS 50 CTS.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size and number of collars wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
7-9 WAVERLY PLACE
NEW YORK

other six. From the point at which the ravine opened out into the buffalo pasture these fences were continued, flaring out into the hills like a gigantic fan. The fences were of the most substantial kind, to withstand a possible stampede of the buffaloes. They were of strong meshwire twelve feet high, and the posts, twelve inches in diameter, were sunk four feet in the earth. Wire and posts had to be hauled thirty miles across the mountains. Work on the corrals and wing fences was begun in August and was not finished until late in October.

Pablo had shown himself a master strategist. The corral on one side of the river and the great wings spreading out from it on the other formed a cunning trap. Pablo knew that when the lines of cowboys began to close in on the buffaloes the animals first would rush pellmell for the mountains, but, finding escape cut off in that direction, would charge for the river in the hope that across its swift current they might find safety.

When all finally was ready for the drive the army of cowboys rode out into the mountains. They beat up every lonely valley, every thicket and timbered gulch, frightening the stragglers toward the main pasture. They came at last to a wide plain. On the other side the fenced coulée opened its wire jaws. Between, a herd of five hundred buffaloes pastured.

One night the cowboys bivouacked, each man sleeping in his blanket just outside the sweep of his pony's picket rope, while sentinels kept watch. With dawn reddening the east they were in the saddle and closing in upon the buffaloes in a far-flung semicircle. The buffaloes scented danger in the wind. Then they caught sight of the long, thin lines of stalkers slowly hemming them in. Panic seized them. They rushed into a compact mass and stood facing the hunters, the bulls lifting their great lionlike heads high in air, while their hollow bellowings, like the deep brool of lions, boomed across the sagebrush. An old cow suddenly turned tail and shouldered her way to the rear. Old cows are the herd leaders among the buffaloes, and the herd, following her as sheep follow a bellwether, dashed away toward the river—toward the yawning mouth of that long avenue between wire fences that led to the trap across the stream; and digging their rowels into their horses' flanks the cowboys on flank and rear charged after the herd.

The Flight of a Big Herd

For miles across the plains the buffaloes fled. The end post of one of the fences rose directly in their path. They swerved in their course to avoid it—swerved toward the outside. The flanking cowboys were ready for such a move. They spurred their horses across the front of the buffaloes to turn them back. They shouted at the top of leather lungs, they waved their sombreros, they fired their six-shooters in the air; but now the buffaloes were crazed with terror and were not to be moved or swerved by such tomfoolery. On the mad brutes plunged, the hind ranks crowding the leaders forward, turning not a hair's breadth for anything, ready to crush horse and rider beneath their sharp hoofs; but the end post and the fence behind it did not give, and that black wave of furious life split upon it like a sea wave on a rock. Two-thirds of the beasts bore to the outside and, rushing through the ranks of the cowboys, escaped to the mountains. The remainder turned glancingly along the inside of the barrier; and the horsemen, hanging hard upon their traces, chased them through the long coulée clear to the Flathead.

Never pausing in their flight the buffaloes plunged into the swift current, swam across and dashed into the corral. Instantly the gates closed upon them and they were prisoners. One hundred and seventeen had been trapped.

Tired cowboys, trooping in from the chase, laughed and slapped each other on the back as they saw their shaggy captives safe behind the tall wire fences. "It was a good day's work," they said. "We'll get the rest tomorrow."

So the night came down and the cowboys rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep; but the buffaloes did not sleep. It was far into the night and the moon was up when a cowboy sat up in bed and saw them stirring restlessly about the corral. He blinked at them casually, thought nothing of their actions, snuggled down in his covers and went to sleep again.

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The shape does it

Gives you both long wear and lasting beauty—the two desirable qualities that are combined only in

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All pure silk. Black, tan, and white; men's and women's. Every pair in a sealed box and

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Easy to put up or take down. No wood! Made in rigid, **patented** perfect joining sections—steel frames covered with heavy corrugated rust-resisting iron.
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YOU CAN EARN ONE, for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference—McHenry Co. State Bank, Woodstock. For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."
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The plainest woman may weave about herself an exquisite charm. She can be like a lovely flower, alluring with the evasive fragrance of the lily, the rose, or the modest violet. Even when gone she will hold "him" by the memory of this dreamily subtle atmosphere. It is a germ of romance—this fragrance we call

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Not just a "perfume"—it is too refined for that name. It is made of the pure odor of thousands of flower petals, nothing added. It is fifty times more concentrated than ordinary perfumes—a drop is *too much*.

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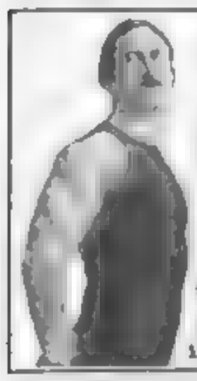
PAUL RIEGER, 229 First St., San Francisco

Paris New York San Francisco



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"Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies"

POLK MILLER DRUG COMPANY
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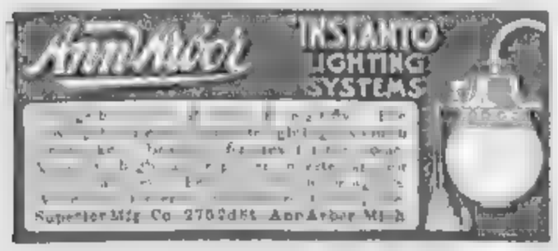

Along one side of the corral a cut clay-bank rose almost perpendicularly to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. No fence had been built along it because it was thought impossible for man or beast to scale the precipice; but it was the single defect in an otherwise perfectly good corral—the one loose stone in the prison wall; the one chink in old Pablo's armor—and the buffaloes found it that first night of their captivity.

In that steep bank the animals sensed their one desperate chance. They began to rush up it tentatively, climbing a little way, only to slip or fall back. That many fell was evident next morning in the scores of little trails that ended only a few feet above the corral with the marks of slipping hoofs or small landslides; but the buffaloes persevered. They kept pounding away at the bank through the night watches until they had worn a narrow track that angled steeply up across the face of the cliff. Up this precarious and dizzy trail they single-filed at last, passed over the top and galloped off to freedom.

When morning came the cowboys rose and looked into the corral for the buffaloes and rubbed their eyes and looked again. They were dumfounded to find it empty except for a solitary bull that had broken its leg. Then they swarmed into the inclosure to investigate and found the path by which the buffaloes had achieved their wonderful jail delivery. Only by going on their hands and knees were the men able to climb the trail by which the animals had gained their liberty.

After the escape of the buffaloes another effort was made to corral them; but again they broke through the line of beaters. Then a heavy storm left plains and mountains deep with snow, and the hunt was abandoned until the next spring.

So the discouraging but tireless hunt went on. Danger there was in plenty for the hunters. Once a maddened bull, plunging his horns into a horse's side, lifted horse and rider upon his giant front and bore them a hundred yards before the horse slipped off to the earth dead, pinning the man beneath him. The bull backed off to charge; but, before he could kill the man, other cowboys spurred to the rescue and brought him down with a fusillade from their six-shooters.

Montana Spoils the Game

By repeated failures Pablo found that his fanlike fences were not long enough. At great expense he extended them twelve and fourteen miles into the hills. At last most of the buffaloes were corralled. No attempt was made now to drive them to Ravalli. Crated at the corral, they were hauled thirty-five miles on wagons to the railroad. Eighty four-horse teams were employed. The first shipment to Canada was made in June, 1908; the last in May, 1911.

Forty or fifty buffaloes, led by determined old bulls, having defied all efforts to capture them, are still left upon the Flathead range. Last spring's calves brought their number up to about eighty. Pablo proposed to organize a big hunt to kill the animals. His plan was to assess each hunter two hundred and fifty dollars, less than Canada had paid him for each buffalo. He was inundated with applications to take part in the hunt from big-game hunters all over the world. When all arrangements were complete the state of Montana stepped in and spoiled the game. If Pablo could not capture them, declared the authorities, the state was warranted in assuming that they were wild buffaloes, and as such entitled to protection under the game laws. So the matter rests. Meantime the buffaloes are enjoying life and liberty on their old range.

Upon their arrival in Canada the Pablo buffaloes were kept temporarily in Elk Island Park until the park at Wainwright was completed. They were transferred to the Wainwright range in June, 1909. Seventy-seven buffaloes from the overstocked park at Banff and thirty purchased from the Conrad herd in Montana also were shipped to Wainwright. This gave Wainwright Park a herd of seven hundred and twenty-one to begin with. In the spring of 1910 there were one hundred and ten calves and in the spring of 1911 there were two hundred. So the herd now totals ten hundred and thirty-one. There are now three hundred breeding cows in the herd. These figures were obtained in October, 1911, from Mr. Edward Ellis, superintendent of Wainwright Park.

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A small six-cylinder car.

The snap and flexibility of big "sixes" without their expense.

A five-passenger car. Twenty-eight hundred dollars at the factory.

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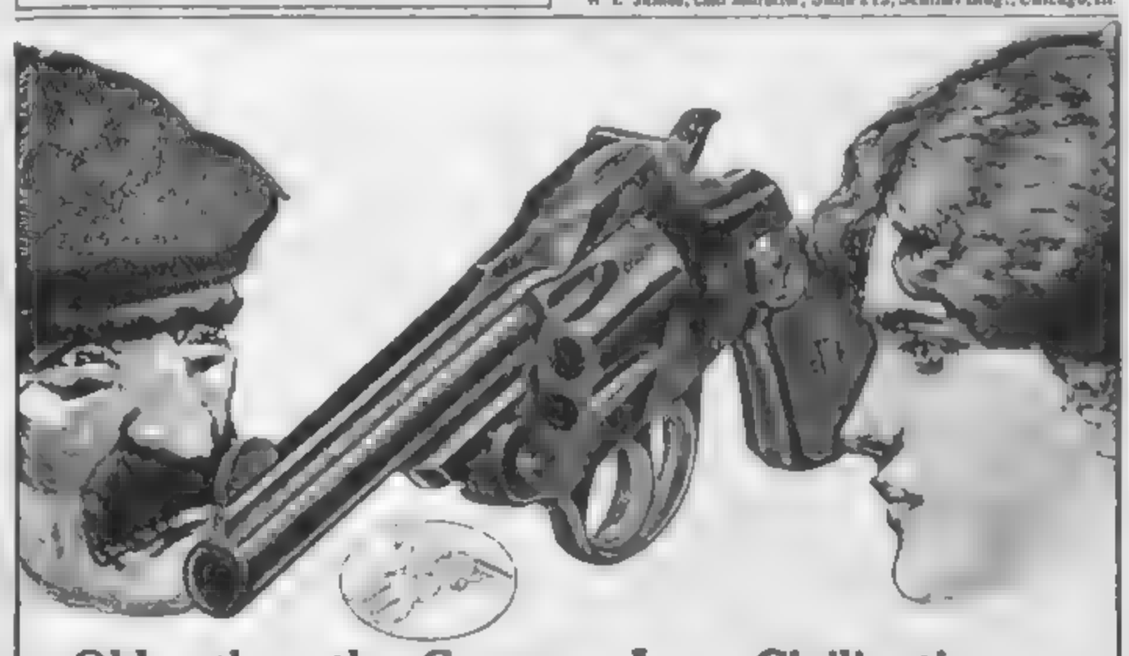

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A Fine Compliment to Your Good Judgment

is the possession of a Utica Plier, because it saves you time, money and worry, and gives you a power that no other article on earth can give you. A Utica Plier is the highest development of single lever power, and the cutting edges are the acme of cutlery art. Imagine, for a moment, a cutting edge that will easily sever a rolled steel wire and then cut a hair. This perfect combination of leverage and shock resisting edge is found only in Utica Pliers and Nippers.

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MULLINS CEDAR CANOES CAN'T SINK

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Ford

Ford Model T is the only car in the world in which the Magneto is built into the motor—an integral part of the car.

When Henry Ford designed this Model T Magneto he practically eliminated ignition troubles, and about 90 per cent of the annoyances which beset other motor cars—yet this is only ONE of the several exclusive and superior features of Ford Model T.

There's simplicity in design; Vanadium Steel Construction; Light-Weight; Economy in up-keep and, best of all, ***Ford Service for Ford Owners.***

Ford branches and dealers in all cities, towns and villages are at your elbow with Ford Service for Ford Owners.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
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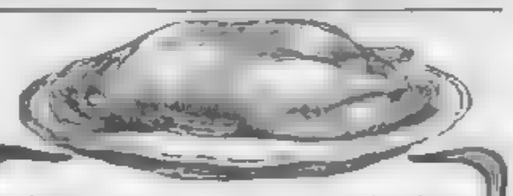
The ONE chassis with different bodies.

Write today for booklet on "Vanadium Steel" and learn the quality of Ford construction. Address Dept. P, Ford Motor Company, Detroit



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Try It

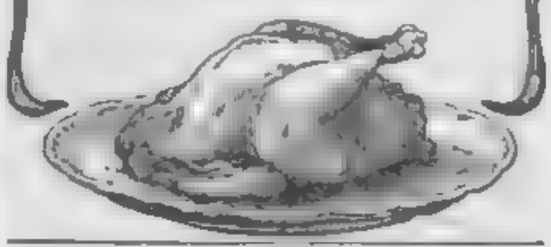
No condiment can equal Lea & Perrins' Sauce for delicacy of flavor. It is tasty, appetizing, and a digestive.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

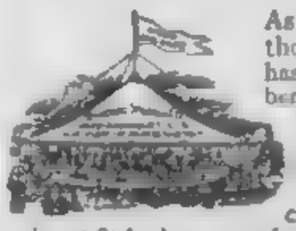
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a perfect relish for Soups, Fish Steaks, Roasts, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.



A BIG INCOME



As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
192 Sweeney Street North Tonawanda, N. Y.

A DOLLAR DOWN AND A DOLLAR A MINUTE

(Concluded from Page 23)

a large and growing list of regular customers and hasn't time to fool with anybody not ready to do business with reasonable dispatch. He is quick-spoken, a happy talker, expert in books and literature and well informed on general topics. He specializes usually in the publications of one or possibly two subscription publishers whose kind of books fit his particular trade; but he is ready to supply his customers with everything they may want from any publishing house in creation.

He is, in short, the traveling bookstore. He is a modern institution growing out of an extremely modern need. His customers are chiefly men too immersed in business—and women too occupied in family or social or charitable or club affairs—to take the time necessary for finding the books, which are nevertheless necessary to them. Their book agent studies them and their needs and is able to get at once to the point with them. Each subscription set, as it comes out, he mentally apportions to Mr. Ex and Mrs. Zee, according to their known tastes; and he does not waste their time or his when they meet. He is also up on current books and is able to inform his customer of many bookish things of which the customer has heard something and wants to know more. Whether the meeting is of his own seeking or his customer's, he rarely—if he is skillful—leaves the office or the house without a sale; and sometimes he carries with him a bunch of miscellaneous commissions besides.

As I have said, this most useful book agent, this—*mirabile dictu!*—welcome book agent, is the product of a need. This need is, in turn, the product of a complex and wealthy age. And, in turn, the phenomenal growth of our complexity and wealth is bearing a steadily increasing harvest for the fast-growing ranks of the agents. A really good agent, by the way, can make four or five thousand dollars a year. The majority probably net from two to four thousand, and here and there an exceptional man nears six thousand. Women are not successful in this field so far, probably for the reason that success depends upon creating a reputation as an expert, and women, though they may be experts, still find the reputation difficult to attain.

These agents are found, of course, mostly in the centers of wealth. New York has many of them, but not many more than Chicago. Today they are found in every city of the first or second and sometimes even of the third magnitude. From these centers they extend their operations throughout the suburbs and to neighboring towns. Some have developed business in far-separated centers and spend much of their time on trains. Others favor all country routes. Many do a good deal of business by mail, only visiting their distantly separated customers once or twice a year to keep in touch with them.

Money in Standard Authors

Thus, in one way or another, the country is pretty well taken care of by the independent book merchants, and it remains with the publisher to establish and maintain relations—not with the public, but with the book agents. This he does by constant correspondence. It is also to the interest of every book agent who deals with a good class of personal customers to keep in good standing with the publishers who issue their kind of high-standard sets.

Eventually, by a process of natural selection, each agent settles down chiefly to one publisher; but there is no contract or binding relation either way. The publisher assumes little risk, dealing in this way through long-tried agents. And he is under no necessity to advertise—though he often does advertise with the hope of provoking the customers of other publishers' agents to ask to see his sets. Sales are made from a sample copy or dummy; and the purchaser's standing, if credit is required, is looked up through the usual commercial agencies before any considerable risk is assumed. Yes; it is a safe and comfortable business.

And then there is the occasional limited edition. This often helps out well. On getting out a new set to be sold at two dollars a volume, for instance, the publisher sometimes will first print from the same plates a special edition of a hundred and fifty or two hundred sets on fine, handmade paper, and have each volume specially bound and a little more freely illustrated. Perhaps he will insert in the first volume an introduction by some celebrity, or get the author to give up a few days to writing his autograph in all the volumes. This edition, which really will cost less than a dollar more a volume than the regular subscription edition, he will sell for five or six or seven dollars to a discriminating body of collectors; and will make enough, perhaps, to pay for the plates of the whole edition.

This pretty business in copyrighted sets, however, is as an apple in its barrel to the great bulk of what many call the regular subscription business, the adjective in this case indicating merely size. The "main stream" of the business would be more nearly descriptive. One of the publishers in this regular business built up a selling machine of wonderful size and complexity. He divided the United States into departments under able salaried heads, and subdivided these again under commission agents, until there was no village where his sets were not offered. He published sets of all standard authors which no longer required royalty payments; and so effective was his machine that it was said that editions of a hundred thousand sets were not uncommon on his presses.

Where Competition is Still Keen

Of course, under the old conditions, operating through general agents, whether commissioned or salaried—and with all the expensive machinery of a great, continent-wide business mechanism—lower costs and higher returns must be the rule. And yet, at that, with the help of long press runs, no royalties and the saving of the printer's profit, good, serviceable library sets can be marketed at fair subscription prices.

There are hundreds of businesses of this kind in the country now, and many of them are highly prosperous. There has developed, out of the vast size of the country, a system of interchanging selling facilities among houses far separated, which has proved exceedingly effective. It is known as the general agency system, and does away with the need of each house covering the same territory with its own expensive business machinery.

There are very many of these businesses which, for all their working together, are nevertheless keenly competitive; and this competition, added to the swift growth of public discrimination, has served to clarify and very considerably purify a vast business which, in earlier years, sadly needed the process that the last decade and a half has applied. In this connection, one publisher of long experience said to me the other day:

"The whole fact of the matter is that, up to ten years ago, they'd buy anything. I'm not exaggerating—anything at all! It was too easy. Now, however, if you want to make money you've got to give bigger value than anybody else—and at skin-tight prices at that. Yes, sir; it's getting to be a harder game every year. At the same time the market is getting bigger."

This class of business necessarily constitutes the bulk of the so-called subscription-book trade. There are hosts of these publishers, big and little. Some of them are in the business for many years; others enter spectacularly, overrun themselves in a few ill-advised seasons and disappear. It is an easy business to get into, for you can hire plates if you want to at no great cost. Many printers own plates of the standard sets, having either taken them over from some meteoric publisher who left them on their hands when his light went out, or made them for themselves in slack times. There really is no business easier to get into—which is one reason why so many rush into it and drop out again. In short, it is the same old story. There is as sound, profitable business in subscription publishing as in trade publishing—for publishers, but not for amateurs, bunglers, experimenters and speculators. The same is true of every other business, from restauranting to bond-selling.

We could cut $500 out of the Haynes and no one but an expert would know it

THAT doesn't mean it couldn't be found out *afterward*. For it would be said "Later on" is not a good time to find out things about the car you buy. Find out *before* you buy.

It's a *fact*, we could cut the heart right out of the Haynes and few men could tell it by *looking* at the car. It might still be just as big and handsome. But it wouldn't have the *stuff* in it—the materials and the workmanship. It would not represent what we consider *necessary efficiency* in an automobile.

There is nothing simpler than to *cheapen* a car. Take fifty dollars off here, twenty-five there, forty somewhere else, and so on in a dozen ways and places. Easy enough to buy inferior materials, rush the workmanship, cut out the days and days of testing, and let the body go through with six or seven coats of finishing instead of *eighteen*.

But to build a car that way wouldn't be the Haynes way, and such a car wouldn't be a Haynes car. The Haynes 5-passenger touring car Model 21, fully equipped, sells for $2100, and it's worth every dollar of the price.

The Haynes 1912 line is worth seeing, worth studying. A wide choice of bodies on our two standard 1912 chasses, Model 21, 40 horse power, 4 ⅛ x 5 inch motor, 120 inch wheel base, 36 x 4 inch tires, and Model Y, 50-60 horse power, 5 x 5 inch motor, 127 inch wheel base, 37 x 5 inch tires.

If you do not know the Haynes dealer nearest you, write us today for 1912 catalogue.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, Kokomo, Indiana

1715 Broadway, New York 1702 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole WHITE HOUSE SHOES

QUIET ELEGANCE

Our Bench Workers fashion these shoes by hand, over lasts that promote comfort and provide those genteel lines so desired by the discriminating American.

The "JOY OF WEARING" Justifies You in Buying the

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

White House Shoe

WE ILLUSTRATE A MEN'S BLUCHER of glazed kangaroo leather, made over our famous Foot Form Last, with the Dr. Sawyer Piano-Hammer Felt Cushion Sole, patented under registry number 856,368. This Cushion Sole assures warm, dry feet and unusual comfort.

SEE THE ★5★ MARK ON THE SHANK OF THE SHOE. IT GUARANTEES THE GENUINE.

No. B-278½.
Booklet Showing Other Styles On Request.

All Sizes. Price $5.00

IF local dealers cannot supply you with this shoe send us $5.00, with size and width, and we will ship, express prepaid.
Address DEPT. G.

P. S.—Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls. "There's Extra Wear in Every Pair."

The Brown Shoe Co.
ST LOUIS, U. S. A.

They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

After All Is Said and Done,
The Question Is—TO SLIP OR NOT TO SLIP.

Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in 18 of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them, too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

To the Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want.

The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

Order from your jobber to-day.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. **The name is easy to remember,** and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Rubber Pin free.

Foster Rubber Co. 105 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

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The Most Effective Way to use

Weed Chains

Put them on all four wheels—

An *absolute necessity* on both rear wheels—a *decided advantage* on the front wheels too.

On the front wheels—

they give comfortable, easy steering—no cramped fingers, no cramped arms, no sore muscles. Out of car tracks, ruts, snow-drifts and "heavy going" just like steering on smooth roads.

Try them and be convinced

The Only Perfect ANTI-SKID ANTI-SLIP Device

Cannot Injure Tires
Because "they Creep"
Continually shift their position on the tire.

No trouble to put on—
Applied in a jiffy without the use of a jack or other tools.

Insurance Companies strongly advise their use on every car they insure.

Recommended and Sold by All Reputable Dealers

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
28 Moore St. New York City

RETAILING THE WOODEN NUTMEG

(Concluded from Page 15)

ninety-eight cents. The concern offering this attractive bait asserted that it was closing out goods that had been caught in the collapse of a condemned building in New York. Local business men found that no firm of the name given had ever done business in New York. A representative was sent to purchase one of the ninety-eight-cent all-wool suits and got one that was all cotton.

The case was taken into court, but the outcome gave an excellent illustration of the difficulties met in stopping such frauds; for, though the evidence proved there had been cheating, the defendants got clear on a technicality, it being held that, as the charge had been made by a business man who merely sent a representative to purchase, he could not have been cheated by proxy. Publicity drove that dishonest concern out of town, however, and the business men interested in dealing with such cases got some useful experience.

Damaged and rejected merchandise from the clothing, furnishing and cloak trades is sold to these bankrupt-sale stores by auction. Shoddy goods are also manufactured especially for that class of demand. A clothing man went through a sweatshop, where men's suits of the flimsiest cloth were being put together so fast that stitches were half an inch long. He suggested that they would not wear. The proprietor, who has made a fortune out of such junk, was astonished.

"Wear!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! We don't make 'em to wear—we make 'em to sell!"

Little Business is highly adaptable. On one hand there will be the chain of fake fur stores doing business in a dozen cities, all owned and managed by some gentleman who has grown rich and skillful in the traffic. At the other end of the scale comes the imitation farmer, selling potatoes at short measure from a green farm wagon, with mud on his boots and hayseed in his hair, as an after consequence of newspaper discussion of the cost of living. He is merely a huckster dressed in farm garb, and he buys his potatoes from a commission house.

Remedies for Crooked Ways

Little Business follows the demand, invades any trade that will yield dupes and profits, and probably nine times in ten gets away with it. There is always the same highly colored appeal to the imagination—the same story of goods obtained through obscure channels and the same old elimination of mysterious middlemen's profits. If necessary the faker will take his victim aside and tell him that the goods have been smuggled or stolen. Add the cupidity of customers who know little about real values and nothing about trade channels, and the trick is done.

As a parasitic activity, Little Business, taken as a whole, must impose losses on the public second only to those of swindling stock enterprises. The stealings are chiefly from hard-working people buying necessities.

The handiest remedy seems to lie in trade organizations. Laws against fraud and untruthful advertising are already on the statute-books in many states, but little effort has been made to enforce them. It has been nobody's business. In some mercantile lines, indeed, certain frauds have existed so long that the regular trade has almost come to regard them as legitimate—or, at least, as something not to be interfered with so long as people are silly enough to be taken in by such schemes. In other trades, misbranding and misrepresentation have become part of the regular trade itself, so far as giving fair value under a high-sounding tradename is concerned; and the trade hesitates to begin housecleaning, because it knows the work would necessarily start right at home. The extent of crooked Little Business is now so great, however, and the harm done to honest houses is becoming so clear, that the business world is taking a new view of the evil; and its suppression and exposure are coming to be looked upon as part of the general organization of merchants and manufacturers in every line of business for the bringing about of better business conditions.

Keen, Lively Fun and Excitement!

Billiards and Pool are fascinating games! They arouse the greatest friendly rivalry. Their ever-new problems for hand, eye and judgment are intensely interesting. And they are very inexpensive—if you have in your home a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

It needs no special room—can be mounted on library or dining-room table, or on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard), each size exactly correct in proportions, and adapted to the most expert play.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75 etc., terms, $1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. Free playing equipment free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Send today for illustrated catalog giving full information as to prices, terms, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
825 Center Street Portland, Maine

The Finishing Touch to Your Easter Attire

The Furrow The most distinctive Spring hat ever made. Comes in dark gray, light gray, tan and brown. Same hat [illegible] $3 [illegible]

[illegible] $2 [illegible]

You'll make it a point to [illegible] look by return mail. State size, [illegible] Write for 1912 Style Book of Hats [illegible]

FRENCH P. H. CO., 46 S. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE TO MOTHERS!

Write today for our free book of instructions for mothers by Dr. Ellan Dean Wade. It tells how to keep the baby well and strong, also describes

Glascock's Baby Walker

Weak backs and bow-legs prevented, baby amused and mother relieved of his care. Write for this free book today. [illegible]

650 Avon Street Muncie, Ind.

You Can Produce Eggs at 10c per Dozen

We tell you how in the Philo System Book and will mail you a copy *postpaid on approval*. When you are satisfied that the book is actually worth more than $1 to you, or that by its use you can produce eggs for less than 10c a dozen, you may mail us $1.00. [illegible] poultry and should it not be entirely satisfactory to you, you need not pay for it. Send a postal to-day asking for the Philo System Book on approval and we will forward it by return mail.

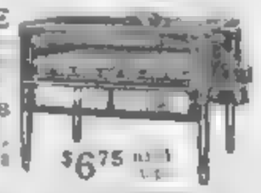
E. R. Philo, Publisher, 150 North Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

POULTRY LESSONS FREE

[illegible] of

Successful INCUBATORS BROODERS

Don't buy any incubator till you write to Des Moines Incubator Co., 842 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.



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The Stearns-Knight Car

10,000 Cars
Are Now Knight-Motored Cars

And these 10,000 cars are the greatest cars in the world.

Daimler controls the Knight-type for England. That is Britain's foremost car.

Mercedes controls it for Germany, Panhard for France, Minerva for Belgium.

Thus the master engines of the world have been discarded for this Knight-type motor.

A Knight-type engine won the Dewar Trophy. It won the Scottish Economy Trophy.

This type of engine holds the world's records on points that count for most.

The most famous engineers have adopted it—and for the cars which have always led.

These facts should be considered now by men who buy high-grade cars.

The Knight-type in America means the Stearns-Knight. We were first to adopt it.

We spent two years in adapting it to American requirements.

Mr. Knight himself says that never were his principles better worked out than in the Stearns-Knight car.

And hundreds of owners have proved it.

Every Great Maker
Sees the Writing on the Wall

In every great shop inventors are working to do what the Knight-type does.

Some are seeking sleeve valves, which avoid the Knight patents. Some hope for rotary valves.

The greatest engineers know that poppet-valve motors now face the setting sun.

They are noisy and slow and leaky. They depend on springs. They require frequent grinding.

The cams grow noisy when they wear. The timing gears are never silent.

When carbon accumulates so the valves don't shut, a large part of the power is wasted.

Makers know these shortcomings. Their only question is, how to end them.

The Knight-type, we believe, forms the final solution. And the leading engineers agree with us. It forms the best motor yet invented—that is sure.

Luxury of Motion

The Stearns-Knight means the luxury of motion.

It means to glide on the road. As one user says, "It is like sliding on runners."

No valves springing shut—no valves to grind. No cams, no timing gears. Just silent, steady power.

It means immense flexibility—jumping quickly and smoothly from slow to high speed.

It means an engine which grows quieter and better with every month of use.

On a hill it means that persistent power for which electric motors are famous.

It means no waste of power. We guarantee an excess of at least 50% over the rated power of an equal-size poppet-valve engine.

You will abandon poppet valves—just as we did—when you once learn the luxury of sleeve-valve power.

$1,000,000 Spent
Perfecting This Sleeve-Valve Motor

The ablest engineers have spent a million dollars perfecting this Knight-type motor.

We have ourselves spent $200,000. Yet we had for our guidance all that Europe had done.

Mr. Knight states that never was his motor better adapted than in the new Stearns-Knight.

But the change meant more than money.

The world's top places had been held by the cars which adopted the Knight-type. The engines which won those places had to be discarded.

All the prestige of famous cars was staked on a new-type motor.

That was so with the others, and so with the Stearns. No engine in America gained greater renown than the Stearns in its 16 years.

One can't suppose that this change was made hastily, or that it lacked incentive.

We followed three years after Daimler. And two of those years were spent testing this engine out.

Consider these facts when somebody tells you that poppet valves are going to continue.

Makers Overtaxed
Sales Doubled in a Month

The demand for Knight-type motors has taxed the capacity of the greatest European factories.

Over 10,000 cars of the highest grade are already equipped with this engine.

The first announcement of the Stearns-Knight fairly overwhelmed us with orders. And from that time on our sales have doubled over any record for our 16 years.

In November of last year we had to lease a new factory to keep up with winter orders.

Hundreds of these cars in the hands of owners have now had months of usage. And the letters which come to us form the highest tribute ever paid an American car.

You men who this year want this new-type car should get your orders in.

An American Did It

This Knight-type motor, which has captured Europe, was invented by a man from Chicago.

And the machinery employed by foreign makers to build it is imported by them from America.

All the early advances in motor construction came to us from abroad, as you know.

It is pleasant to think that this sleeve-valve motor—the most important improvement of the past decade—is America's gift to Europe.

Like Steam Valves

These sliding-sleeve valves give the gasoline engine that smoothness familiar in steam engine valves.

For 40 years this has been the ideal of gasoline engine builders.

Poppet valves are knocked open and then sprung shut—hundreds of times per minute.

Knight-type valves slide in a film of oil. Thus we get as close as gas engines ever can to the smooth silence of steam.

The Coming Type

The Knight-type engine is the coming type.

Poppet valves are abandoned by some of the world's leading makers, and the rest must soon discard them.

Men may wait for developments. They may seek other methods. But they know, as we know, that the day is ending for the poppet valve. Look into this matter when you buy a car. Ask yourself these questions:

Shall I buy an engine of the type discarded by Mercedes, Panhard, Daimler and others?

Shall I be among the first with the new type, or among the last with the old?

Ask for Our Books

We issue books dealing with every phase of this subject.

They deal with the records of Knight-types in Europe, and their records here.

They point out and picture all the reasons for Knight-type domination.

You should have this information. Send us this coupon and the books will be mailed you. Cut out the coupon now.

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The greatest piece of machinery that ever went upon the highways and the most luxurious carriage

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At all speeds and regardless of road conditions.

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The Packard "Six" motor makes the least noise, whether running fast or throttled down—yet its power is amazing:

Six cylinders—Bore, 4½ inches; stroke, 5½ inches	
Horsepower, by standard A. L. A. M. rating . .	48
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Easiest large car to drive

The Packard "Six" Touring Car, with a wheelbase of 133 inches, will turn around in a street 44 feet wide.

Smoothest starting and stopping

The clutch always engages without jerk. The brakes provide the maximum safety with the minimum effort.

Safest investment

Packard cars have the highest second-hand value.

The smoothest running motor and the easiest riding car, even at speeds from 60 to 70 miles an hour

These things have been made possible in the Packard "Six" by the cumulative experience of an unrivaled organization which for more than a decade has devoted its entire efforts to the building of motor cars exclusively of the highest type. Packard "Six" cars, including bodies, are built entirely in the Packard shops, which comprise 37 acres of floor space.

THERE ARE MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND
1912 PACKARD "SIX" CARS ON THE ROAD

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All Packard cars are sold at the published prices
A square deal and Packard Service for every patron

Any kind of a demonstration on any kind of a road by any Packard dealer

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Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box

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Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box

For those who prefer their shaving soap in powdered form it answers every requirement of the most exacting shaver. A little powder shaken on a wet brush produces, with a minimum of time and effort, a rich, thick, creamy lather. In a twinkling your face is ready for the razor. The non-leaking, hinged-cover box, opening with a snap of the thumb, closing with the pressure of a finger, is the acme of convenience.

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